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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Man Who Was

Probably not since he exasperated the sporting element of England by his lines about "the flannelled fool at the wicket and the silly oaf at the goal" has Mr. Kipling been the cause of so much genuine excitement. And in this case he is only indirectly responsible. The facts are briefly these. A great many years ago, in the cocky, journalistic Indian days, Kipling wrote a series of sketches and stories for the Allahabad *Pioneer* and other papers. Some of these stories and sketches are incorporated in his authorised works; others, for various reasons, he discarded and wished forgotten. For some twenty years these latter have been known only to the collector. But a month or two ago a New York publishing house introduced them to the public in book form under the title *Abaft the Funnel*. Thereupon Mr. Kipling, never the most patient of men in matters of this kind, cabled his New York lawyer to protect his rights. Another American publishing house, Mr. Kipling's accredited representative, rushed into the market with a competitive edition. Threats of lawsuits have been flying freely about. All of which is exciting and interesting, but to our mind of secondary importance. To us the chief interest of *Abaft the Funnel* lies in the fact that it recalls an almost forgotten personality; the Kipling of the springtime of life, "smoking his pipe in the mornings," the scorner of conventions, drenching himself in Thackeray, and Bret Harte, and Guy de Maupassant; shouting his allegiance to François Rabelais, sometime Curé of Meudon, as the master of all fiction—in a word—the Man Who Was.

In speaking of *Abaft the Funnel* as a book of decided significance we do not wish to be in any way misleading. The reader who expects a "Man Who Would be King," or a "Drums of the Fore and Aft," or a "Wee Willie Winkie," or a "Mark of the Beast" will be very much disappointed. For that matter, any one who looks for the old Kipling at his average best will find him only here and there. But to the man or woman who has never quite forgotten the first early thrill of discovery, when through the yarns of the Man from Nowhere India became an actuality out of a mist, *Abaft the Funnel* will have a real, although unquestionably exaggerated importance. No matter how trivial the conditions, it is something to have the opportunity of making a formal bow to Mrs. Hauksbee, and of shaking again the hand of stupid, kindly Captain Gadsby. In "The Last of the Stories," a bit of writing curiously suggestive of two of Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*, "Desseins" and "On a Peal of Bells," all these people come trooping in out of Valhalla—Mrs. Mallowe and Mrs. Hauksbee; Gadsby and Minnie, his wife, swaggering Jack Mafflin with the Brigadier-General in his arms; Wee Willie Winkie and His Majesty the King; Dinah Shadd, large, red-cheeked and resolute; and finally, best of all, the Three Musketeers, Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Lleroyd. Whatever the ethics of the whole matter may be, for the redemption of this chapter alone, much might be forgiven.

If it is only occasionally we find the Man Who Was at his best, *Abaft the Funnel* offers many illustrations of the

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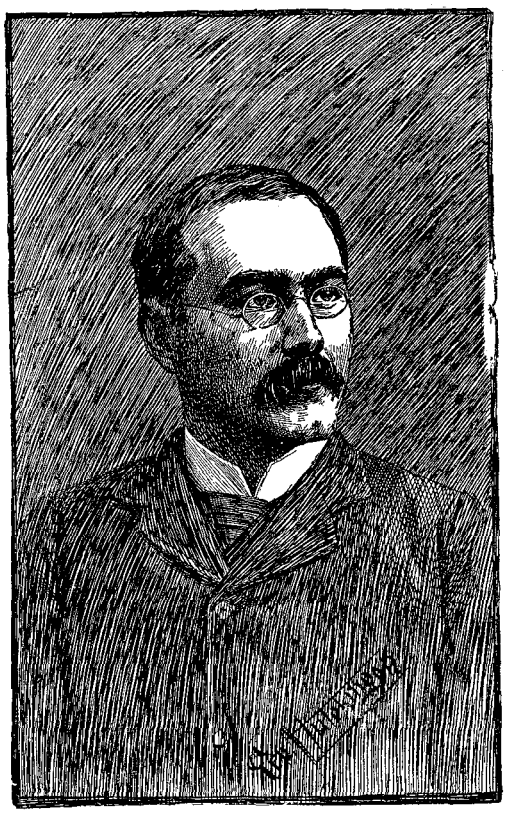

THE MAN WHO WAS—KIPLING IN HIS TWENTIES

old Kipling at his worst. That peculiarly repellent coarseness which is to be found at its height in a certain memorable passage in "Black Jack"—a passage in which Mulvaney describes his feelings after an orgie—is here everywhere very much in evidence. There is a line in "The Shadow of his Hand" in which a wall is compared to a crimson sunset, which causes a decidedly disagreeable shudder. It is just the Kipling of other days, for try to imagine the fastidious, somewhat grave old gentleman of Rottingdean writing anything like this:

Ram Buksh, Aryan, went to bed with his buffalo, five goats, three children and a wife, because the evening mists were chilly. His hut was builded on the mud scooped from a green and smelly tank, and there were microbes in the thin blood of Ram Buksh.

Ram Buksh went to bed on a charpoy stretched across the blue tepid drain, because the nights were hot; and there were more microbes in his blood. Then the rains came, and Ram Buksh paddled, mid-thigh deep, in water for a day or two with his buffaloes till he was aware of a crampsome feeling at the pit of his stomach. "Mother of my children," said Ram Buksh, "this is death." They gave him cardamoms and capsicums, and gingelly-oil and cloves, and they prayed for him. "It is enough," said Ram Buksh, and he twisted himself into a knot and died, and they burned him slightly—for the wood was damp—and the rest of him floated down the river, and was caught in an undercurrent at the bank, and there stayed; and when Imam Din, the jeweller, drank of the stream five days later, he drank Lethe, and passed away, crying in vain upon his gods.

His family did not report his death to the municipality, for they desired to keep Imam Din with them. Therefore, they buried him under the flagging in the courtyard, secretly and by night. Twelve days later, Imam Din had made connection with the well of the house, and there was typhus among the women in the zenana, but no one knew anything about it—some died and some did not; and Ari Booj, the Faquir, added to the interest of the proceedings by joining the funeral procession and distributing gratis the more malignant forms of smallpox, from which he was just recovering. He had come all the way from Delhi, and had slept on no less than fifteen different charpoys; and that was how they got the smallpox into Bahadurgarh. But Eshmith Sahib's Dhobi picked it up from Ari Booj when Imam Din's wife was being buried—for he was a merry man, and sent home a beautiful sample among the Sunday shirts. So Eshmith Sahib died.

Just as the ardent Thackerayan takes up *Men's Wives* and the *Paris Sketch Book* in order that he may better trace in Thackeray's mind the first suggestion of certain chapters in *Vanity Fair* and the *History of Pendennis;* and as the assiduous reader of Guy de Maupassant turns to such fragmentary collections of tales as *Le Père Milon* for the rough outlines which were afterward developed into vital episodes in *Une Vie* and *Bel-Ami,* the man who knows his Kipling will find in *Abaft the Funnel* the crude seed ideas of many of the stories which in their more matured settings are known to all the world. There is a poem here called "In Partibus." Read it to understand the

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nostalgia which inspired the haunting lines of "On the Road to Mandalay." There is "His Brother's Keeper." It is the same tale, and almost as good, as "At the End of the Passage." "'Sleipner,' late 'Thurinda,'" is even more elaborate and fully as entertaining as "The Broken Link Handicap" of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which it so strongly suggests. And who is R. H. Hoffer of "Betrayal of Confidences," if he is not a distorted Charlie Mears, the London bank clerk of "The Finest Story in the World"?

Mr. Kipling himself would unquestionably choose to rest his claims to fame on the newest of his "authorised" publications, the volume of stories and verses entitled *Actions and Reactions*. The two books, appearing almost simultaneously, offer an obvious measure of the distance the author has travelled in a little more than twenty years. The brutal comparison is forced between the latest Rudyard Kipling and the work of the man who must be thought of, in the opinion of many former admirers, as the late Rudyard Kipling. Without doubt the new book offers excuse for the sneering references that have been common of late years: "the work of a talented writer who was once a genius." In one of these stories the ghost of a man is introduced to us in passing, and we refuse to know him as Private Ortheris. Stalky is no longer Stalky, but a disembodied spirit. In "Garm—A Hostage" there is a flash of the old Kipling's intimacy with the animal world. The dog is a fine creature, but the story misses greatness. It is merely a good dog-story. Then there is a melancholy satiric fable, "The Mother Hive," which doubtless has something to do with Imperialism, and ought to make the Little Englander squirm, but probably doesn't. "The House Surgeon" is a study of horror which fails to awaken horror. As for the verse, it is Kipling at his worst—villainous doggerel for the most part, as viciously moral and unpoetical as Pollock's *Course of Time*.

But there are two stories that offer the perfect Kiplingite a ray of hope. One of these is "With the Night Mail," a tale

THE AUTHOR OF "ACTIONS AND REACTIONS"

which has already had sufficient exploitation. It is at least as good as the best of its kind—"The Ship that Found Herself" and ".007," for instance—and it prompts a vague question whether after all Kipling is unable to do the old things, or whether he deliberately prefers not to do them. The other story is "An Habitation Enforced." Beyond an occasional picturesque phrase it has hardly a suggestion of the old Kipling. Ten years ago if it had appeared without signature

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in a magazine, it would have been attributed to Henry James rather than to the author of *Soldiers Three*. This story and "They" and "Puck of Pook's Hill" are what we have in place of another "Without Benefit of Clergy" or *Kim*. Mr. Kipling has not yet reached forty-five—an age at which some respectable authors have not yet begun life. Is there still to be a greater Kipling?

Reverting to *Abaft the Funnel*, a number of persons have been somewhat puzzled as to the meaning of the word "Turnovers," which was the general title given to the stories which make up the greater part of the book. A very clear and adequate explanation is given by one of the publishing houses engaged in the peculiar controversy. We reprint it in part.

In the late 'eighties, Rudyard Kipling was writing "Turnovers" for the Allahabad *Pioneer*. A "turnover," as used in India journalism, is a text, article, story, or group of verses which begins on one column and turns over to the next. These India journals considered (and probably do still) that the tit-bit of advertising position was the top of the column, which practically broke into the tale itself.

Young Kipling, in those days a sort of Jack-of-all-trades in the office, used to dash off turnovers in lengths to fit the demands of the local advertiser. These were usually done at the last moment before going to press. Some of them, in fact, were actually written on the "make-up" stone to fit a space as the forms were being made up.

It was in this way, as many people know, that most of the *Plain Tales from the Hills* came into being.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Mr. Oppenheim's *Doctor Rast* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Mr. Schauffler's *Romantic Germany* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

Henry James

It is a question whether, even if Kipling should find a new art greater than the old, he would be able to convince the world of the fact. The "later manner" of an author is invariably a stumbling-block to his followers. Having done one thing well, shall he ever be allowed to do anything else? This is the source of one-half the

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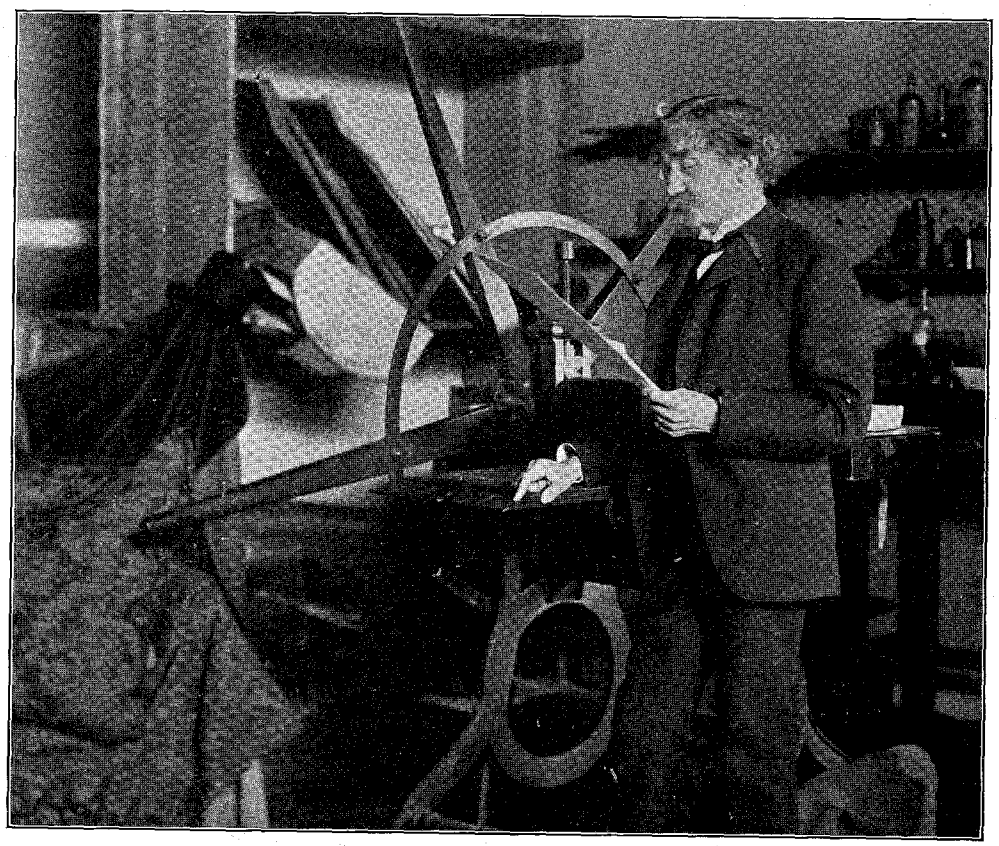

WHISTLER AND HIS PRINTING PRESS. THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER

By courtesy of Mr. Frederick Keppel

notable differences of critical opinion, the other half arising in the equally momentous question: shall any author be allowed to write in his own way, and not in the way of his critics? Mr. Hewlett, having lately abandoned his own field and written two novels of modern life, has had to account to the critics for not having elected to write a second *Forest Lovers*. Around Mr. Henry James the battle has raged for a dozen years. He is the supreme example, the awful warning of the danger of attempting to do something better than one's best. Take his latest book, *Julia Bride*. If he had written none of the books that appear in his bibliography since *The Tragic Muse*, this would be accounted a slight but sufficiently pleasant short story. Listen to the comments of weary critics who read it because they feel compelled to do so, and you would imagine it an abstruse exercise in the Higher Puzzlement of Critics. For this Mr. James has himself to thank. He might have gone on writing *Daisy Millers* all these thirty years, instead of trying to find some new way of expressing what very few people, after all, regard as worth expressing.

Mark Twain

An example to all these strivers after the impossible is Mark Twain. There is no "later manner" in his latest book, *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*, which, thanks to large type and ample margins, fills a slim volume. The manner is exactly that of *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, even of *Innocents Abroad*. There has been a suspicion that with the advance of years Mark Twain has shown an increasing didacticism, a growing desire to instruct the world. If it is so, it

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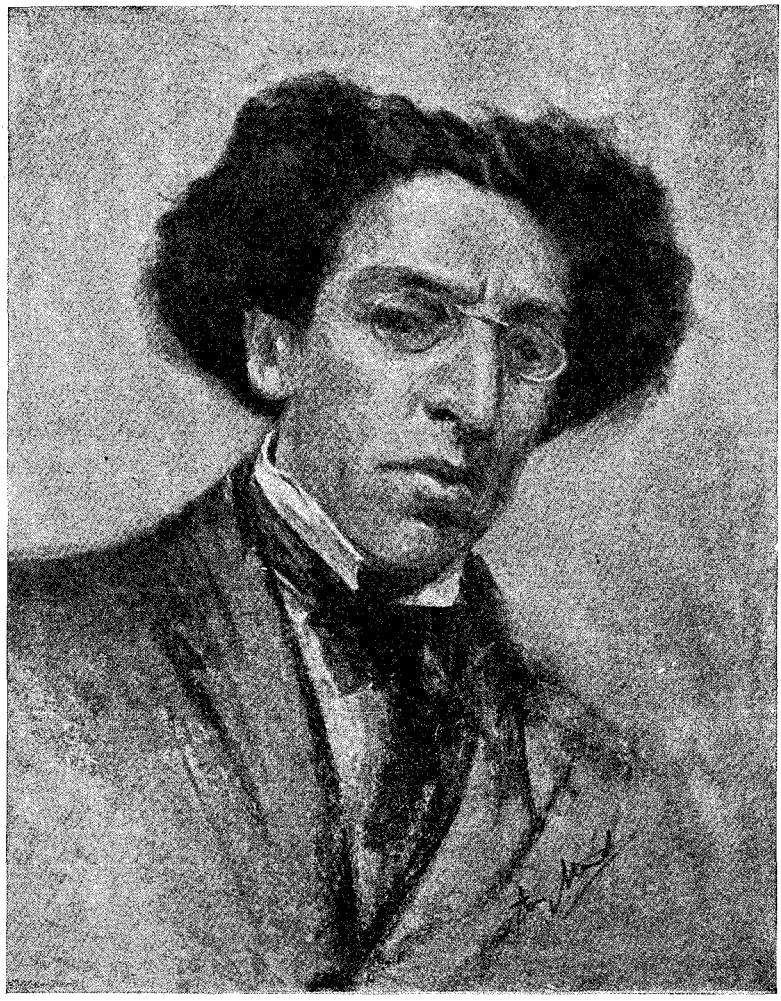

From a pastel by Miss Amy Stewart.

Yours without prejudice
I Zangwill

does not betray itself in his style. His humour is still of the brand labelled American, and consisting in the juxtaposition of obvious incongruities. The sole question in comparative criticism that Captain Stormfield will raise is whether Mark Twain is as funny as he was years ago. The answer depends on temperament; either he is or he isn't. The one opinion or the other may be voiced without precipitating a controversy.

The idea that runs through Mr. Zangwill's new play, *The Melting Pot*, is that the United States is a vast crucible in which the diverse races are fused into a new and superior order of human beings.

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It is expressed in this refrain, which was much quoted in the newspapers.

Now understand that America is God's Crucible where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all! God is making the American.

The "Melting Pot" and its Critics

They are the words of the hero and central figure of the play, a young Jew who has escaped from the Kishineff massacre after seeing his family butchered, and in whose mind the memory of the massacre alternates with this prophetic vision of America, as the "melting pot" of all the races. He is a musical genius who believes he can express through the medium of a symphony the dreams and aspirations of the outcast peoples who seek asylum in America. Through the influence of the young woman with whom he falls in love he gains the patronage of a New York millionaire and a distinguished musical conductor who is serving at the time as the leader of the millionaire's private orchestra. The conductor pronounces the symphony remarkable and the millionaire agrees that it shall be produced in his music room before a fashionable audience. But it is the grossest and stupidest of millionaires, vulgarest of that vulgar and detested species, the European symbol of American wealth, and he offends the fine idealism of the young Jew. This dialogue ensues:

DAVID

I should be a new freak for you for a new freak evening—I and my dream and my music!

QUINCY

You low-down, ungrateful——

DAVID

Not for you and such as you have I sat here writing and dreaming; not for you who are killing my America!

QUINCY

Your America, forsooth, you Jew-immigrant!

DAVID

Yes—Jew-immigrant! But a Jew who knows your Pilgrim Fathers came straight out of his Old Testament, and that our Jew-immigrants are a greater factor in the glory of this great commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you, freak-fashionables, who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarising your high heritage, and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature.

QUINCY

[*Rocking with laughter*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

* * * * *

DAVID

I am nothing but a simple artist, but I come from Europe, one of her victims, and I know that she is a failure; that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here—in the land of to-morrow—you are trying to bring back Europe——

QUINCY

[*Interjecting*]

I wish we could!——

DAVID

Europe with her comic-opera coronets and her worm-eaten stage decorations, and her pomp and chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery——

QUINCY

[*With sneering laugh*]

Morass!——

DAVID

[*With prophetic passion*]

But you shall not kill my dream! There shall come a fire round the Crucible that will melt you and your breed like wax in a blowpipe——

QUINCY

[*Furiously, with clenched fist*]

You——

DAVID

America *shall* make good . . .!

Then a "river of blood" comes between the two lovers, for it seems that she is the daughter of the Russian general in command at Kishineff during the massacre, whose "cold butcher's face" is stamped on his memory. He renounces her, but later sees that in cherishing this

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"Old World heritage of hate and vengeance" he is false to his mission. Meanwhile the symphony has been played with success before an audience of immigrants. The lovers are reunited and the play ends with the young Jew declaiming:

Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labour and look forward!

[*He raises his hands in benediction over the shining city.*]

Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent—the God of our *children* give you peace.

And the curtain falls to the "softened sound of voices and instruments joining in 'My Country, 'tis of Thee.'"

On its first production in Washington the play was taken seriously and highly praised, and it was, we understand, much admired in the West. The New York play reviewers, however, condemned it as "gloomy," childish, and ineffective. Considering the sort of things that these same play-reviewers find to their taste, Mr. Hapgood, the editor of *Collier's Weekly,* was pardonably stirred to indignation and plain speaking.

These critics, says he, are a natural product of "the Tenderloin." It is the air they breathe. It is all they know. David Belasco is their god. A pretty chorus is their heaven. Tension like that in *The Thief* is their highest reach. Ideas worry them. They represent honestly both themselves and that Tenderloin of which they are the flower. We have naught to say against them. But what of the newspaper owners? Are they using in the best way their great power when they put in such hands a weapon that might be used to penetrate, to inspire, to lead?

Which provoked the New York *Evening Post* to retort that critics, being human, were under no obligation

not to yawn when they are bored, not to laugh when the stage grows ridiculous, and not to lose their temper when the technique of an infant united to the sentiments of 3000 B. C. are offered to the public as a great play.

Now it may at least be said of *The Melting Pot* that it is an attempt to alleviate the monotony of stage themes and the poverty of stage thought. Mr. Zangwill has never shown especial talent as a playwright and his plays are completely lacking in the distinctive qualities of his books. His characters are meagrely outlined and palpably theatrical. The dialogue of *The Melting Pot* is fairly represented in the passage above quoted, and when read in cold blood in the published version of the play it seems particularly childish and hackneyed. This, however, is merely saying that Mr. Zangwill does not belong in the same class with Barrie, Pinero and Shaw. His defects as a playwright are common to all the other writers for the English-speaking page to-day. His crudity in *The Melting Pot* is also the crudity of Jones, Esmond, Maugham, Sutro, Kennedy, Fitch, Howard, Moody, Klein, Thomas, and a dozen other efficient public entertainers. It is a quality toward which the New York play reviewers have always been most complaisant. In execution Mr. Zangwill's play was equal to the plays they had praised in the past, and it was superior to most of them in its conception. They were too deeply compromised by their record to mount any such high horse in this instance. Such is the invidious working of the merely haphazard criticism of the stage which New York has for many years supplied.

A Chapter on the Americanised Jew

Mr. Zangwill's cheerful view of the immigration problem so far as the Jews are concerned is not shared by the British observer Mr. Alexander Francis, whose *Americans: An Impression,* made up of letters to the *London Times,* has recently appeared in book form. Apropos of New York's diverse ingredients for the national "melting pot" he says:

My original impression could find no more apt expression than in a sentence, itself a problem, which was wrung from an American

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author of the seventeenth century by the vexed question of that time: "If the whole conclave of hell can so compromise exadverse and diametrical contradictions as to compolitise such a multimonstrous maufrey of heteroclites and quicquidlibets quietly, I trust I may say with all humble reverence they can do more than the Senate of Heaven."

Of all the "maufrey" of immigrants, Jews are held to be the most "multimonstrous" as they certainly are the most multitudinous.

He sees many signs that the new environment demoralises the Jewish immigrant. The children of the orthodox easily surrender, though without any deep conviction, to the influences about them, and soon despise their earlier ideals, without finding anything to take their place. Beneath the surface in the New York Ghetto he found as serious discontent as in the Russian Pole.

I have heard Jews curse America as deeply as ever, even by Jews, Russia was cursed. A prominent Jew, who has spent his life in the interests of his race, has told me, and I have heard Mr. Zangwill report, that the elders in Israel curse Columbus for having discovered America, the land to which they come and from which, renouncing all its opportunities of material gain, they would gladly go to Russia again, with their children, for the children's sake, were it not that, owing to the Russian closed door, they themselves cannot go back although they would, and that owing to the open doors in America, their children would not go back if they could.

He blames the self-complacency of Americans on this subject, and asks if the Republic is doing what it should to meet the needs of those Jews who "are seeking a new ideal in the great night that has fallen upon their souls," which, by the way, is an absurd question—as if the Republic bothered much with anybody's soul! And he cites instances of race prejudice very familiar to us all—the exclusion of Jews from hotels, boarding-houses, and the fashionable districts of certain cities, the stereotyped lie of the hotel clerk to the Jew that "the house is already full," the retort of a man whom he once asked to come with him to hear a famous Rabbi preach, "Do you think I would go and hear a Sheeny talk?" These he says are denials of democratic principles, especially of fraternity, "which is the test and touchstone of democratic power and progress." The difficulty with this subject is that the mind has closed upon it in advance, and to open a closed mind even by a crack requires a higher order of talent than Mr. Zangwill showed in *The Melting Pot* or than a writer like Mr. Francis ever possessed. Each writes as if the subject were a simple one, whereas nothing could well be more complex and elusive than the unformulated anti-Semitism of the native American. No one can arouse any interest by contrasting the higher type of Jew with the lower type of American. Nor is the mind arrested by any general reference to the brotherhood of man. It can never be effectively treated in this spirit of false naïveté.

International Comparisons

This charge of race prejudice is almost the only serious indictment brought against Americans in Mr. Francis's book, whose impressions of the country are so favourable that reviewers fairly glowed at the advent of an Englishman at last who could appreciate us. Unfortunately while it spares the feelings of those sensitive patriots who are growing scarcer every day outside the review columns, it is too general in its manner of treatment to interest the reckless folk who read these books for pleasure. One misses a distinctive impression of the country, right or wrong. One had far rather he had damned us, if he could have done so more readably. It lacks all those engaging qualities which an essay on international impressionism needs so much more than it needs a sound judgment. For a with a sound judgment the impressionist would decide not to write it at all. Hence the great contrast between it and Mr. Price Collier's recent volume on *England and the English*, which, taking it all in all, is one of the most entertaining contributions of late years to the literature of transatlantic guesswork. Of course, any nation will bulge a good deal from the average literary nutshell; but nowadays who seriously looks into these

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books to find any large part of a nation? It is the one man's experience that we are after, and it is very important that his personality should not be concealed. Mr. Collier admires England as much as Mr. Francis admires the United States. A parallel conclusion is reached by Mr. Francis and Mr. Collier on the subjects of materialism and money-worship. Mr. Francis says:

Now, however, after visiting Americans in all parts of their vast territory, I am prepared to undertake the defence of Americans against themselves, and of America against the world, and to prove, when occasion shall offer, that the prevalent opinion that America has a double dose of the original sin of materialism is the result of partial observation and mistaken judgment, and is due, in large measure, to the fallacious theory that a people which has proved itself practical and efficient in handling actualities must needs be devoid of spiritual vision, energy and power.

Mr. Collier remarks that we have nothing in this country that approaches the obsequiousness of the English toward the power of money:

The methods Englishmen and Englishwomen will stoop to, and the humiliations they will suffer, in order to make or get money, are not merely not practised in America, but are quite unknown there. . . .

There are few Americans of a certain standing who cannot tell extraordinary tales of the humiliating proceedings of needy aristocrats from England; from the men who are out-and-out blacklegs to the women who exploit their American hosts for the purpose of gambling in the stock market. But this is not by any chance to be a chronicle of gossip. We have our social fringes as well as the English. It is intended, in recalling the misdeeds of some of our visitors, merely to illustrate the fearful temptation people of a certain class are under in their endeavour to keep up appearances, and to note to what extremes they will go to keep themselves afloat. A Mississippi steamboat captain maintained that his boat drew so little water that she would float wherever there had been a heavy dew! A needy Englishwoman will float her financial social craft, or try to do so, on even shallower water than that; and no spectacle is more inexpressibly pitiable. To have been somebody and to become nobody; to have had and not to have, are more appalling changes here than with us. The successful here are rewarded as in no other country in the world, and the strong train and fight for the prizes grimly; and the weak hang on to the shreds of prosperity in a painful and humiliating way. In a country, therefore, where money is so potent and so difficult to acquire, those who have the disbursing of it must be trained to, or acquire wisdom in, its use even in the affairs of the household.

The fact that the English house is so ostensibly, and first and foremost, conducted with the aim of making the men comfortable, makes it easy to understand and to give the reasons for the greater economy practised therein. Men suffer from a far more severe strain of competition in England than with us, and economy always, whether it be economy of method, of time, or of money, is just so much saved from the imperative, for the voluntary.

The passages above quoted illustrate the great difference in concreteness, in personal apprehension, and, therefore, in interest, between the two books. Perhaps by suppressing all signs of intimacy Mr. Francis has included fewer untruths. Perhaps at Judgment Day it might seem the better essay. But for such a being as man in a world like the present the literary game of international comparisons is best played by a pleasant, Philistine, Polonius-like person like Mr. Price Collier, untroubled by any sort of philosophy, and with a conscience, like a British wife, kept in its proper place. The rules are by this time fully understood. It can best be played by a clever pen and a light literary character, and is no fit pastime for a judicial mind. A judicious international impressionist is as a rule merely a fish out of water.

The Game of Tagging

No literary game affords more innocent diversion with an equal expenditure of brains than that of tagging an American author with the label of an imagined foreign prototype. It is played in this fashion: Ella Wheeler Wilcox, let us say, is a poet of passion; Swinburne was ditto; then Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the Swinburne of America. Follow this rule and the most

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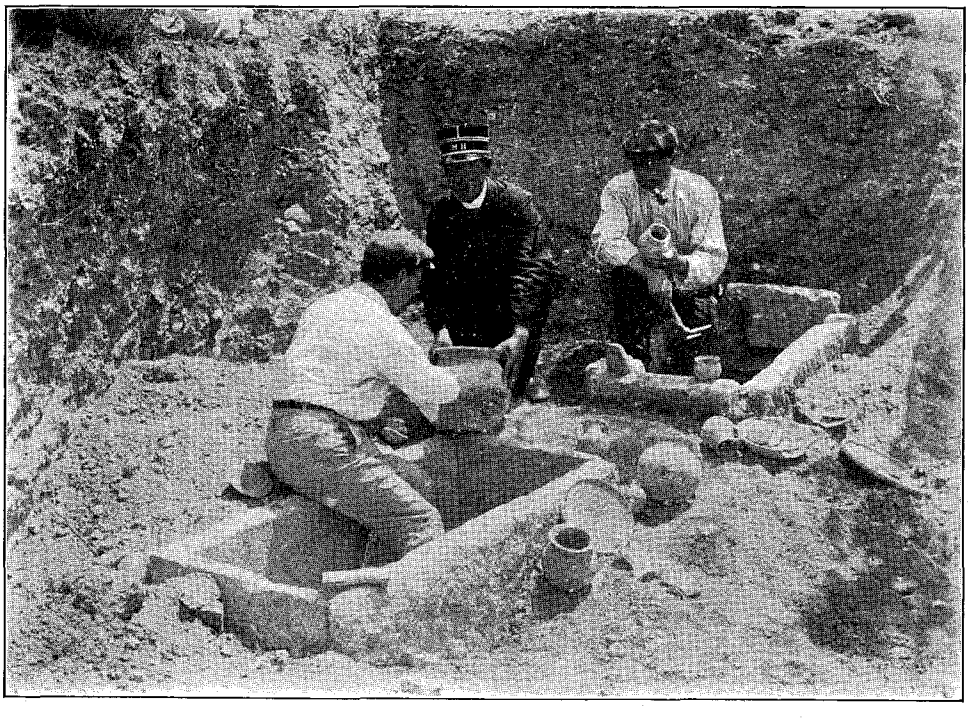
DR. C. W. SALEEBY, AUTHOR OF "PARENTHOOD AND RACE CULTURE," AT HOME WITH HIS CHILDREN



GELETT BURGESS, AUTHOR OF "LADY MÉCHANTE," AND THE ENGLISH WRITER, OLIVER ONIONS, EXCAVATING ROMAN GRAVES AT LES BAUX, IN PROVENCE, FRANCE. MR. BURGESS IS IN THE FOREGROUND

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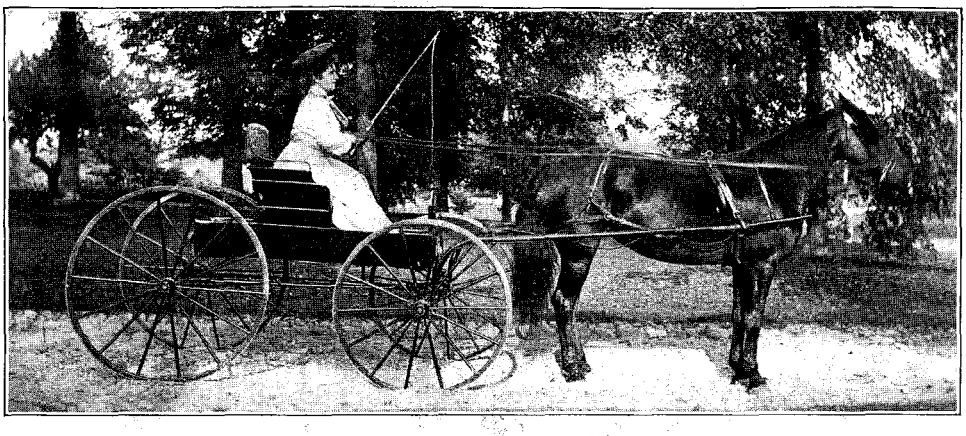

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

instructive results may be obtained. Jack London is the American Kipling. Mrs. Wharton is the Bourget of America—or, if the sexes are to be kept distinct, the Marcel Tinayre of America. Mr. Huneker is the Anatole France of America. Mr. Upton Sinclair is—or was—the Zola of America; there have been others. The late Clyde Fitch was the Pinero of America, the Hervieu of America, the Sudermann of America, the Ibsen of America. The relations may even become so complicated as to require a sort of equation to express them; thus:

Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Deland, Miss Gale, Mrs. Banks } is the { Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell } of America.

For the people who are devoted to this pastime Mr. Gelett Burgess has written a book. It is doubtful whether at the moment of writing Mr. Burgess had in mind the satisfying of this natural impulse. *Lady Méchante* reads as though the author might have fancied himself writing for his unique amusement. "Enough," one hears him cry, "enough of commercial *Larks* and conventional Goops and bromidic essays and popular novels of dual personality. They were never best sellers anyway. Now I will write what I please. Whatever comes into my head goes down on paper. If it makes me laugh it is funny; if it is funny it is literature; I will produce literature." Hence *Lady Méchante*—the most brazenly irresponsible thing that has happened since the fourth of last March. Now for the penalty. Mr. Burgess is the Max Beerbohm of America; a versatile fellow is he, for he illustrates as well as writes his book. He is the R. L. Stevenson of America; here is all the sober extravagance if not quite all the plausibility of *The New Arabian Nights*. He is the Chesterton of America, for he wields the paradox and is a lover of the fantastic for its own sake. Probably he is the Hilaire Belloc of America, for he lacks none of Hilaire's hilarity. It may even be supposed that in this book, if nowhere else, he is the Gelett Burgess of America, since he is altogether himself. He is by turns sprightly and amusing, absurdly extravagant, ironic, tender and appealing, dull and tiresome. Incidentally, he has added a new word to the Burgessian dictionary. The most captivating of his numerous heroes in *Lady Méchante* is Haulick Smagg, a coal-heaver transformed by a frock coat and a few stock phrases into a social lion. Smagg is a crass, primitive creature, and in his triumphant progress he betrays his humble origin by occasional lapses into his former uncouth state. When he drops a teacup, for instance, he vents his impatience by grinding the fragments under his heel. Hence:

smagg, *v. intr.* To betray a humble or coarse origin. To act like a coal-heaver.

smaggery, *sub.* Roughness of manner. Coal-heavery.

smaggism, *sub.* The state of being a coal-heaver.

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In the bright lexicon of Burgess, "smagg" should have an honourable place, along with "goop" and "blurb" and "bromidiom" and the rest.

Raffles on Broadway

Figuratively speaking, Raffles was originally a Londoner, with chambers at the Albany and a very wide and respectable speaking acquaintance in his favourite thoroughfares of Pall Mall and Bond Street. Then, metamorphosised into the person of M. Leblanc's Arsène Lupin, he crossed the channel to France, and became a typical Parisian *flâneur* who could be found of a sunshiny afternoon taking his *apéritif* at one of the little tin tables in front of the Café de la Paix. Now, in a third incarnation, he reappears on Broadway as Mr. "Frisco" Jackson, the hero of a recent narrative by Mrs. Helen Green. Taking it all in all, we should say that there is rather more basic moral honesty in Mr. Jackson than either his English or French predecessor. There is nothing ambiguous about his profession, or his attitude toward society. He is just a plain confidence man of the type to be found at Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York. But underlying his rascality there are points of chivalry and forbearance which enlist the sympathy, and with each new incident the reader comes more and more to regard him in the light of a knight errant going down to joust in very sordid lists. Then again, this Broadway Raffles has known and been influenced by O. Henry's Mr. Jefferson Peters.

HELEN GREEN

A Life Story

Here is a decided addition to the material that went to make that series of "Authors' Letter Boxes" which we were running in THE BOOKMAN two or three years ago. It is a letter that was sent to Anne Warner as a plot for a book to follow *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*.

My life has been a real novel. You could make a play out of it. I was married at nineteen (I want you to work in these details) and to a man of the same name, but who was *no relation* (that almost never happened before, I guess). We weren't even well off. I was a good wife and I economised. I had no child for six years (you see my life has been wonderful every way), and *then* I had a boy. My father died along there—died in his chair. You could use that for the end of the first act. I loved my husband and I never so much as looked at any other women till I found he loved one. My child was four years old *then*,—(don't forget to put that in.) I didn't find anything real wrong, only they were clasped in one another's arms in a dark closet. It was my own cousin, too—I told you it was like a novel. I left him then—he wanted me to kiss him after I'd locked my trunk, but I wouldn't. Then he married her. I started to kill her once in the

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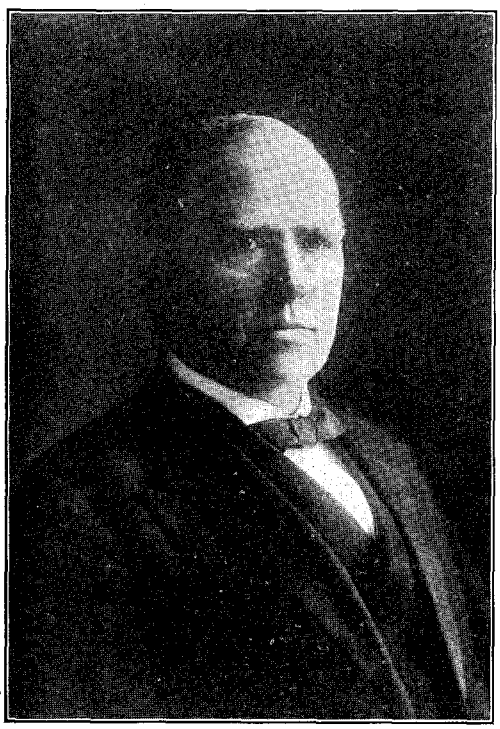

GEORGE F. PARKER

George Frederick Parker

Mr. George Frederick Parker, whose book on the late President Cleveland is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, chooses to describe himself as a "journalist." In fact, after graduating from the University of Iowa, he began editing local papers in his native State of Indiana so long ago as 1873. He was attached to more important periodicals afterward in Washington and New York, and may be described as one of the "original Cleveland men." During Mr. Cleveland's two administrations he held several semi-political offices, having been assistant postmaster in Philadelphia, and also American consul to Birmingham in England from 1893 to 1898. In 1904, President Roosevelt made Mr. Parker a commissioner in the United Kingdom, for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This appointment was probably made as a favour to the Ex-President, who, in fact, asked and received many courtesies of this sort from the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Parker published in 1892 a campaign biography of Mr. Cleveland,

trouble. I put a razor under my pillow, but I was so tired (I'm a heavy sleeper) that God (I'm a Methodist) carried me through the temptation by letting me sleep straight through the night. I've always been so glad. Then I married (I told you my life was a novel) and I used the same wedding ring over again. And he had the same name, too (I told you it would make a book). And my first husband's second wife died and my husband died. I never loved any man but my first husband, but he couldn't marry me again because he promised her he'd marry her sister. My boy's married, too. He was so innocent I wanted him to marry before he got changeable. I'd learned that. He's real happy—he's been married four months. My first husband's last wife is dead, but he can't face me. He lives in Seattle, so we never meet anyway. I'm only forty-five and if I should ever marry again I'd let you know if I had your address. I painted the whole house, outside as well as in, once. I was *such* a good wife; I did it to save money. I guess not many women can say as much. You could work that into the novel somewhere. If I knew how, I'd write it myself.

ARNOLD BENNETT

Mr. Bennett's new novel, *The Glimpse*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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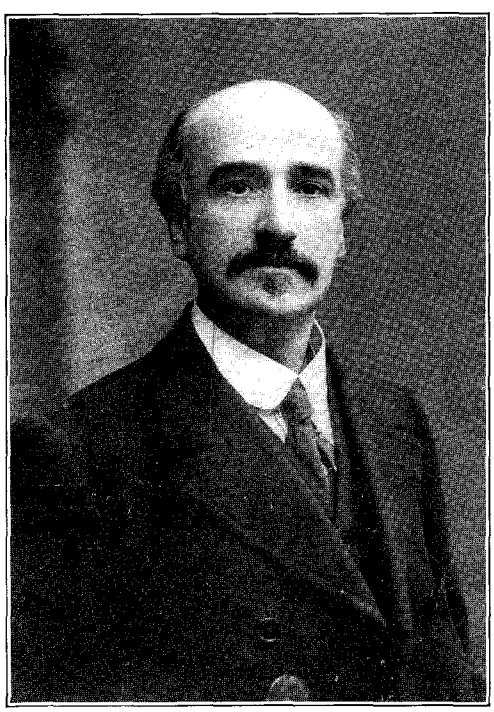
and he also edited more completely the writings and speeches of his friend. He enjoyed Mr. Cleveland's entire confidence, which was not given to many men, and he was also an intimate in Mr. Cleveland's household. His opportunities for gathering all sorts of personal information were exceptional, and so he was selected by the Cleveland family and the executors of the Cleveland estate to write what will be practically for some time a standard biography.

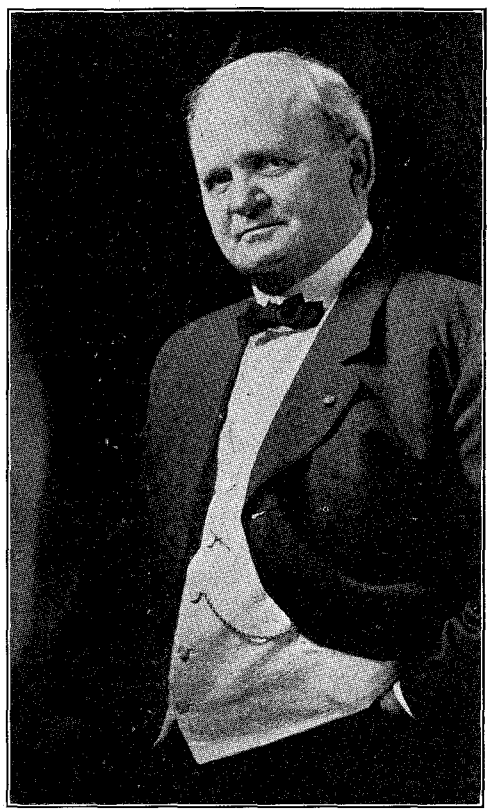
The Cardigan "Recollections"

There has been much discussion in England over the appearance of *My Recollections,* by the Countess of Cardigan, the widow of Lieutenant-General Earl of Cardigan of Balaclava celebrity. The Countess is now in her eighty-fifth year. An indication of the nature of her book is found in one London paper which speaks of the volume as "the Countess of Cardigan's Indiscretions." Some of the stories told are at the expense of the writer's husband, and at the expense of a great many other persons of her own kin. Writing of the book in the London *Sphere,* Clement K. Shorter summed up the whole matter with the terrible comment: "Some one once said that there are only twelve good stories in the world, and not one of them can be told in the presence of women. But here is a woman who tells them all to men."



THE LATE JOHN DAVIDSON

By courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley



WILSON VANCE

Mr. Vance, the author of *Big John Baldwin,* the romance of a Cromwellian soldier, was born in Findlay, Ohio, December 20, 1845. In 1861 he enlisted in the Union army, and in little more than a year had won his first commission and the Congressional Medal of Honour. After the war he turned to the practice of law and journalism. Mr. Vance is the father of Louis Joseph Vance

Proof Pages

The announcement of Mr. William De Morgan's new novel, *It Never Can Happen Again,* seems to have revived interest in his three earlier books, and his American publishers have been obliged to print *Alice-for-*

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CHARLES W. FURLONG

Author of *The Gateway to the Sahara*

Short for the tenth time. À propos of the great length of Mr. De Morgan's books a fellow-author recently received a letter from Mr. De Morgan in which he said that he had just had the proofs of *It Never Can Happen Again*—834 pages. "But the worst of it is," was Mr. De Morgan's comment, "is that it certainly is going to happen again."

Wilfred Grenfell

A missionary who recalls the Livingstons and Patons and other great heroes of the church is Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, author of *Labrador: the Country and the People.* Dr. Grenfell's enthusiasm, his resourcefulness, and his whole-hearted devotion to the people among whom he lives are worthy of the great traditions of his calling; he is the representative modern missionary, all the more that he is not a clergyman, but a doctor of medicine. A few years ago—for he is a young man—he was a medical student at Oxford, fired with zeal to use his scientific knowledge in the interest of humanity. After his graduation and his apprenticeship in the London hospitals, where he served under Sir Frederick Treves, he became a missionary among the North Sea trawlers. Some one suggested to him that there was a harder field, still unoccupied, among the fishermen of the Labrador coast. Straightway Dr. Grenfell made his way to Labrador, and took up with the fishermen their hard, lonely life. A second-rate man would have been overwhelmed by the difficulties of the task he set himself. Being a first-rate man, Dr. Grenfell has made himself the indispensable man of "the Labrador." He is physician-in-chief to a coast line of hundreds of miles. He has built hospitals as well as churches, he has administered justice, taught his flock the duties of citizenship, fought their battles with the government, put their business on a sounder basis, protected their fishing rights, organised their recreations. He believes in Labrador, and is as devoted to his adopted people as they are to him. He is of the type that English-speaking people like to regard as peculiarly their own—the type that stands for Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Of medium height and tough rather than powerful build, quick and nervous in his movements, with the keenest, steadiest of blue eyes, he is a compact bundle of sheer energy. Although he is an Englishman, Dr. Grenfell is known all over the United States through his visits here in the interests of

W. H. WRIGHT

Author of *The Grizzly Bear*

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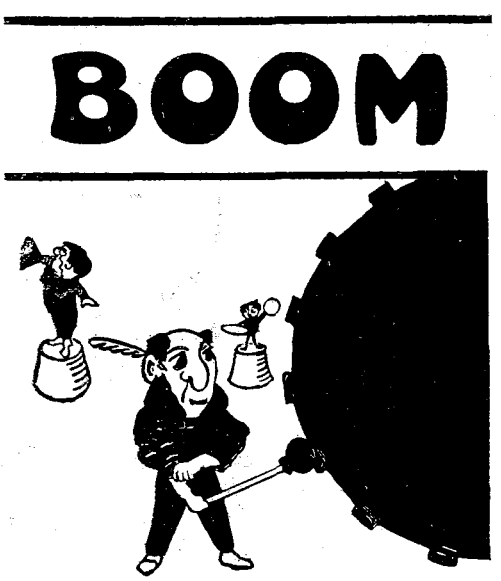
his missions, and he has just returned to Labrador with an American bride.

In Genial Protest

For many years there appeared at the head of this department a request that all manuscripts submitted for publication should be addressed to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN. That request still appears in every issue of the magazine, although now it is to be found at the bottom of the Table of Contents. We wish to call attention to the line editorially, and to point out its sound sense and significance. There come to this office every year some two or three thousand manuscripts of one kind or another. If they are sent addressed in the proper way (to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN) they are systematically recorded and filed and the possibility of loss, excessive delay, or misunderstanding is reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, when they are addressed personally they are very naturally treated as personal mail, and forwarded as such in case of absence for reasons of business or pleasure. While in this mood of good-natured protest there is another matter to which we wish to call attention. We receive a great many letters asking us for information on matters literary of othewise. Some of these can be turned over to the Editor of the Letter Box. More of them call for personal replies. Where they can be answered with a reasonable amount of trouble we try to comply with the wishes of our correspondents. There are some of these letters, however, that would call for two days of research and labour on our part. This, we think, is asking a little too much. For example, a lady is preparing a paper on Tolstoy, let us say, to be read before one of the local literary societies. She writes to us for advice and help, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. In this envelope we are expected to send to her a short account of the conditions which led the eminent Russian novelist to write *Anna Karénina*, the names of the translators of *War and Peace* into the various languages of Europe, information as to where a comprehensive review of Tolstoy's first book may be found, a short description of his home and present life, a Tolstoy bibliography, and a few other details of more or less importance. This case is hardly an exaggeration. We submit, is it quite reasonable?



A SOMEWHAT STARTLING ENGLISH COVER DESIGN

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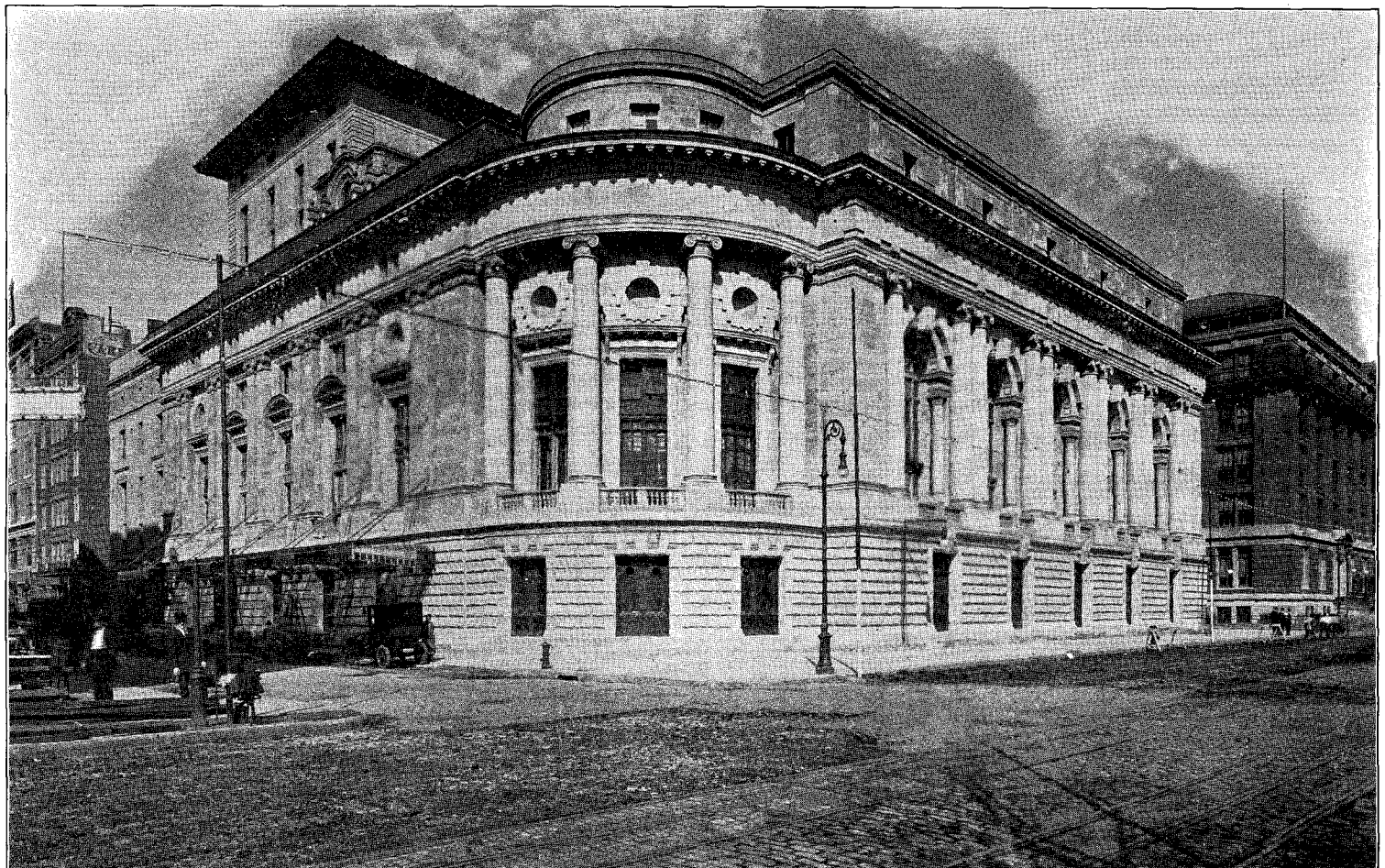

THE NEW THEATRE

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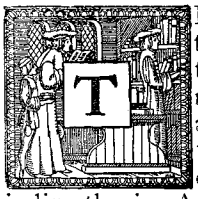
THE NEW THEATRE'S LITERARY MAIL



HERE is one phase of the New Theatre not touched upon as yet that must possess a considerable and significant interest for those concerned directly and indirectly in American literary affairs. Reference is made to the enormous contribution of dramatic literature that has been and is still daily being submitted to the directorate of the institution for the latter's perusal and possible subsequent selection for presentation on their stage.

When it is called to mind that the mail of the New Theatre has flooded the offices of the directors with four thousand five hundred dramatic manuscripts up to and including the first week of the current month, and that the daily deliveries have yielded up a proportionate amount of submitted plays since that time, the proportions of the veritable dramatic deluge may be appreciated. The query naturally suggests itself: Whence come these plays, and what is their nature? Then, too, what has the survey of the American manuscripts revealed as to the promise of the native-made drama? Assuredly, a fair criterion should be provided, inasmuch as it should not be far wrong to presume that many aspiring dramatists with and without standing have sent in their most recent best products in the hope that the latter might be given dramatic life in what has been predicted will be the sprouting seed of a national theatre.

Investigation has brought to light the facts that these four thousand odd manuscripts have come from the four corners of the earth—and the statement is made literally. From playwrights all over the world dramatic compositions have been received, and these compositions have been as diversified in external appearance and internal significance as the stamps of the countries that have borne them hither. The great majority of the plays have been of American making, two-thirds being a fair estimate, it is said. It is a sorry fact, however, according to the theatre's authorities, that the American plays have been vastly inferior in construction, originality and general treatment to those that have been submitted from English sources. From the huge bulk of American manuscripts, only two plays have been decided upon definitely for production at this writing, and by the time this appears in print this brace of dramas will have been seen by the public. The plays in question bear the titles *The Nigger* and *The Cottage in the Air*. The first named is from the pen of young Mr. Edward Sheldon, the recent Harvard graduate who constructed *Salvation Nell* for the use of Mrs. Fiske. The second play is the work of Mr. Edward Knoblauch, who wrote *The Shulamite* for Miss Lena Ashwell.

Of these two plays, only the first in reality deserves to be termed an original American play. It has been conceived and executed by an American (Chicago being the personal projective point) and its theme—the negro question—is thoroughly native. The second named play, listed by the directorate under the head of accepted American plays, strictly speaking, cannot be conceded to that category. The play is not original, being an adaptation from *Priscilla's Fortnight*, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. It is of foreign *locâle* and, in treatment, breathes not a little English influence. Mr. Knoblauch has spent a great deal of his time in the English theatres and his dramatic pen's point of view, accordingly, is not unnaturally British rather than American.

Here, indeed, is revealed little of compliment to the legion of native playwrights. To be sure, the coterie of firmly established native dramatists are not included in the rejected list for the good and sufficient reason that, as yet, they have not seen fit to submit their work to the New Theatre. But, despite this, the estimate is none the less fair. One American play out of several thou-

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sand is certainly not a figure with which to conjure.

Mr. John Corbin, literary director of the theatre, has laid aside four or five other native-made manuscripts for second reading, and it is possible that one or more of these may be complimented by production. However, the fact remains that, with the possible exception of the Sheldon drama, not one strictly American play in the big initial list revealed sufficient worth to merit its immediate selection.

It has been argued that a possible reason for the wholesale rejection of American manuscripts lay in the fact that the producing directorate of the new dramatic enterprise was partial, strongly partial, to dramas of foreign making. This is not true. *Strife* is the only foreign-made play chosen for presentation at this writing, and the directors' argument in favour of the American dramas becomes all the stronger when it is known that other meritorious foreign manuscripts have been held in abeyance temporarily in the fond hope that American manuscripts might be discovered to take their places.

Those interested in the future of the American-made play are assured that it will receive every consideration from the guiding powers of the New Theatre. Each manuscript, upon being read and found wanting, is sent back to its author with a personal note indicating just what, in the belief of the New Theatre play choosers, is wrong with it. Thus, encouragement is held out to aspiring native playwrights and the promise is given them that no submitted composition will become dusty through neglect in a pigeon-hole.

To do everything in its power to assist the home drama, the literary directorate plans, when its work has simplified itself, to inaugurate a system of correspondence with the less known playwrights whereby the latter will be given in detail information as to the changes necessary in the manuscripts which they have submitted and in which traces of merit and promise have been detected. The mysteries of the stage and its tricks will be explained to them "on the ground," if they wish to avail themselves of the privilege, and every opportunity for practical development will be held out to those who have indicated ability that merits watching.

The literary mail of the New Theatre has been discouraging to date from a standpoint of American valuation, but there is much promise for the future. The opportunity will be there.

George Jean Nathan.

THE UNHEARD LULLABY

Dear, oh, my dear, thou art weary,
  And lightless the lamp of thine eyes—
I was thy mother once, dearie,
  I crooned thee to sleep, mother-wise.

I know I have lulled thee and rocked thee,
  In a long-ago age of delight,
And sweet was the slumber that locked thee
  In my arms, from the spectres of night.

I see them come still to fright thee,
  And still I exquisitely long
To spread my wings o'er thee nightly,
  To guard thee from spectres too strong.

Then come, dear, to arms that are tender,
  Come and pillow thy cheek on my breast,
And my guardian love shall engender
  In thy bosom a measureless rest.

Charlotte Holmes Crawford.

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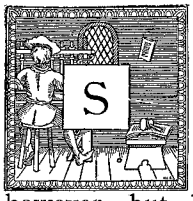
INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE IN AMERICAN FICTION



INCE fiction has taken the place of poetry as a criticism of life, and made all knowledge its province, the weight of the obligation of scientific accuracy resting, however, but lightly on its inventive shoulders, it is but natural that the discussion of a curiously complex and delicate development of modern civilised existence—that of international social relations and the resultant international matrimonial alliances—is gradually passing almost entirely out of the domain of social students into that of novelists, serious, conscientious students, too, one hastens to add—at least some of them—but yet, owing not only to the latitude, but to the very requirements of their art, which is also, be it remembered, a "liberal" profession, prone to take short-cuts, to jump at conclusions, to make a very little of superficial investigation suffice as the basis for sweeping generalisations, to mistake facts for the truth of which they may in reality be but obscure, and often misleading symptoms. We hear much, nowadays, of a "scientific" method in fiction, but such a method, in the scientist's true sense, can never be in imaginative prose literature, however realistic, if only because the novelist, unlike the scientific investigator, works up to a prearranged point of arrival, characters and plots that evolve regardless of their author's plans being so rare as to be a negligible quantity. The bearing of this impossibility of the application of truly scientific processes to the novel upon its so-called scientific criticism, outside the domain of technique, need not be entered upon here.

But we have at least the evolutionary method of studying fiction to amuse us, and when we apply it to the international novel, we find a direct progress that ends, for the moment, in a complete *volte-face*. This *genre* had its humble beginnings in Europe, in England, to be precise; to-day, risen to dignity and influence and popularity, it is practised most assiduously in this country. The American woman, at first a minor character in the English society-novel of the late Victorian period, introduced generally with unpleasant intent, and at the best only as "comic relief," to borrow a technical term of the stage, lumped together with Australian and South African millionaires, successful promoters, and other undesirable intruders, has made herself the heroine of a novel all her own of native provenience. Twenty years ago it was she who was put on trial by the foreign author—her speech, her voice, which invariably reached the British tympanum *via* her impertinent nose, her manners, her dress, her "popper" and "mommer," her independence, her undisciplined individualism that disregarded the fetish of family beyond the bearing of a highly ornamental name; to-day it is the foreigner she marries—he and all his relations—who is weighed in the balance and almost invariably found wanting, because a prearranged ending requires it. An early English attempt to do the American woman justice—justice, that is, from the late Victorian fictional standpoint—is found in Ouida's *Moths;* a recent revival of the old superior attitude, the old prejudice, on the other hand, is *Marriage à la Mode,* which honestly believes itself to be a "scientific" social study. Its appearance at this late day is easily explained, however, by the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward is essentially a belated Victorian novelist. The *then* and the *now* of this sort of fiction are presented in closest contrast in Mrs. Burnett's highly coloured *The Shuttle.*

The swing of the pendulum, time's revenges! This changing of rôles, this indictment of the European by the New World where once the American, indignant yet mostly silent, listened to the too lofty strictures of the Old, is found in other branches of our contemporary literature than that of fiction—in our books of travel, for instance, which abound nowadays in the frankest expres-

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sion of unflattering opinions of English, French, and German and Italian manners and ways of living—opinions, be it confessed, as often and as fundamentally mistaken and unjust as those earlier ones of our own foreign critics, as insecurely based on lack of knowledge and insight, or on faulty observation, as gallingly condescending. Some European Lowell will arise erelong flourishing in his furious hands a dissertation "On a Certain Condescension in Americans." It is a matter of national evolution, of an intensely dynamic civilisation leaving behind it one that is static, and already decadent in its once securely established, gracefully ornamental upper circles.

To return to the American international novel, however. Thus far it is a matter of quantity, rather than of quality, of *parti pris* and insufficient knowledge. It is mostly strong on its emotional (which does not necessarily mean its psychological) side, and weak in its comparative social element; a well-balanced combination of these two components is but rarely encountered.

And yet, the interaction of these two factors, the personal and the social, is indispensable for the success of this new *genre,* not only as the contemporary socio-historical document it aims, or at least proclaims itself to be, but as fiction. The fundamental situation is one of struggle, of the victory, or the maintenance of self, or the defeat of the isolated daughter of the new civilisation over, or in, or by the overwhelming environment of the old, a struggle made lighter or intensified by the attitude toward her of the man—the foreigner—of her choice, the personal problem within the larger one. Few mere observers succeed in penetrating below the mask of international good manners and social intimacy to the inner life of an alien race, an alien family in that race, and, ultimately, to the fundamental psychology of the individual alien. Life in common alone, experience as an adopted member, can furnish the keys to many mysteries, whose unlocking is not a matter of a period of initiation, but of many years, and of persistent seeking, not only for the keys, but for the doors themselves. The tact and insight and adaptability and strength of her who in real life finds a successful solution, and even merely a workable one, of this infinitely difficult situation have perhaps never been sufficiently recognised. The alien husband who supports her loyally in this task of adaptation, compromise, sacrifice, and self-assertion may deserve part of the praise that is hers, but only part, for his is the easier task, in his own familiar environment, and, therefore, unconsciously and of necessity often unable to see the real nature of the difficulties confronting her. The approximate solutions of the situation are perhaps best roughly analysed as emotional disillusions and social successes, or social failures compensated by personal contentment, the mingling of gain and loss that is the rule of all life. The complete triumph, the perfect mastery of the deeper and the superficial, the personal and the social difficulties of the situation, which would seem to offer the greatest temptation to the novelist in love with the difficulties of his art, is but rarely celebrated in our fiction, perhaps because, apart from the demands it makes upon the author's highest gifts and trained powers, it never gets into gossip and print via the divorce court. In real life, the average measure of happiness results from these international marriages; in our fiction, for many obvious reasons, only the failures are dealt with. These exceptions, numerous enough, more's the pity, are not accepted by our authors as proofs of the rule, but, in a contrary sense, as the rule itself. Thus fiction becomes a distorted criticism of life.

The list of American novelists dealing with international life and marriage is a long and growing one; that of those whose work deserves to be taken seriously, very short. At their head stands Mr. Henry James, the most analytic, the most searching and interpretative of fictional students of international life and influences. The subtle effects of Europe upon the American, his reactions to them, have been an almost lifelong study with him. One finds it in its inception in *Daisy Miller,* in its perfection in *The Golden Bowl,* undoubtedly the most subtle and illuminative novel of international marriage yet written. In all of

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the books of what has been called his "middle period" may be found revealing glimpses of the problem, analyses of the lights and the shadows, the infinitude of nuances between the two, in the older civilisation, of what it has made of its children, of what it may and can do with Americans who cast in their lot with it—of what they bring to it of their own. *The Ambassadors* is a treasure-house of revelation of that environment, and of the reaction to it of the children of the New World; and one cannot help observing, somewhat unwillingly, that *What Maisie Knew* might be a useful book for the American *jeune fille* whose fortunate position in life brings an international match within the scope of her possibilities, if one could dare to place it in her hands. Mrs. Henry Sedgwick, so much and so successfully Mr. James's pupil, should be mentioned here.

Next to Mr. James—perhaps beside him—one would place Mrs. Atherton, who works on broader, firmer, more positive lines, from a different angle of vision. To Mr. James life is first of all, and always, artistic material to be fashioned into work of most intricate, delicate pattern. To Mrs. Atherton it is the rough material of success or failure, of triumph or defeat, to be faced fearlessly and made to yield all it holds, to be fashioned, hammered into shape, if necessary, mastered by a brain in wise league with temperament. She succeeds most signally, in her large, synthetic way, in fusing the social with the personal elements of the problem, a realist facing life boldly, a writer of virile books for mature men and women. Her *American Wives and English Husbands* is one of the best products of the *genre,* and with it one places *The Californians.*

English and Continental European novelists must be excluded here (one glances longingly at the idyllic *Abbé Constantin,* suppressing a horrible suspicion that its hero was perhaps not unknown to *Les Petites Cardinal*), but the lady who chose the pen-name of Pierre de Coulevain is entitled to a place here because she began her career as an author in English and in this country. Her *American Nobility* is sufficiently close to facts to retain its usefulness twelve years after its appearance; her *Eve Triumphant* is but a variant on the original theme. The Baroness von Hutten has drawn a sober, well-seen picture of the average of success and failure, of contentment and disillusion in one of her books. Mrs. Wharton's story of the aftermath, *Mme. de Trèmes,* falls into place here.

Of the merely popular products of this class of fiction it is unnecessary to speak, except for the purpose of pointing out that one of their chief aims is the drawing of comparisons between American and European men as husbands, with most unflattering results to the foreigners. It is a one-sided comparison, since the worst are compared with the best, an unfair advantage taken, perhaps unnecessarily, for the sake of easily achieved effect. A new development is found, however, in the latest of these international romances, Mrs. Post's *The Title Market,* for she informs the American girl that her state is a parlous one, that her chances of happiness are slim, indeed. She is doomed to be disappointed, according to this writer, whether she marry an American or a European, less in the one case than in the other, to be sure, but disappointed none the less. And thus the American novel of international marriage, which began by taking us abroad, ends, for the moment, by bringing us back to these shores, face to face with that more urgent problem of the modern American woman's existence —her growing discontent with marriage itself, and with the general unsatisfactoriness of the male biped at home.

One golden word of wisdom Mrs. Post utters. It is worth committing to memory. Says her American-Italian princess:

> When it happens that a nice, sweet, wholesome girl marries a disreputable nobleman, who is despised from one end of Europe to the other, American parents seem to feel no horror until she has become a mental, moral, and physical wreck. To us over here it is unbelievable that a decent girl can think of marrying him; that her parents are willing to give her into the keeping of an unspeakable cad, brute, and rake. Do you think that it is the fault of Europe if such girls know nothing but wretchedness?

A. Schade van Westrum.

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HOME, SWEET HOME

"Home is the only place of Liberty. Nay, it is the only place of Anarchy! It is the only place on earth where a man can alter arrangements suddenly. He can eat his meals on the floor of his own house if he likes—I often do it myself."—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Home, home!
Home, sweet home!
You can do just what you please, cellar up to dome!
'Tis the place of Liberty!
If you'd rather, Anarchy!
Let us sing its pleasures in a fit and noble Pome!
Would you eat your dinner with your fingers on the floor?
Would you hang your pictures upsidedown upon the door?
Home's the place to do it in. Home's the only spot
Where the Freeman's ever free from a slavish lot.
If you have a feeling deep in your seething soul
For to deck the mantel-piece with a ton of coal,
Or to paint the furniture purple, mauve or green;
Or to scent the roses with a hint of gasoline;
Home, home!
That's the place to go
With nobody anywhere that can tell you NO!
Would you stand upon your head while you play the harp,
Free from neighbours curious full of sneering carp,
There's no place upon the map, whitherward you roam,
That is better suited for such an act as Home—
Home, sweet home!
Would you dress in trousers red,
With a vest of blue?
And a shako on your head?
Home's the place for you.
Would you eat pease with your paw?
Would you take your tea
From a pitcher through a straw
Under a settee?
Would you have your carpet tacked on the parlour ceil,
With wall-paper pasted fast underneath your heel?
Would you keep the baby-grand up upon the roof?
Home's the place for this if you would avoid reproof.
Would you on a book-shelf sleep, with your books instead
Neatly ranged in serried ranks on your feather-bed?
Would you keep your stores of ice in the music-box?
Would you use the ice-box for your collars, cuffs, and socks?
Would you have the baby sleep, covered to his chin
With a quilt of kindling wood, in the soft-coal bin?
Surely there's no place like home where such freedom is
For the freeman who enjoys doing things like this.
Home, home!
Home, sweet home!
Home's the place for those
Who enjoy a Brain-storm as the Ice-man loves the snows.
Home's the place for Liberty—
Home's the home of Anarchy,
When you have a rush of brains downward to your toes!

John Kendrick Bangs.

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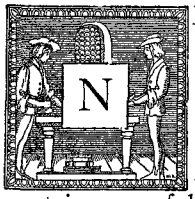
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

NOTABLE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON*



EVER were the Christmas books more worthy of serious consideration than this year. It is difficult to remember that a card on a stuffed satin cushion or a seasonable contrivance of lace, celluloid, and hand-painted roses upon a frosted cottage used to fetch an appalling sum from fairly respectable people in our mid-Victorian period; and that at a later era our books too often resembled them in costliness without value, usefulness, or durable beauty. But for real worth combined with sensible outlay upon a beautiful get-up, the present list of holiday books marks the top-notch of the species. It is a little sheaf of golden grain fit for any one's gathering. Nowhere is better shown that rapid growth of taste and discrimination so noticeable among us in all artistic activities during the last decade. Especially in music and in pictorial art has our public become exacting. They are no longer content with the trivial prettiness which pleased them in Christmas books a while ago. The books considered in this article were all written or published mainly with a view to their illustrations. They comprise two visits to the great storehouses of garnered beauty—the picture galleries of the world; two voyages of artists to lands that never were—the oldest continents of romance in two separate civilisations; three loving journeys to as many countries wherein tradition and artistic achievement and the beautifying hand of time have worked together for an unmatchable result; and finally, a little look about us with discerning eyes here at home—where we are too apt to forget that the energy which slowly made life beautiful in other lands, either of fiction or reality, is working steadily and surely with the same purpose. And of this last statement the books which follow are proof enough.

London's colossal gallery has a unique position among the world's great public collections of pictures, not only for its wealth of first-class paintings but for their unbroken sequence from Byzantine art to our own day. To illustrate this uniqueness, the sumptuous plates of these two volumes of *The National Gallery* have been got together, while the text follows the long and splendid procession —placing the painters and filling in the gaps which even so bountiful an array of plates must leave in the specimens of the world's illustrious artists. The text devotes itself equally to the historical position and to the temper and personality of its subjects, and is clear and succinct. As soon as you open the book you are delighted with the rich quality of the paper and the general dignity with which the large project has been carried out. The colour plates are printed separately and inserted. While it is difficult to say—out of the presence of the originals—how near the colouring comes, the reproductions seem to have preserved, though possibly in a higher key, the individuality of the different palettes. Certain of them, printed on paper which gives the grain of canvas, are especially pleas-

*The National Gallery. 2 volumes. One Hundred Plates in Colour. Joint authors, Paul G. Konody, Maurice W. Brockwell, F. W. Lippmann. New York: Dodge Publishing Company.

Beautiful Children. By C. Haldane McFall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Arabian Nights. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Le Morte D'Arthur. Illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley. New York: G. P. Dutton and Company.

Romantic Germany. By Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: The Century Company.

Holland of To-day. Written and Pictured by George Wharton Edwards. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

French Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Company.

The New New York. By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ing in imparting an added vitality to the colours. *The National Gallery* is, perhaps, the most notable accomplishment of the season's art-books.

Probably the most seasonable book of the lot is one which bears the delightful title of *Beautiful Children*. The reproductions in colour of fifty famous paintings of child-life give so well the main idea of the pictures that the author has fortunately felt himself free to abandon an æsthetic estimate of their art for the broader appeal and understanding which is furnished by an account of their makers and sitters and their relation to the age which bred them. He will play, he announces, neither the pedant's nor the fool's part in seeking to narrate his own sensations in a magisterial verdict. Having chosen the better way, he sets about it vivaciously. The captions of his chapters are a fair example of the narrative; they read like a Maurice Hewlett romance—"Concerning the Fleeting Wonder that is called Childhood," "Wherein is discovered much Significance to Art in the Silting of the Waters that flow by the City of Bruges," "In which the old Art of Spain dies of a Fall from a Scaffold," "Which has to do with the Children of the Years when the World wore Great Wigs and Marlborough made his Wars," "Which has to do with the Smuggling or Otherwise of a Man-child into the Palace of St. James," "In which a Lock of a Beautiful Woman's Hair is discovered in a Dead Man's Pocket-Book." The likeness to romance is carried out in the head and tail pieces to the chapters. The book goes down to our own Sargent and Cecilia Beaux and the group of pleasing child-illustrators—Sarah Stillwell, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Jessie Willcox Smith. It is unfortunate that in an art-book the publishers have not avoided using different styles of type on the same page, but for the rest these beautiful children are in a beautiful setting. They are a winsome throng—from the earlier ones quaintly or stiffly tricked out like their elders and sometimes robbed of freshness and naturalness in elaborate harness and the splendid discomforts of brocades; through the triumph of the falsely called artificiality of the eighteenth century, distinguished above all centuries whatever in putting sincerely upon canvas the fascinating and ingenuous charm of childhood; down to our own times when romance and beauty are tempered with greater character, emotion, or lifelikeness. Blithe and frolicsome, grave or elfish, dainty and fragrant—"Here they are, these fifty men and women" endearingly presented by a lover.

Happy are their brothers and sisters of to-day if they may enter the portals of the magic world of the Arabian Nights with Maxfield Parrish to fashion into visible shapes and images for them the wonders that they encounter therein. Times have well changed since Mary and Charles Lamb told their *Tales of Shakespeare* and achieved thereby the most overrated classic on record. Mary—what with her pruderies, her liberties of detail, and her austere excision of humorous passages and characters—managed to Bowdlerise the Bard in a way that just hit the taste of the middle class of her generation. Mrs. Wiggin and Miss Nora A. Smith have in their version of *The Arabian Nights* left out nothing except what is tedious repetition or irrelevance; they have retained—indeed, if recollection serves, even increased—the humour of matter-of-fact phrase and understatement which makes Aladdin's mother, for instance, so delicious; and beyond the elimination of a word or two, rarely of an idea, they have fortunately contented themselves with omitting—in Andrew Lang's words—"all the pieces that are suitable only for Arabs and old gentlemen." The atmosphere they have sympathetically respected, even to the stately sweep of ample sentences and the sonorous vague phrases which so ably help to swell the sail of the childish or the adult imagination. They have chosen some of the most delightful of the stories and some that chanced to appeal to the genius of the artist. And the genius of the artist was worth consulting! The pictures are the very soul of Oriental romance—mysterious, grandiose, broadly yet concretely imaginative, and coloured like Aladdin's shirt-full of jewels. Mr. Parrish presents with great accuracy all the gorgeous unreality of the setting of

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FROM "LE MORTE D'ARTHUR." ILLUSTRATED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

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the tales. It is to be hoped that a cheaper edition will put them some day into the hands of all children.

For children grown up are "the noble and joyous" fairy tales of Morte D'Arthur—in the phrase of old Caxton, "set in imprint to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry and the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour." In this *Le Morte D'Arthur*, illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, the tales never had a setting which made them "so pleasant to read in" or so "goodly to look upon." There are fifteen illustrations, some of them double-paged, and innumerable chapter-headings; both offer an unusual and exquisite delight to those capable of appreciating their artistry and intention. The text is Caxton's without additions except in the case of obvious omissions, and the spelling has been both wisely modernised and modernised wisely. That is to say, the antique spelling in reprints is always an obstacle to any but scholastic enjoyment, and in this case the spelling —being brought down only as far as the King James Bible—has avoided any tang of modernism. This is an example of the nice care which has been used in the preparation of the book. The paper is very agreeable, the printing and arrangement of the page a never-failing delight, and it is altogether a splendid triumph of the book-maker's art. The plates have been handled discerningly to preserve all the richness of the blacks, so distinctive of Beardsley's work. It has been sixteen years since the first edition was issued, and in that time his fame, so hotly championed and contested, has become secure and universal. On account of the personal originality of his manner and the childish self-assertiveness of his unmatured genius, he was once regarded merely as a gifted and facile freak. Now, in the sphere which concerns itself with patterns and with symbols—and with him the symbols were purely arbitrary—he is rightly placed as one of the great black and white artists of the world. Grant that he makes no attempt at rendering the lines of a thing, he can make a line express what he intended to express. He was a true child of his generation in England in that he was a temperamental satirist without convictions, his nearest popular kinsman in another art being W. S. Gilbert. His illustrations of *Morte D'Arthur* show the influence of Burne-Jones in the types of some of his figures, and of the Japanese in their decorative quality; but he had an extraordinary way of surrendering to an influence without succumbing to it. Rare and precious as was the first edition it is not likely that a volume of this second will be less rare, as only five hundred copies are available for America. The book would make any season unusual.

At the opposite pole in the way of illustrations are those in *Romantic Germany*. Especially successful are they in rendering the varying conditions of light and atmosphere and the spiritual tone of the places they depict. The Century Company is to be congratulated on the pains they have taken in preserving the quality of the reproductions—pains that may have been inspired by the book itself, for it is quality which strikes you above all in these personal, impressionistic, conversational pages. "Places are so much like people," says Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler, "that whoever makes a book of cities must borrow from the novelists' art and reveal the personality of each one and a suggestion of the quality of its folk." The last account of German towns was in the year 1846, but well worth waiting for is this finely composed book with its numerous sidelights and its valuable habit of summing up the places in comparison from a common point of view. "An enthusiast," says he, "would pick out none of the larger cities of Germany to love best; it would be like adoring a score of wives at the same time—besides, unlike wives, great cities are too impersonal." It is the smaller ones which endear. Berlin is only the positive degree by which to gauge such a comparative as Munich or such a superlative as Rothenberg—its unromantic modernness makes one believe the French statement that Prussia sprang from a cannon-ball like an eagle from an egg. The Berliner was born *blasé* and has known the latest joke at least ten years. As one leaves its asperities, the atmosphere grows friendlier until in Potsdam even

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LAON. THREE GREAT DOORWAYS. FROM "FRENCH CATHEDRALS," BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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the four Romans about one of the fountains who are hurrying away with the four Sabines are doing it like gentlemen and the frowns of the ladies are palpably assumed. The mediæval democratic spirit in Brunswick has never been "restored away" from its incomparable crooked streets filled with richly carved, half-timbered Gothic houses. Few of the older German towns show themselves at once for what they are, and Hildesheim is coyest of all. Leipsig, though one of the larger cities, still holds romance in its quiet atmosphere, but its people are of the extremely normal type, and, therefore, colourless. Dresden is essentially a city of pleasure, of fair wide prospects, of zest in nature and art. Its humour is refreshing; it is neither satirical like Berlin nor soft-hearted, *gemütlich* like Munich. The Dresdener does not interrupt and has the Parisian polish, but he himself will tell you he is not quite industrious. The city has the advantages of the metropolis with the humanity of the village. Munich, though a creation of the nineteenth century, has cleverly woven the new about the old. It is irradiated with the love of beauty, but for all its art is passionately a child of the open air and a majority of its population until recently had peasant blood in their veins. A Münchener is one of the few Germans who does not go about trying to look impressive; and no one can feel lonely there, it is so democratic and unconventional. More than one landlady could hardly be induced to present her bill, though the city is the gateway of greedy Italy and has marked Italian characteristics. Their beer is an integral part of the city and is jealously guarded by law. Augsburg is a proud patrician place with an atmosphere of Italian opulence, though it has a more intimate and Gothic side. Little Rothenberg is almost too full of romantic elements to be real—a city of dreams although quiet and plebeian. As you get there every one begins to say "God greet thee" to every one else. So romantic is it that it hides its railway station a half-mile from its walls. It is a German Carcassonne; there one just lives until one dies—in the purest bit of Germany's most precious past. Thus the book goes chatting on, full of ripe observation, and ends all too soon.

More like an ampler and glorified Baedeker reads *Holland of To-Day,* written and pictured by Mr. George Wharton Edwards. The tone is less personal and intimate, and the material is largely a collection and abstract from other books. There is more categorical information and less of real knowledge; more facts for the intending traveller and far less lure to take him thither. Yet though its method is mistaken—since it is not a book which one can carry in his pocket or even in his trunk—it does not love its subject less. It has its personal moments, too. Behind the screen in the Groot Kirk of Dordrecht the author once saw the washing hung up on a line to dry. True it was a week-day, but—. Though "all Dutch towns are amphibious," the people do not swim in their waters, but they certainly do wash everything in sight there (except themselves!) and such a splashing and dousing as goes on from morning until night can be seen nowhere else in the world. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said she could walk everywhere in her slippers (but every one knows from her own statement that Lady Mary was not very careful about her slippers!). He does not remember ever seeing in a private house a window open even in the summer, and at night most old-fashioned people sleep in a cupboard with the doors closed, getting what air they may through the small pierced hearts in the upper panel. The book tells of many quaint and odd customs still persisting, and the author rightly says that there is something very engaging in a country which can so serenely preserve its original character amid the whirl of twentieth-century changes, and where a peasant woman of the better class can wear a French bonnet of fruit and flowers and ostrich feathers perched upon the beautiful lace cap of her foremothers. But you do not get the taste of the country as you do of Germany—perhaps because the author has been too anxious "to avoid the temptation of generalising and straining facts to suit his classifications." Nor, in the list of this season's beautiful ones are the pictures conspicuously successful. They seem a little dry

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and lacking in range and grip. The shallow treatment gives us no insight into the Dutch character or landscape; they give at most but a dressmaker's record of the costume and a postal-card account of the country. Like the book, they are full of information, but they do not make you long to pack your traps.

Very different is it with *French Cathedrals*, by the ever delightful Pennells. It is not surprising to hear Mrs. Pennell confess (with some sorrow because of

THE MARKUS TOWER—ROTHENBERG. FROM "ROMANTIC GERMANY," BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

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the consequent loss of the charm of the old untravelled days in provincial France) that the result of their description with pen and pencil was a wholesale invasion. But for this her share was in the main the more responsible. For the wash drawings of Mr. Pennell are more or less like architects' sketches and fail to render the lighting of interiors and the feeling of the place. He is at his best,

MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII. BY REYNOLDS. (EARL OF CREWE'S COLLECTION.)
FROM "BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN," BY C. HALDANE M'FALL

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however, in the pen and inks and you discover there the influence of Whistler, accurate in detail, direct, and full of local impression. It is not surprising to know that the French Government has acquired for the Luxembourg these exquisite drawings, which it took twenty mellow years to make. Perhaps they, as well as the text, may happily fall into the hands of the restorers who are making the cathedrals

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARK CURRIE. BY G. ROMNEY. FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY

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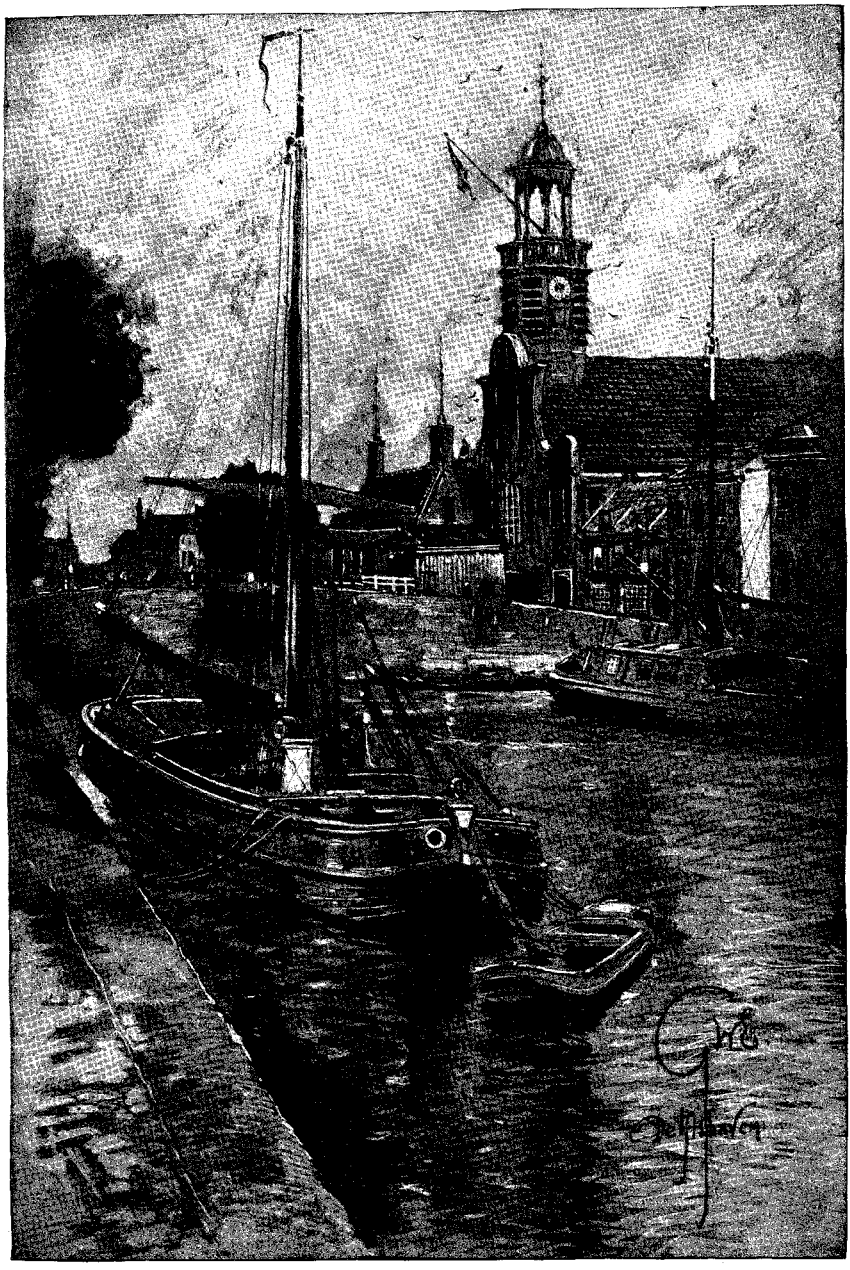
neat and cold and lifeless. "Go quickly," writes Mrs. Pennell, "for in France to-day the little inns are aping the big hotels, and only in corners is the beauty of the country and its churches untampered with." It will not be her fault if this Christmas treasure fails to send next year an extra invasion, bringing in its trail the disaster of the commonplace and money and restoration. Rarely does one



DELFTSHAVEN. FROM "HOLLAND OF TO-DAY," BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

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find such fascinating pages on architecture. Tenderness with discrimination, enthusiasm with understanding—these are in every line, in every stroke of it; and it is by far the most lavishly illustrated of the Christmas books. Es-

"AT THE APPROACH OF THE EVENING, I OPENED THE FIRST CLOSET, AND ENTERING IT, FOUND A MANSION LIKE PARADISE." FROM "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS," ILLUSTRATED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

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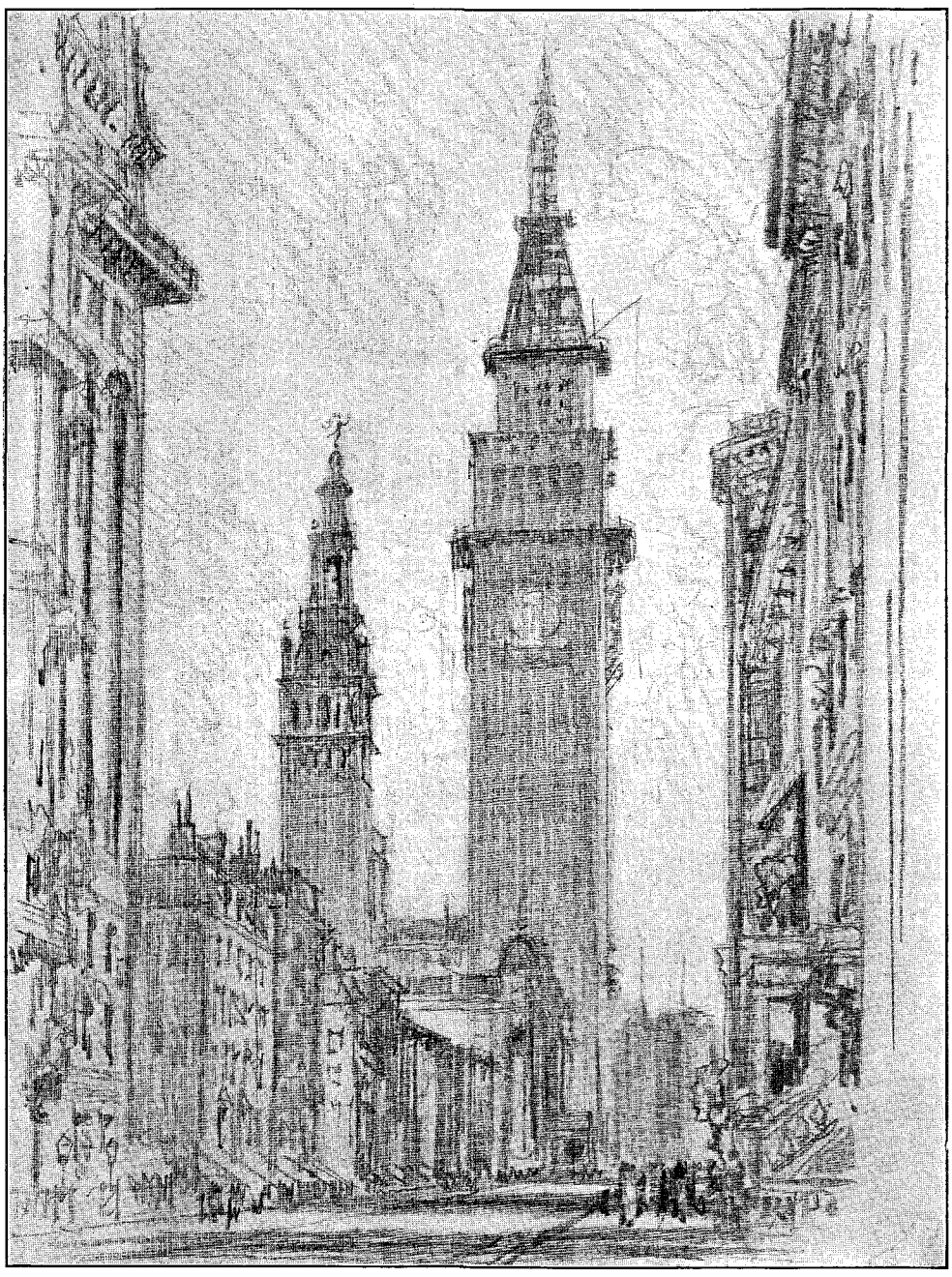

MADISON SQUARE—THE TWO TOWERS. FROM "THE NEW NEW YORK," BY PROFESSOR VAN DYKE. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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pecially to be noted about the drawings is the fine accentuation and contrast which the churches obtain by the presence of the human note in the foreground. This is symbolic of the summary which Mrs. Pennell makes of the position of the cathedral in the town-life. Their history is the history of all the tears and laughter since the towns became Christian, they are the centre of daily life, the most truly democratic institution of the most democratic of countries. So, together with the splendour of the churches, she has described the people with their thrift, their industry, their intelligence, their gaiety and courtesy and charm—they are the only people, she writes, who can work and play with equal zest. As for the cathedrals, none approach them in dignity and grandeur, in harmony, and in human sympathy expressed in ornament. She is the first to write on them for their lovers—the rest, and most of all, Ruskin, prevented their disciples by architectural or ethical or sentimental predilections from seeing them as they are. But she tells you again that she speaks of an era now passing away; the horn of the motor plays the *ça ira* of the new revolution, peace has gone from the little towns and the pace of life must quicken to its tooting; and the restorer is destroying the churches themselves for his own idea of a perfection that never existed. She is full of wistful regrets of this past. But what will you have? Even the past had a present and turned it to its own need.

This is the note of *The New New York* by Professor Van Dyke. The world has always torn down when it needed to do so, and where occasionally cities have too much reverenced their past they have become choked with their own ashes. The protest of history or sentiment is not more unheeded in New York than it has ever been elsewhere, and no doubt a future generation will grow lachrymose even over the demolition of that architectural horror, the New York Post-Office. The most important page of New York is now being written —what then has it to do with the past? Never since the days of the Renaissance has the architect had such a chance or such problems to solve. As for its present aspect, both writer and illustrator have sought to set forth the life and energy of its people projected upon the larger background of its commerce—and there has never yet in any of the great old cities of the world been anything discreditable about commercialism. The book provides reason and rhyme for the opinion vaguely formed in so many minds that those who have erected the new city according to its needs have builded better than they knew. Its attitude can be seen from its opening comparison of New York with Constantinople. Both cities are at their best from the water front, and are beautiful from a distance on account of spire and tower and pinnacle. But once within both, you lose the *ensemble;* the larger elements of design and system are lacking, and they are full of harsh if often picturesque realities. Both at close vision "just happened." Yet the one predominant feature of New York is its vitality kept forever in action by commerce. It is this which gives it unity, and hence one must not look at objects and colour in detail but in relationship. Like its climate, New York is a series of striking contrasts, and grouped all together they have meaning and purpose. Variety need not spell antagonism, but lack of variety is always dulness. Doctor Parkhurst's Church next to the Metropolitan Life with its tall tower resembles a green frog railing at a white giraffe, but it was meant to get contrast and it does it. By no means is the entire book about architecture or surface appearances. Here, as before, we must know the people in order to know the city. There are discerning and interesting chapters on Fifth Avenue at Four, The Tenement Dwellers, Traffic and Trade; there is a manly and sensible discussion of the East Side and its problems, and a straightforward statement of present conditions in New York. The illustrations by Mr. Pennell —twenty-five plates in colour and nearly a hundred in black and white—are clever but insubstantial. They fail to give us any feeling of the tremendous force and vitality of the city which is the keynote of the book.

Algernon Tassin.

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON

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SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

IX—Gertrude Atherton

I

Her Methods

It was the *Saturday Review* which, about ten years ago, in discussing one of the novels of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, borrowed for the caption of the article one of that author's own phrases, "Intellectual Anarchy." The tone of the article in question was that of incisive irony and unkind cleverness; nevertheless, this phrase, intellectual anarchy, may not unfairly be applied even by the friends of Mrs. Atherton to a large part of her work and may serve conveniently as a sort of condensed explanation of the success she has achieved, and also of her failure to reach certain greater heights that seem to have lain so easily within her reach.

Mrs. Atherton, it must be remembered, has had exceptional opportunities for studying not only literary methods but life also in great extent and diversity. She not alone knows and understands her native land from the California that has given her a luminous background for her best stories, clear to the Eastern coast,—to Washington, whose complex social strata she has given us in *Senator North;* to New York and Westchester County, that she deftly satirised in *Patience Sparhawk;* to the Adirondacks, that form the setting for the trenchant irony of her *Aristocrats;*—but she has by deliberate choice spent a large portion of her recent years in Europe, necessarily widening her mental horizon, imbibing new impressions and methods, and also, it must be regretfully admitted, being led into the temptation of laying in foreign countries the scenes of her most misguided works. The net result of Mrs. Atherton's varied experiences and methods of self-training are these: that she has an uncommonly broad outlook upon life, an enviably rich equipment of material, and side by side with these advantages a wilful, almost illogical, independence, a persistent rebellion against the bondage of literary schools,—in short, a riotous freedom of style and construction that is not unfairly stigmatised as intellectual anarchy.

Consequently, it is somewhat difficult to deal quite fairly with Mrs. Atherton's contribution to American fiction; somewhat difficult accurately to take the measure of her achievement and, while honestly pointing out wherein her shortcomings lie, to give her full credit for those conspicuous merits which have made her a force that refuses to be disregarded in contemporary letters. In the first place, then, it is well to get clearly in mind the more obvious elements of strength in Mrs. Atherton's novels. She has, to begin with, the big advantage of seeing life with clear-eyed accuracy and without illusions. She is no idealist, inventing an imaginary world, because that of actuality happens at times to contain much that is sordid and painful. On the contrary, she faces unflinchingly the unpleasant truths of physical baseness and moral obliquity, mirroring them back with a fearlessness that must win admiration even from those who shrink from the naturalistic method. It is, of course, always rash to hazard a guess as to the source of any author's manner of procedure, but in the present case one ventures, with little fear of contradiction, the opinion that Mrs. Atherton owes to the French realistic school her interest in heredity, her frank treatment of the physical facts of life, and her unusually wise understanding of the complex relation in all big human emotions and impulses between the flesh and the spirit, and the impossibility of saying that love and hate, jealousy and self-sacrifice can ever be purely physical or purely psychic in their

The next paper in this series will deal with the work of Mr. Stewart Edward White. It will appear in the February issue

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origin. She is right in constantly insisting upon the blending of the two in all the actions of men and of women; and in her fearless treatment of problems of sex rests her best title to be considered an important factor in American fiction. With the possible exception of the author of *Pigs in Clover,* she is the only woman now writing in English who is able to handle questions of sex with a masculine absence of self-consciousness, and consequently with an absence of morbid exaggeration.

But on the other hand, Mrs. Atherton has not acquired, along with a Continental frankness of speech, certain other qualities that are equally essential to the highest type of work; namely, a subtle nicety of construction, an appreciation of a finished technique. It is an inevitable consequence of her rugged independence, her refusal to be hampered by technicalities of the art, her fearless brushing aside of any arbitrary barriers standing between her and the way in which she happens for the moment to feel like writing a particular story, that almost without exception her books suffer from a faulty technique,—almost without exception we feel that the basic idea behind each of them, the skeleton structure upon which they were reared was worthy and capable of a development considerably beyond that which she finally achieved. It needs no very great critical acumen, no special experience in the art of story construction to realise that in all of Mrs. Atherton's books there is a large proportion of episode that is not vital to the development of the central theme, that there are a certain number of minor characters devoid of real structural importance, that there are frequently secondary themes interwoven with the central one which constitute what might, in the hackneyed phraseology of Mr. Kipling, be accurately designated as "another story;" and in some cases, these secondary themes, these subordinate characters which might have become structurally important if carried through to the final chapter, suddenly drop out of sight midway through the book, leaving us impotently wondering why they were introduced at all. Indeed, one of the most obvious faults of Mrs. Atherton's special brand of realism is that she imitates too frequently nature's inscrutable way of injecting into the intimate dramas of human life a multitude of apparently irrelevant details. It is, of course, a common every-day experience that sordid and paltry interruptions from the outside world shall break in upon our most intimate joys and griefs. But there is no hard and fast rule that such interruptions must invariably occur, and the finer technique of fiction demands that their occurrence shall be reduced to a minimum. Otherwise, the main issue is likely to be blurred.

One of the axioms of literary criticism is that an author shall be judged not merely by what he has done, but also by what has been the nature of his intention. One of the difficulties that lie in the way of fairly judging Mrs. Atherton is that it often becomes difficult to conjecture just what she really has intended to do. In several of her books, as we shall have occasion presently to observe in detail, she has apparently had in mind an epic breadth of subject and of treatment,—a big basic national problem, filling the whole background of the canvas; and against it some sharply defined personal tragedy, thrown out in bold relief in the middle of the picture. This, at least, one feels she has tried to accomplish; but she has fallen short of the accomplishment. The close connection between the general and the special theme, a connection that is vital to the achievement of any epic whether in prose or verse, is either wanting altogether, or else too weak to fulfil its purpose. One sees, or rather half suspects a number of symbolic characters and episodes planned apparently to develop and accentuate the epic scheme, but they are either abortive or else so obscure that one hesitates to venture an opinion what the author's intent really was, feeling moderately certain that, if consulted, she would probably declare that she had no such intent at all.

Altogether, the literary methods of Mrs. Atherton may be summed up briefly as extraordinarily variable and arbitrary, and nevertheless, perhaps indeed for this very reason, at times undeniably effective. It would be difficult to find in the whole range of English fiction another writer of

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such uneven quality,—another writer whose best pages are separated from her worst by so wide a gap, whose strongest scenes are so vastly superior to the weakest, whose style at one time is so exceedingly good, and at others so exasperating to the ear that it is really sensitive to style. In her descriptions, Mrs. Atherton, when at her best, is delightful in her ability to make us see; her picturings of old California, which form the background of so large a part of what must be recognised as her best work, possess an artistic charm, a sensuous richness of colour, and at the same time a discreet self-restraint that constitute a delight to the ear and to the mental vision. Mrs. Atherton, at her worst, lets her pen run riot in a blare of words until the printed paragraph shrills onward and upward into a painful and hysterical shriek. Contrast, for instance, the following brief paragraphs, taken almost at random from her earlier writings:

> Carmel River sparkled peacefully beneath its moving willows. The blue bay murmured to the white sands with the peace of evening. Close to the little beach, the old Mission hung its dilapidated head. Through its yawning arches, dark objects flitted; mould was on the yellow walls; from yawning crevice, the rank grass grew. Only the tower still defied elements and vandals, although the wind whistled through its gaping windows and the silver bells were no more. The huts about the church had collapsed like old muscles, but in their ruin still whispered the story of the past.

And in sharp contrast, with the art of a delicate vignette, like the above, compare such a riot of words and thought as the following:

> As she reached the sidewalk, a squall caught and nearly carried her off her feet. . . . She cursed aloud. She let fly all the maledictions, English and Spanish, of which she had knowledge. She raised her voice and pierced the gale, the furious energy of her words hissing like escaping steam. She raised her voice still higher and shrieked her profane arraignment of all things mundane in a final ecstasy of nervous abandonment.

It is this tendency to vociferate a little too shrilly, this inability to sustain the key, that suddenly has the effect of letting a whole scene drop from grim reality into something akin to melodrama. In spite of this, Mrs. Atherton compels admiration for her unwavering independence, her splendid strength when she is at her best, and for the rich glow and passion of pulsing life that she injects into the printed page, and that she undoubtedly would fall short of attaining with a less rugged and better disciplined style.

II

Her Books

A brief analysis of certain representative volumes will make clearer the scope and the limitations of Mrs. Atherton's attainments. To discuss in detail every one of the score of volumes which she has put forth during nearly a score of years would not only be impracticable but would seriously blur the resulting impression. But if we take, let us say, such volumes as *The Californians, Patience Sparhawk, Senator North, Rulers of Kings,* and *Ancestors,* we shall have an easily manageable group that admirably shows her range of power, her chief interests in the problems of modern social life, as well as her methods and her errors of technique. Of Mrs. Atherton as a short-story writer there seems no need to speak specifically. *The Splendid Idle Forties* with its kaleidoscopic pictures of the life of Old California, a life already vanishing into the realm of forgotten things, has a quality that refuses to be disregarded,—a quality of exotic beauty, an illusive fragrance, a strange mingling of pride and passion and languor. Yet the most that can be said of it is that it shows more of promise than of fulfilment, and that the best that it contains is to be met with again, worked out with a surer touch in her longer California novels.

It is a little rash, in the case of a novelist whose interests in life are so broad as Mrs. Atherton's, and whose point of view is so cosmopolitan, to attempt to find some unifying principle, some common key-note serving to harmonise her work as a whole. And yet, in Mrs. Atherton's case, such an attempt may be made, with

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less danger than in the case of many of her contemporaries, of being accused of a far-fetched, artificial interpretation. No one can read her books without being aware of the keen interest she has always taken in the spread of the modern democratic movement, in our political, social and moral attitude toward life. And still more keenly is she concerned with the inevitable conflict all the time going on between this younger, stronger democratic movement and the inherited prejudices of an older, aristocratic conservatism. Most of all, she has chosen, again and again, with many minor variations, to study the struggle of a young woman striving to readjust herself to the new order of things, trying to conquer her own heredity, to put aside the conventions in which she has been nurtured, and to live her own life in independence and liberty. This is the dominant note of *Senator North,* in which Betty Madison's long fight for happiness is the direct outcome of rebelling against the traditions of her family, the iron-bound prejudices of her mother. Numbering themselves among the oldest and most exclusive families in Washington, they have made it their boast that no politician has ever been received within their doors. Betty, in the prime of splendid young womanhood, overrules her mother's wishes, seeks the acquaintance of Representatives and Senators, frequents the gallery of the Senate Chamber, establishes a salon in which politics is the prevailing topic,—and to the destruction of her peace of mind, falls in love with Senator North, realising only too late that she has given her heart to a man already married.

The same note, although not quite so insistent, makes itself heard in *The Californians.* Magdalena Yorba is the daughter of a Spanish father and a New England mother. She is perpetually at war with herself, constantly suffering from the clash between Spanish pride and New England conscience; between passive acceptance of that obedience to convention which the women of her father's house had always shown, and that inborn sense of the individual right to live one's own life in one's own way, which came to her through generations of puritan blood. The particular way in which she asserts this independence seems not especially momentous in itself, nor even vital to the structure of the story, but it serves to keep before us her ineffectual spirit of revolt. Magdalena, unlike the other girls of her social class, has a restless brain, thirsting for knowledge and for an opportunity to achieve and to create. Her secret ambition is to become an author. But to Don Roberto Yorba, for a daughter of his house to essay to write was in itself an offence, while to publish a book and allow her name to appear in print would be shame unspeakable. The main theme of the story is only loosely connected with that of the girl's secret longing for a novelist's fame; but it does have to do very distinctly with the repressed conditions under which Magdalena has matured —conditions that have handicapped her for the inevitable social game, and make it possible for another girl, reared with greater freedom, to step in and rob her of the man she loves.

Patience Sparhawk fits in less well to the prevailing scheme of Mrs. Atherton's books. But at least it is the story of a young woman's struggle against heredity, against the evil impulses bequeathed her by her mother, the degradation of her mother's memory. And in the later development of the book we get, to some extent, the clash between the exclusive class and the democracy, when Patience Sparhawk, wrongly accused of murder of her husband, fights a losing battle for her life in court, in the public press, and even at the hands of the states Governor, —partly because the evidence looks black against her, but also, as Mrs. Atherton makes us feel, because she is an aristocrat suffering judgment at the hands of the masses.

Rulers of Kings and *Ancestors,* among Mrs. Atherton's later volumes, are two books which it is most enlightening and salutary to study side by side, for they reveal her respectively at her worst and at her best. *Rulers of Kings* is a preposterous book, a book of *opéras-bouffes* pure and simple, a book of genius seemingly gone mad and running amuck through the palaces of Europe, ruthlessly trampling on the divine rights of kings

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and caricaturing the reigning monarchs in the spirit of a Sunday supplement cartoonist. It is distinctly depressing to have been under the necessity of reading so bad a book. And what makes it not merely depressing, but irritating as well, is the conviction that Mrs. Atherton is perfectly well aware of what she has done; that she has done it deliberately, after much careful thought; and that, while not resenting an honest adverse opinion, she would with equal honesty disagree with the tenor of this whole paragraph. For the benefit of readers who may not happen to have read *Rulers of Kings,* it may be worth while very briefly to state the sum and substance of it. The book opens with the following paragraph:

> When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred million dollars, he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe.

A man equipped with a contemptuous American mind and four hundred million dollars may be relied upon to make some stir in the world. Fessenden Abbott's special way of getting into mischief is to fall in love with an Austrian princess, a daughter of the Emperor Franz-Joseph, Renata by name, whom you will search for in vain in the *Almanac de Gotha,* for the simple reason that Mrs. Atherton invented her for the occasion. Now, if there is one court in Europe that is more than any other a stronghold of the divine right of kings, it is that of the Hapsburgs, the one court where the marriage of a princess with an American is not merely a thing to be forbidden, but simply unthinkable, inconceivable, impossible. It is true that just once in the world's history a commoner did precisely this impossible, inconceivable thing, a dauntless firebrand of a man from Corsica. Had Napoleon never really lived, and had some audacious novelist of the Dumas type invented him, conceived his fantastic career, his juggernaut progress over the fallen thrones of Europe, then by rights we might have had a novel entitled to call itself *Rulers of Kings.* But Fessenden Abbott, with his contemptuous American mind, is sadly out of his element. When we listen to his stolen interviews with Renata, we wonder whether he is not a petty clerk who has taken his employer's daughter for a Sunday outing to Coney Island. Frankly, princesses do not talk that way. What happens in Mrs. Atherton's story is this: Fessenden Abbott possesses the rights to an invention which makes future warfare an impossibility. It is an explosive which starts in motion deadly whirlwinds which simply sweep out of existence any armed force that ventures to stand in the way. Fessenden will sell his invention to Germany and Austria, in exchange for Franz-Joseph's daughter. Then, as he points out, these two powers can declare war upon Russia and the east, and wipe them out of existence. But if his offer is refused, he will instead sell the invention to Russia and, to quote his ultimatum to Franz-Joseph, "when Austria is a province of Russia, your daughter will be the first prisoner set free." The Emperor's face turns purple and his "heavy Hapsburg mouth" trembles—but he capitulates and his daughter marries the American, with the paternal blessing.

The only point of spending so much space upon this literary blunder is to show that here, as elsewhere, Mrs. Atherton has the obsession of a triumphant democracy, riding rough-shod over Europe's proudest aristocrats. In contrast to this, it is like a breath of ozone to turn to her *Ancestors,* in which the same general theme is treated not merely with sanity, but with a bigness, a comprehension, a convincing force that make it easily the most important contribution she has yet made to American fiction. It is not surprising that she has put into it so much of her best work. She is writing, not fantastic melodrama about comic opera kings, but plain truth about real people whom she may have known personally. She is showing, sanely and convincingly, the manner in which certain almost forgotten strains of heredity will come to the surface and assert their

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right to a share in working out our destiny; and, lastly, she is picturing how the magic glamour of California may react upon a conservative Englishman, and little by little make a new man of him, until he ends by proving himself a better American than the Californians themselves. It is a big book undeniably, a book of almost epic sweep, a book whose power and value are likely in a measure to be missed, if we do not realise that the protagonist is not Jack Gwynne, the Americanised Englishman, nor Isabel Otis, the California girl who wins his love,—but the city of San Francisco which dominates the book like a regal and capricious heroine, and whose hour of agony by earthquake and by fire closes the volume with the shadow of a cosmic tragedy.

Nevertheless, even *Ancestors* is faulty in technique. Mrs. Atherton was on the right track, as she has been many times before. San Francisco, the gateway of the West, the big and splendid symbol of American liberty, dominating the whole volume; and against this spectacular background, a little group of individual lives, handicapped by a complex heredity, slowly and bravely working their way to freedom and to happiness,—why, the scheme is built on a plan of Zolaesque magnitude and boldness. The trouble is that the two themes, the general and the specific, are not closely enough correlated; that many of the episodes which take place in San Francisco might just as well have been enacted elsewhere; and that even the tremendous final chapter, picturing the devastation of the great earthquake, is not a structural necessity, not a solution of any problem, nor a rounding out of the specific human story. The latter has been amply solved in an earlier chapter; and the earthquake is merely like the last piece played by the orchestra after the curtain has been rung down and the audience is filing out.

One more example of what may be called slovenly technique is to be noted in one of the books already discussed, *Senator North*. Apparently, Mrs. Atherton had in mind in this case also, a volume of epic breadth, with Washington and the whole scheme of national politics as the big, dominant general theme, and the love of an ardent young woman for one of the nation's law-makers as the specific and individual point of interest. But here again the relation between the two themes is too loosely knit. We hear a good deal about political life; we frequent the houses of Congress, the homes of diplomats, the motley gatherings of public functions. But, after all, the specific human interest of the book, the old, old story of a woman bravely fighting against her love for a married man, is independent of the political background, independent of party lines, independent even of the Cuban War, with which the book concludes. As a story of two human lives, it would have been essentially the same, had the setting been laid in No-man's Land, outside of time and space.

There is, however, one subordinate story interwoven in *Senator North*, which, if it could have been made into a book apart, would have been an almost flawless bit of technique. This is the story of Betty Madison's half-sister Harriet, the illegitimate daughter of her father and an octoroon. Harriet is practically a white woman but for a scarcely perceptible blueness at the base of her finger-nails. The secret of her birth is well kept, and eventually she marries Betty's cousin, a Southerner full of the pride of blood and race. The secret might have come out in any one of a dozen ways, but the way in which it does come out is structurally perfect. White though she is, Harriet inherits certain strains of negro temperament, among others the sort of religious fervour that finds vent in revival meetings, loud hallelujahs, and gospel songs. And one night, when she returns from a negro camp-meeting almost in a religious trance, she hysterically confesses to her husband the truth about the one-sixteenth strain of coloured blood, too hysterical to foresee that he will inevitably kill himself and that her own suicide is the logical sequel. This character of Harriet is perhaps the best bit of feminine analysis that Mrs. Atherton ever did; and it is a pity that it is buried away in a volume where its importance is unfairly overshadowed by far less vital episodes.

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III

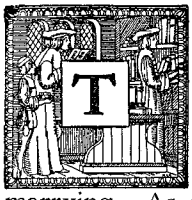
Her Place in Fiction

And now, briefly, what is Mrs. Atherton's place among the novelists of her time and generation? That she is a vital, living force cannot be denied. That she has won and holds her public is also unquestionable. Much that she has done is well deserving of the recognition it has received. On the other hand, there is much in her writings that is indefensible. It is well, however, for the world of letters as a whole, in a generation when form and technique are in danger of being raised up as a fetich, to have now and then a fearless and untrammelled spirit, refusing to be bound by other laws and conventions than those of her own making,—especially when she justifies herself from time to time by the sheer strength, the rugged sincerity of such books as *The Californians* and *Ancestors*. It is no bad thing for a nation's literature to have such a potent and unique force as the sort of intellectual anarchy that is represented by Mrs. Atherton at her best.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

STORIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE: NEW AND OLD

II—Behind the Panel



TEN years ago when I married, I lost the best friend I ever had. This does not mean that Tom Brooke died at that time, or that he had any grudge against me for marrying. As a matter of fact, he was "best man" at my wedding and gave me as a wedding-gift a large jar made of beaten gold and set with jade. This jar was meant to contain always a special brand of strong tobacco that we used to carry with us in our pouches when we tramped together in different parts of the world.

Tom Brooke was a curious fellow—a gypsy without any gypsy blood in him, though the gypsies themselves thought otherwise. His father was a most prosaic banker in Boston; and his mother had no particular points. But Tom was born constitutionally restless. As soon as he was old enough to be sent to school, he ran away and was not found for six months, when he was discovered among the tents of the Romany people, whose language he had acquired together with a great deal of strange lore which only they and he knew anything about. Later, at college, he studied almost everything that was not in the curriculum; and how he finally got his degree I never could make out. But it was in college that I met him, and for nearly ten years we were almost inseparable. The prosaic business man, his father, died, and so did the mother who had no particular points. They left Tom with a large fortune, for which he cared nothing except because it allowed him to go and come, and to see strange places and odd people and to have curious experiences. Once when he was asked by a census-taker what his profession was, he said "Prowling"; and I think this expressed it about as well as anything could do.

Prowling was what he lived for, and I used to prowl with him in most of his wanderings. I had inherited only a very little money and, therefore, I could not have been his companion had he chosen to go about the world in the usual way. But the life of an easy-going bohemian was exactly the sort of life that suited him. On foot we roamed together through most of the countries of Europe with the least possible amount of luggage, which we usually sent ahead by train to some convenient place. We were quite

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satisfied to put up at the rudest little inns and to live on the fare that such inns afforded. Every one who saw us, garbed as we were in dingy tweeds and rusty boots, must have taken us for tramps. All the same, those were glorious days for both of us. The sunshine and the open air and the long stretches of forest, and the quaint little hamlets where we put up for the night, all gratified the *joie de vivre* which was strong within us, and I am not sure but that we got just as much satisfaction in the slums of the great cities of the world, mingling with cadgers, thieves and odd fish of many sorts, as in the country by-ways.

But finally the time came when I fell in love and longed to settle down. I had spent almost all of my inheritance and it was necessary to make an income. So I said regretfully a good-by to the great world of romance, and that meant saying good-by to Tom Brooke also. For Brooke was not the sort of man who would ever settle down. His love of strange experiences was too keen, and his curiosity about men and women and life and nature was too insatiable. After I married, he hung around my home for a month or two, like a big dog, lying out in the corner of my unpretentious little den for hours, smoking enormous quantities of tobacco in his well-worn brier pipe. But one day he was missing. He had bolted suddenly like some wild creature that plunges into the forest, and he left behind only a scrawl to say that he detested formal leave-taking and was going up the Nile and thence to the Soudan. Since then I have heard from him at times through infrequent letters posted from Ceylon and Macao and New Zealand. His letters never really tell me anything, for he detests writing; but some day I am sure that he will turn up again, all bronzed and tattered, and then I shall glean some hints and fragments of the curious things that he has seen and done.

This is a rather long introduction, but I like to think and talk of Brooke. There are times also, in the spring, when I feel homesick for the open road and for his company; but I keep this to myself, since I have really settled down and am contented with the measure of success which life has given me.

I don't know why it is, but this evening I have been going over in my mind the days when we two prowled together. Perhaps it is the scent of the tobacco which I have been smoking after dinner and which Tom always used to smoke. At any rate, I have recalled especially the last adventure that we had together, just before we returned to America where I met my fate. The memory takes me back to an English hamlet on the Thames not far from Oxford. I think the place is known as Clifton-Hampton. Anyhow, I can shut my eyes and see the river, broken picturesquely by what the people there call "eyots" or tiny islands, and I can see also the village inn where we arrived on foot one cool October evening. The name of it attracted us by its quaint rusticity; for it was called "The Barley Mow."

We had tramped all day, and the Barley Mow seemed to us finer than a palace with its neatness, its flickering lights and a cheery room just off the bar, where we sat in two big oaken chairs and consumed the best part of a cold sirloin with bread and butter, and Cheshire cheese, and mugs of foaming ale.

We had just stretched ourselves comfortably out before the fire and were blowing rings of smoke up toward the ancient ceiling, when we overheard a scrap of conversation in the bar outside. It was the voice of a countryman, talking with the pleasant-faced woman who was serving him with bitter beer. One sentence that he spoke attracted our attention.

"Very good, missus," said the voice. "You may say just what you wull; but I'd no more think of doing it than I'd think of sleeping yon in Haggard Hall."

More talk followed, and then the man went out. Presently the woman came to clear the table and Tom Brooke asked her:

"Why did that good fellow say that he wouldn't sleep in Haggard Hall?"

The woman looked at Tom a moment. He was very pleasant to look at, in spite of his rough clothes, and he had a way with him. So she answered, willingly enough:

"Oh, it's just a foolish story; but most

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folk hereabout believe that Haggard Hall is haunted."

"And where is Haggard Hall?" asked Tom, settling himself down to hear a story.

"Oh, just a bit beyond, near Abingdon. You can see the park gateway on the left, in the morning, if you are bound for Abingdon."

"But why," persisted Tom, "do people think the place is haunted?"

"I can't just rightly say," the woman answered; "except there's many tales about it."

"Has it been haunted very long? Has it an ancestral ghost?"

"Nay," was the answer. "It's only a little bit gone by, that folk began to talk of it. You see, Sir Gregory Haggard went away a year ago and left no trace behind him; and then his nephew, Mr. Ralph, came to the Hall, and three months since, no one could find him either. The two just vanished, as you may say, and there be some as tell how they have heard strange noises in the Hall itself. But it's no business of mine; only the place has a bad name and no one likes to go inside the park at night."

Tom looked at me significantly. Here at least was something new. He gave the dame a shilling and then went on to ask more questions. She talked freely enough, and from her talk we extracted the following information. Sir Gregory Haggard, the owner of the Hall, was a man of business who had been knighted for some political services; and he had then withdrawn from business, bought the Hall, which he renamed, and had taken up his abode there. He had always been of a miserly turn and in later years he had lived a miser's life, keeping himself indoors, seeing nothing of acquaintances and having all his work done by a solitary servant who slept in an outbuilding. Going one morning to the Hall as usual, this man had found it impossible to gain admittance. There seemed to be no one alive within. A few days afterward, Sir Edward's solicitor had driven out from Abingdon; a door had been forced open and the house was searched; but no signs of the miser could be found. The place was absolutely empty. To all appearances no one had entered the silent mansion, for the doors were barred and the windows bolted; for it was the custom of this strange man to draw down massive shutters on the lower tier so as to secure himself against what he dreaded most—the entrance of thieves. He was suposed to have had large sums of money in cash; yet none of it was found. Had he departed a living man, or was there reason for suspecting some foul play?

We also learned that there had long been a bitter quarrel between the old man and his nephew, Mr. Ralph Haggard, who was his only heir. This quarrel had lasted for several years, so that the nephew never came to see his uncle nor, indeed, had any communication passed between them. Ralph Haggard lived in London; and a telegram from the local police had brought him down to Haggard Hall. He also searched the place and then, as being the heir, had remained there for a time; but erelong he, too, had disappeared in the very same way. Since then the place was generally shunned and was now untenanted.

After we had extracted all this information, we let the woman go and mused upon the tale which we had heard. Tom Brooke sat up late that night by the fire of the inn. When we went up to our sleeping rooms, each with a candle which flickered dimly in the darkness, he broke the silence which he had maintained so long.

"Good-night, old man," said he. "Tomorrow I am going to solve the mystery of Haggard Hall."

* * * * *

Early the next morning we took a train for Oxford; and on arriving there and claiming our boxes at the railway station whither they had been sent forward, we drove at once to the Mitre. With much splashing and spluttering we removed the stains of ten days' vagabondage, and appeared in the breakfast room of the inn in proper garb. Brooke, indeed, was very correctly dressed after the fashion of an Englishman who is careful about his clothes; and after breakfast he donned a frock coat and a top hat, for a top hat is to the English mind a symbol of high respectability.

Then we retraced by rail our journey to

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Abingdon. Brooke made a few inquiries at the station, whence we proceeded up the drowsy little High Street where we found a still more drowsy-looking brick building which bore upon its front in small letters the word "Bank." Entering, we saw a little cage which enclosed the manager of the bank, and his assistant who combined the functions of cashier, teller, bookkeeper, and general factotum. Tom drew from his pocket a red morocco case and remarked to the inquiring banker:

"I should like to draw a little money on a letter of credit—Black, Tripley and Company of London."

"And how much would you wish to draw?" returned the banker, taking up the letter of credit.

"Oh, just a little pocket-money for ordinary travelling expenses," said Tom. "Suppose you make it £5000."

An English banker is always stolid, and this particular banker was more stolid than most; yet I could see his eyes bulge out of their sockets when Tom made this suggestion in his easy way. The letter of credit was examined hastily, and then the banker's eyes bulged out still more.

"Yes, sir—of course—yes, £5000. Naturally you will take some part of it in drafts on our London correspondents, Messrs. Twiggs and Tumley in Threadneedle Street."

"Oh, no," returned Tom carelessly. "As I said, I merely wished some pocket-money; and so, if you please, I'll take Bank of England notes and gold."

I could see the two men behind the cage glancing at each other most uneasily. Obviously a bank in so small a town as Abingdon did not keep in its vaults at one time so large a cash balance as £5000; yet to admit the fact and to refuse to honour the letter of credit of so great a banking house as Black, Tripley and Company would cut the Abingdon banker to the very quick and possibly impair his financial reputation.

"Yes, of course, £5000 in Bank of England notes," stammered the manager. "Excuse me just a moment."

He went into a back room, and a muffled sound made it plain that he was telephoning. Afterward we learned in London that he had telephoned to Messrs. Black, Tripley and Company and had got the answer:

"We will honour Mr. Thomas Brooke's drafts for £100,000 if necessary without any reference to his letter of credit."

The manager returned with beads of perspiration upon his brow. But Tom Brooke, having made his point, now played his card at the psychological moment.

"After all," he said, still carelessly; "I don't know but what your idea is a good one. Suppose you give me £500 in notes, and the rest in drafts on London."

The relief which overspread the manager's face was instantaneous and amusing.

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," he said hurriedly. "It shall be exactly as you wish. Will you be pleased to take a seat while the drafts are being drawn?"

Tom seated himself and then observed, in a casual sort of fashion:

"By the way, could you give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Burlingham, your local solicitor, who lives, I think, somewhere in the Crescent? I have a bit of business to transact with him and forgot to secure a letter from my London agents."

"Certainly, sir, certainly, sir; with much pleasure," said the banker hastily. "Mr. Burlingham is one of our principal depositors; and he has, as you doubtless know, full charge of Sir Gregory Haggard's estate since that gentleman's—er—disappearance."

"Yes, I know," said Tom; and presently he pocketed a bundle of bank notes and a draft, together with a letter of introduction, which left nothing to be desired. Then he shook hands with the banker, who bowed us out of the place with an effusion such as the mastership of money can arouse only in an Englishman.

Strolling further down the street, we turned into the pretty little Crescent with its trim houses, and had no trouble in finding the one inhabited by Mr. Burlingham. Ushered into his parlour, we had not long to wait. The letter of introduction brought the solicitor quickly to us, since the terms in which it was written had impressed him very much.

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"Mr. Brooke?" he asked, looking at both of us uncertainly.

Tom introduced me and announced his own identity.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Burlingham," he said, "on a somewhat unusual piece of business. May I ask, in the first place, whether Haggard Hall is now for sale?"

"No," replied the solicitor; "it is not for sale, because as yet we are not certain whether or not the owner, Sir Gregory Haggard and his next of kin, Mr. Ralph Haggard, are alive or dead. You doubtless know the story of their strange disappearance."

"Yes," answered Tom, "I do know it, and that is my reason for calling on you. As I understand, Sir Gregory disappeared about a year ago. Mr. Ralph Haggard, who subsequently occupied the Hall, disappeared in the same mysterious fashion less than three months ago. Do you feel that this matter has been sufficiently investigated?"

"Yes, sir, of course I do," returned the solicitor, a little nettled. "We have had the police of the three kingdoms notified. On my own responsibility a large reward for their discovery has been offered. What more could possibly be done? You may know also (I say it in confidence) that Sir Gregory was a somewhat erratic gentleman, and therefore I do not necessarily attach too much importance to what may superficially seem to be remarkable."

"Yes," returned Tom, "but how about Mr. Ralph Haggard? Was he also eccentric?"

"No," said the solicitor rather slowly. "He is, or was, a gentleman who lived a rather loose life (once more I speak in confidence), but he was not what the world would call eccentric."

"Then there is certainly something here that is quite as remarkable as it seems. The disappearance of Sir Gregory one might pass over; but the disappearance of his heir soon afterward, makes the case at least unusual."

"Pardon me," said the solicitor with a manner that was slightly stiff; "your observations may be true, but may I ask what personal interest in the matter you can have? Were you acquainted with either of the missing gentlemen?"

"No," said Tom, "I never heard of either of them until last night; but I am extremely curious with regard to the rumours which are afloat throughout the neighbourhood. What are the strange sounds that are said to be heard in Haggard Hall? Do you feel that the place has been searched sufficiently?"

"Pooh! Mere talk! Mere talk! I have been over the place myself. I trust that you are not superstitious. The country people have much to say of ghosts and murders, but I don't imagine that an educated man like yourself would pay attention to this sort of nonsense."

"Nevertheless," said Tom, "I have come here for the express purpose of asking you to allow my friend and myself to spend a night in Haggard Hall."

"God bless my soul!" snorted the solicitor. "Impossible, my dear sir, utterly impossible! I am in charge of the Hall as well as of the estate, but I really could not allow two strangers—you will pardon me—to occupy the premises even for a night."

"But you have a letter of introduction from your local banker here which assures you that I am thoroughly responsible. If that is not sufficient, will you not telephone or telegraph either to Sir Richard Vane, your Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who knows me very well, or to our Ambassador—that is to say, the American Ambassador?"

The solicitor's face underwent a rapid change. He reminded me of the solicitor described by Kipling in his story of "The Fourth Dimension."

"Ah-h!" he said, with a peculiar intonation. "So you are an American! I really might have known it. This is just a whim of yours. Your countrymen are most extraordinary. They always seem to hit upon the sort of thing that an Englishman would never think of. A most remarkable people, the Americans! Perhaps you really *do* believe in ghosts. I have heard that in your country a Mr. Eddy has founded a religion based on spiritualism."

Tom smiled slightly as he replied:

"Yes, I suppose that we are a little different from Englishmen. But how about

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this favour that I've asked? Will you let me have the key to Haggard Hall, and allow us to occupy it from sunset until sunrise?"

The solicitor still hesitated, but at last gave way.

"Well," said he, "it is really most irregular, but I should like to oblige a friend of Sir Richard Vane, and also to do a favour to one of your countrymen who, if you will allow me to say so, speaks English quite as well as I do."

"Thanks," said Tom; "we speak all languages in America. But how about the key?"

"The key is in my office securely locked in my large safe. But if you will do me the honour of calling here at six o'clock, I will let you have it. May I not ask the pleasure of your company at dinner?"

"Thanks, no. We are ever so much obliged, but we shall be quite uneasy until we are settled for the night in Haggard Hall."

So with many polite expressions of esteem, we took our leave of the amiable solicitor and went to the village inn, where we had some luncheon, and then took a room and indulged ourselves in a long unbroken nap; for, as Tom remarked, we should doubtless have to remain awake all night.

When we called at the Crescent at six precisely, Mr. Burlingham viewed us with a slight expression of surprise; for we had resumed our rough tramping garments. But he was more polite to us than ever. I fancy that he had either telephoned or telegraphed to Sir Richard Vane and that the reply had been more than satisfactory, as it naturally would be; for Brooke had shot tigers in India with Sir Richard before the Baronet had won his present eminence in Parliament. Mr. Burlingham gave us two keys, one of which, he said, would unlock the smaller of the gates at the entrance to Haggard Park. The other, a formidable mass of bronze, was the key to the main door of the deserted mansion. The solicitor apologised for giving us a key so huge and clumsy.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but the small key which opens the wicket door is missing."

"Missing?" asked Tom. "How long has it been missing?"

"Why," returned the solicitor, "it disappeared with Sir Gregory himself, for I am sure that he had it in his possession." Tom asked one or two more questions and especially desired to see a likeness of Sir Gregory, which was shown him.

"I have no photograph of Mr. Ralph Haggard," observed Mr. Burlingham; "but he was tall, with reddish hair, and he had a scar across his forehead, the result of an accident which he received while hunting."

Finally we said farewell; and set out in the early dusk along the highway which passed the park gates of Haggard Hall.

For a time, we trudged on in silence, and then I laughed a little at my own thoughts.

"What are you laughing at?" asked my companion.

"Merely because we are both armed with hammerless revolvers of heavy calibre. We have lived in the slums of Paris and of Buda-Pest, and have even gone out beyond Biskra into the desert, and never yet have we felt the need of weapons. But here we are walking along a quiet English lane, and you have fitted us out as though we were in San Francisco's Chinatown at midnight."

"Exactly," was the reply; "and my experience tells me that a man is always safer in the haunts of criminals than in the shadows of a country bridle-path. Besides, you know that Something may have to be encountered before morning in the Hall."

"I hope you are not superstitious."

"Hardly that," said Brooke; "but there are some curious points about this mystery which seems to me to verge on crime. Let us see what we have learned so far. Sir Gregory is eccentric and a miser, living alone in a secluded house. Presumably he has in his possession there a large sum of money. Suddenly he disappears. He cannot be traced nor, so far as I can gather, was any money left behind him. His heir, occupying the same house in the same solitary way, also disappears. The two men were enemies; but this would hardly seem to be of any consequence. We might suppose that young Haggard made away with his uncle, but in that case, what became of young Haggard himself? Still, however,

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there is the circumstance of the missing key which gives me food for thought."

"I don't see why," I ventured.

"Well, never mind. Perhaps it is only a trifle; and anyway, I haven't time to tell you just how I've worked it out; for there, if I am not mistaken, is the entrance to the park."

And, to be sure, at that moment we saw before us a massive iron gateway, locked and chained. Beside it was a smaller gateway attached to the deserted porter's lodge. We opened this and locked it after us, and then walked through the gathering darkness, up the avenue that led to the Hall itself. The place had been uncared for since Sir Gregory's disappearance. Grass had begun to grow in the driveway; and brambles and other bushes choked up what had once been stretches of velvet turf. It was a gloomy walk, that half mile over which we passed. There was a great stillness all about us, and neither of us felt inclined to break it by conversation. By the time that we had reached the Hall itself, the evening had deepened into night; and as the sky was overcast, we had some difficulty in discovering the flight of steps that formed the approach to the great doorway. The key, however, though it grated in the lock, gave us admittance, and we found ourselves within what seemed to be a broad hall encompassing a gloom which left no object visible.

Brooke, however, had prepared himself for such a situation. He drew from his pocket a small electric lamp of the bull's-eye pattern, and shot its rays through the encircling darkness. We recognised the outlines of an immense stairway, and also two large doors, one on either side.

"Let's try one of these," said Brooke.

It proved to be the door of the library, a fine large room with many book-shelves. Tom produced half a dozen candles, two of which he lighted. He also brought forth a flask of brandy and a small bundle which contained sandwiches.

"Now," said he, "I don't see why we shouldn't be comfortable for the night. You can have that big divan just opposite the fireplace, and I will take this couch. But, after all, it would be much better to keep awake than to waste our time in sleeping, especially if anything is going to happen."

So we sat down in a couple of leather chairs beside the table. The candles flickered fitfully, casting monstrous shadows into the far corners of the desolate apartment. The stillness was almost unnatural; for the iron shutters excluded any sound from without; while within, there was nothing to be heard except when either of us moved, and then every motion that we made—even the slightest—seemed to produce a noise almost sepulchral in this strange, uncanny place. My nerves are very strong and so were Brooke's; but we each of us felt uneasy as we sat there. Whenever we met each other's eyes we were startled by the ghastliness of our faces, a ghastliness due to the pale candlelight. How long we sat there listening and watching, I am not quite sure; but it must have been an hour or two later, when, all of a sudden, a muffled footstep, accompanied by a clank of iron, was distinctly audible.

"Where was that?" I whispered.

"Wait," returned my companion, drawing his revolver and motioning me to do the same.

The muffled footstep with its metallic accompaniment sounded once again, and then was several times repeated. Each time it was more clearly heard. It seemed to be approaching us, yet from what direction we could not possibly make out.

Brooke quietly lit his remaining candles and the centre of the room glowed with light. At the same moment there was heard a most extraordinary and dreadful cry, something between the snarl of a wild beast and the shriek of a human being. It was followed by a scratching noise and a still louder metallic clang.

Brooke leaped to his feet and seized his revolver.

"There it is!" he called. "Aim at that oak panel by the couch."

Both our pistols were instantly discharged. The explosion echoed almost as though a cannon had been fired. The oaken panel was split from top to bottom by the well-aimed bullets. Seizing each a candle, we rushed to the spot. There

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we saw that although the heavy oak had been shivered, our bullets had not penetrated beyond, but had been stopped by an inner panel, apparently of chilled steel. We heard also, a second cry, and then the sound of a falling body. Tom whipped out a chisel and cleared away the oak. Then there was revealed to us a button of bronze at the side of the steel panel. With pistols ready for a second shot, we tried this button. As we pressed it, a spring yielded, and the whole panel moved inward. We found ourselves standing at the head of a flight of massive stone steps which descended into a gulf of impenetrable gloom.

"More candles!" cried Tom; and I went back and seized another pair while he kept watch at the yawning chasm. Slowly and with every precaution we went step by step down into this strange pit from which arose the peculiar stench of a wild beast's lair.

We had not gone very far when we saw a sight that made us shrink back with horror. There, at the bottom of the secret stairway, lay the emaciated form of a man half naked, with matted grey beard and hair, and having a shackle and nearly three feet of chain fastened upon his right leg. His eyes were glazed in death, and his almost toothless mouth was opened. Brooke felt of him and then said:

"This is Sir Gregory Haggard. He has died only since we fired at the panel."

A moment's examination proved this to be true. He had evidently fallen down the steps and dashed his head against the lowest one. But it was also very plain that he must have been upon the verge of death already, a death which seemed due to sheer starvation.

"I suspected this," said Tom; "but come, let us find the other one."

Moving along that hideous cavern, we came upon a heavy staple fastened to the wall. From it depended a broken chain. At one side lay another body so dreadfully maltreated as scarcely to seem a human form. The back of the head was shattered. The face was mutilated. The clothing had been torn away. Only one thing remained to explain the story of a tragic crime. As the candlelight shone upon the dead man, it revealed a long red scar across the forehead.

"Ralph Haggard!" cried my companion. "And look at this—and this."

I followed his outstretched finger and saw in a corner an enormous heap of gold and silver pieces, and not far off, a slender key. Near by, there were also a number of gnawed bones and a cask in which there was a little putrid water.

"Come," said Brooke, "we must show all this in the morning. But meanwhile, let us go up out of this charnel-house. I need some brandy badly."

Seated once more in the library, with all our candles glowing, we, like old campaigners, ate our sandwiches, took a strong pull at the brandy flask, and then filled and lighted our pipes. As the smoke ascended to the vaulted ceiling overhead, I inquired:

"What on earth does all this mean?"

"The meaning is very sinister, but it is not hard to understand," said Tom. "Old Sir Gregory lived here as a miser with that heap of gold, and having a bitter enemy—his nephew Ralph. Ralph knew the secret of the paneled vault. He came here unknown, and being admitted (or having a key to the wicket door), bound the old man, shackled him in the vault after gagging him, and then went up to London, where the telegram from the local police reached him two days later. He returns to the Hall, pretends to assist in the search, and then when his uncle is not found, he establishes himself here as proprietor. He must have had scruples against actually killing his own relative; but he kept him in the vault, taking to him from time to time the food and water of which we have discovered the remains. But there is no doubt that on one of these occasions he forgot that the panel fastened with a spring-lock; and thus, I take it, he found himself shut in together with his victim. The old man with maniacal strength seems to have burst the chain and then to have fallen like a wolf upon his captor. Sir Gregory lived for a while, but he would soon have died even had he not fallen on the steps at the sound of our revolvers."

"Yes," said I, after thinking the matter over for a while. "This fits the facts as we have found them, and it accounts for the strange noises in the Hall, which must have begun *after* Sir Gregory broke his

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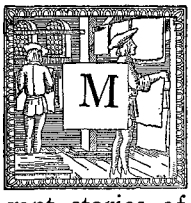
chain and removed the gag. Of course young Ralph at first hoped to make his way out in some fashion, unperceived; for if he had been found there, his crime would have been revealed."

We talked the story over until the candles, one by one, guttered and were extinguished, and a grey light began to come into the eastern sky. Then we carefully let ourselves out and closed the door. We reached Abingdon in time to rouse up Mr. Burlingham at day-break and to narrate to him just how we had solved the mystery of Haggard Hall.

Walter Mayne.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

I—The Novels of the Theatre



MOST of the $1.50 novels that aim to relate stories dealing with the dramatic stage and its people reveal as much true insight as the ten cent novels that tell extravagant stories of the overland stage and its people. Where, in the latter, the attempt is made to sustain interest with pistols, in the former, immorality is usually relied on as a weapon by the writer. Real stage coaches, to be sure, are held up sometimes. It is the misfortune of the fiction dramatic stage to be held up almost always—as an object of shame.

Once in a great while, as in the instance of such a novel as *The Actress,* written by a member of the profession, a splendid story of the theatre is disclosed without sacrifice of the truth of things. A work such as this shows that stories of the stage can ring true and remain interesting without the shadow of vice written across their pages. Not the vice novels of the theatre, but rather the *vice versa* novels are to be recommended, in my opinion, to the readers who would not be led astray and be beguiled by fictitious melodrama under a mantle of alleged realism.

Stage novelists and story writers most invariably paint their actresses in one of two ways, and the word "actress," indeed, not infrequently is found to refer to a show-girl in both. One of the types of "actress" revealed by the pen is the poor, distracted girl who, living in hall-bedrooms and subsisting on cheese crackers, is being forced to battle with a fictitious Fate either because she has no so-called (and again fictitious) "pull" or because, meeting it, she refuses to answer its whispers. If the writers only realised that Fate in the theatre is just plain hard work, and that the oft-repeated "pull," analysed, is a word with which incompetent intruders explain away their own failures or the well-earned success of their more able rivals.

The other and favourite type of story-book "actress" is the creature who wears diamonds and sables, who scorns any vehicle of transit save a great crimson motor car and in whose "art" the "h" is silent. These ambitionless women, with their careless lives, are used as morals in many a narrative the finger of which is pointed at the stage.

I was once asked by a man who had written a popular theatrical novel how I liked his heroine. "But I don't like her," I replied. He looked at me in poorly disguised astonishment. "And why, pray?" he questioned. "Because," I told him, "your actress is just as real as the alleged Latin Quarter artist who is supposed to wear long hair, corduroys and a flowing tie." "There are such, however," he rejoined, "such artists and such actresses." "Yes," I said to him, "but they are in such an insignificant minority. When you write of actresses of the char-

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acter of which you have written, the musical-comedy chorus kind, you should qualify your story as a story of *a* stage, not *the* stage."

There is the fault! The novelists pretend to write of *the* stage, the entire wide proscenium arch of the theatre, where, in reality, they are only writing of one tiny little bit of it, and an exaggerated bit at that.

Writers of the stage who know the stage do not fall into error. Those who write from the outside portray conditions that do not exist and magnify trivialities into "great" themes. The actress of fiction who is written with a fountain pen filled with champagne is as unreal as the actress of fiction who is sketched on a piece of hardtack. Neither dissipation nor deprivation are a proper keynote for the real romance of the theatre when they are sustained for too long a period. The extremes and the means are unfair.

Once in a while in these novels I catch a glimpse of truth, of realism shining from the lines, and I plunge on into the story hopeful that the note will be prolonged, but often in vain. It seems almost always as if the writer had whispered to himself: "Yes, I know this is true, but I am afraid it will not be interesting." So he imagines, he conjures up false pictures and—well, he may succeed in interesting some of his readers, but I must believe the number of his admirers would be augmented if he remained steadfast and held to the truth. You see, I believe the novelist often knows better, but lacks the courage of his pen.

You may say to me, "Come, now, are you as sincere as you would have the novelist be?" Indeed I am. I hold that the great novels dealing with the theatre are still to be written and that when they are written, they will reveal stories that the men and women of the theatre themselves will acknowlege to be honest, vital and real. Realism gives birth to the finest and longest-lived romance. Sacrifice of truth to tinselled falsity, be the literary style as subtle as it may, can command only transient interest.

In short, novels of the stage (I am speaking in general) are to be criticised chiefly for their quality of what I may term fictitious fiction. Their "actresses" are not actresses; their theatre is a plaything, not a purposeful institution; their themes are those of the unreal plays that sometimes creep behind the footlights. The stage may be a little world all in itself, but its people are people of the big world beyond its doors. They are human beings, not brilliantined dolls and pieces of electric mechanism.

They eat, drink, breathe, feel, walk, talk and act like their fellow-men and women in other fields of endeavour. In every class you will find oddities. But you cannot—oh, I am so sure—tell the real living, pulsing story of the whole class by telling the story of one of its unfortunately freakish individuals. And novels of the stage do so love to do the latter. *Mabel Taliaferro.*

ART TENDENCIES OF 1909

WHILE we may admit that the American artist is not exploited as well in New York as he is in the annual exhibitions of such cities as Philadelphia and Pittsburg, for instance, yet when it comes to exhibitions in general, as with all metropolises, sooner or later, New York comes into its own and its displays, taken altogether, are in advance of those of any other city throughout the country. The art history of the year 1909 is one of great activity, of unusual variety and large interest, even if the sales were not in keeping with those of other seasons. It began with an exhibition of modern German art and practically ended with the wonderful show of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, both of which collections were fittingly held in the galleries of

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the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

From the Hollanders of the time of Henry Hudson to the Germans of today there is a wide divergence of ideas and technique. Nothing more startling could well be imagined than the revolutionary notions of these men of Munich, Berlin and other cities in the Fatherland which came as a shock, even to eyes not unaccustomed to emphatic departures from the conventional. Whether in the landscape or the figure, they went their own untrammelled way, in so many cases bidding absolute defiance to existing customs and manners. The exhibition came over under official and even royal patronage, attracting large attendance, though it did not altogether win critical approval. The elder men, Lenbach, Men-

MIDWINTER. FROM A PAINTING BY WILLARD L. METCALF

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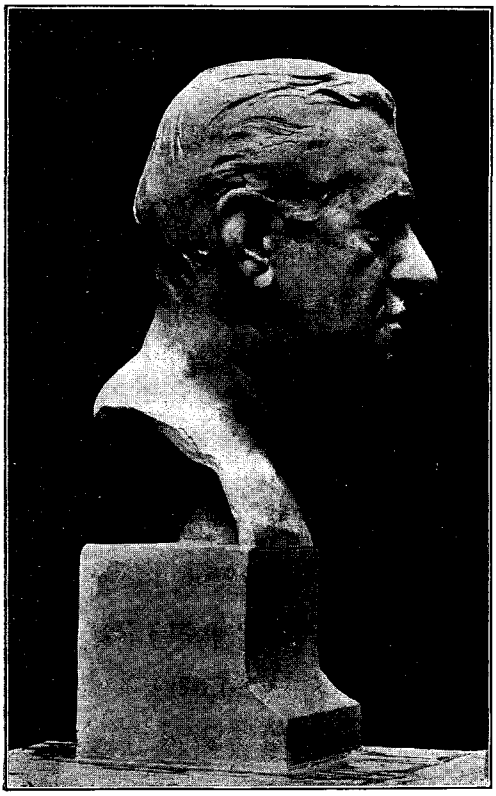
zel and Leibl, three unquestioned masters, were largely in evidence and were by no means overshadowed by the younger element. Indeed, though there was no lack of variety among these last, the sensation given out was largely one of artistic unrest. The effort for strength seemed to have resulted mainly in violence, while in the struggle for the dramatic there was frequently only the theatric. But it was at least interesting to note the departures and to study the novel methods by which effects were secured, for use had been made of all the various schools, hints taken here, combinations made, and always there was the serious effort for something new.



WILLARD L. METCALF, LANDSCAPE PAINTER

From the bust by Robert I. Aitken, A.N.A.

Early in the year, Sorolla, the painter from Spain, took the town by storm. Perhaps never before in the history of exhibitions were so many people attracted to a picture display. Nor was he greatly heralded before his arrival. Badly lit as were the rooms of the Hispanic Society, quite unfitted for the purposes of an art exhibition, small, and far from the centre of social happenings, difficult and tedious to reach, the museum nevertheless was crowded day after day, as many as seventeen thousand people struggling to see the canvases in one twelve hours. It could not be said to have been a fashionable fad, for all sorts and conditions of people went. New York, too, is a rather apathetic city as far as art exhibitions go, for there are only too many other forms of distractions to beguile the visitor. That Sorolla's sparkling colour, his wonderful rendering of sunshine, and his technical ability, which was tremendous, caught the public was not to be denied, and he was literally the talk of the town. Perhaps no one was more surprised than the artist himself, whose exhibition in London, a short while before, had been anything but successful. And the appreciation was by no means limited to the merely curious visitor. The artist was overwhelmed with portrait commissions, and many of the sold canvases could have been disposed of several times over. Subsequently the show went elsewhere, but the success was by no means duplicated. It was hard to analyse the causes that created the furore. Rich and poor were alike attracted. Certainly the artist was easily comprehended, and he delighted in painting the brilliancy of the open. He fairly bathed his figures in sunshine. He gave the sparkle of light to a wonderful degree, but more than that, in some way he seemed to have made a human appeal that the public could not resist.

Sorolla was followed by his countryman, Ignazio Zuloaga, who came with great artistic endorsement, but who painted in a low key and gave psychological renderings of humanity that were dispiriting than otherwise. For a few days the crowd, mindful of the joy and sunshine of the other display, and thinking to find a repetition, came in throngs, and then the attendance dropped to more than modest proportions, for Zuloaga's message meant nothing to the multitude. The minor note attracts only the few,

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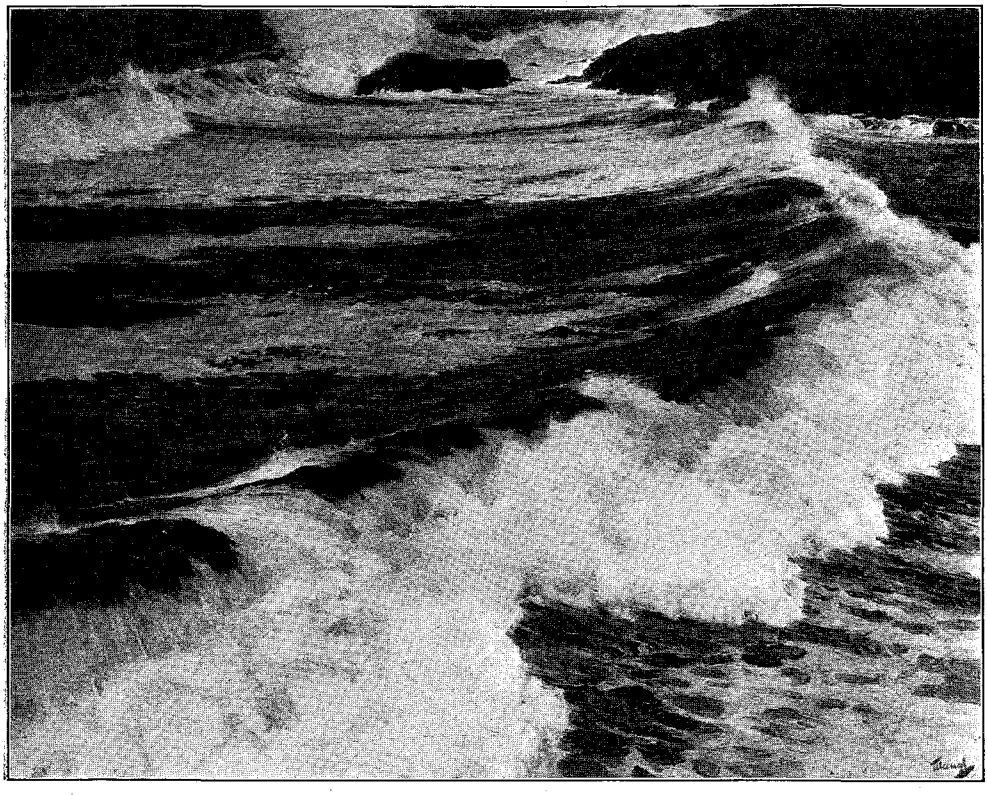
after all. His pigment was by no means alluring; it inclined rather to drab tones, and his people were more or less of that complexion, for he went, as Christian Brinton said, into that dark and semi-savage under-world of love, passion and hatred which forever seethes about the Spanish tree of life. In truth, he was a genius not readily understood by the masses, and he told his tale wilfully though in a personal way that held the thinking.

It is pleasant to record that the public gave large attention to at least one American, John Singer Sargent, who sent over to the Knoedler galleries a collection of water colours, the like of which had not been seen before perhaps in all the world, and it came as a delightful surprise, for, although distinguished perhaps as no other American of his day, the name of Sargent had not hitherto been associated with work in this medium. It seemed, tiring of his numerous portrait commissions in London, where he was besieged day after day by the great world and where it was not unusual to make dates two years in advance for sittings, Sargent deliberately broke away and went for a trip through Italy and Spain. It is, of course, impossible to think of the American Royal Academician as being artistically idle, and in truth, he went away with sketch box and note book, and these were the records of his wanderings. Not even Señor Sorolla exceeds Mr. Sargent in brilliancy of technique, and these water colours were the last word in extraordinary cleverness, in mastery of the medium, and they, too, possessed a joyousness and allure in common with the work of the Spaniard. They were mainly landscape with the figure as a negligible quantity. They carried you off your feet



GROUND SWELL. BAILEY'S ISLAND. BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries

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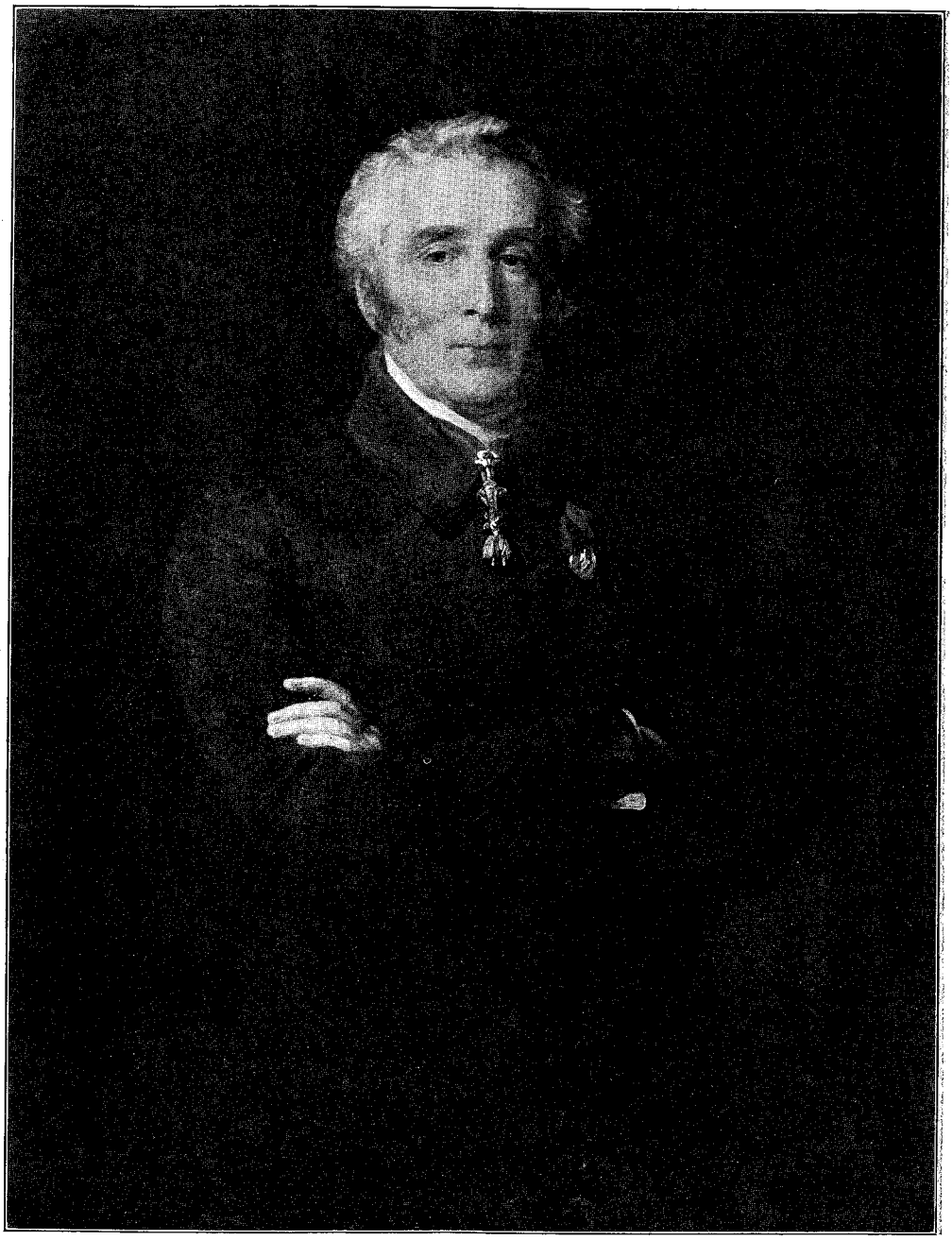

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

Courtesy of the Blakeslee Galleries.

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PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE. BY SOROLLA

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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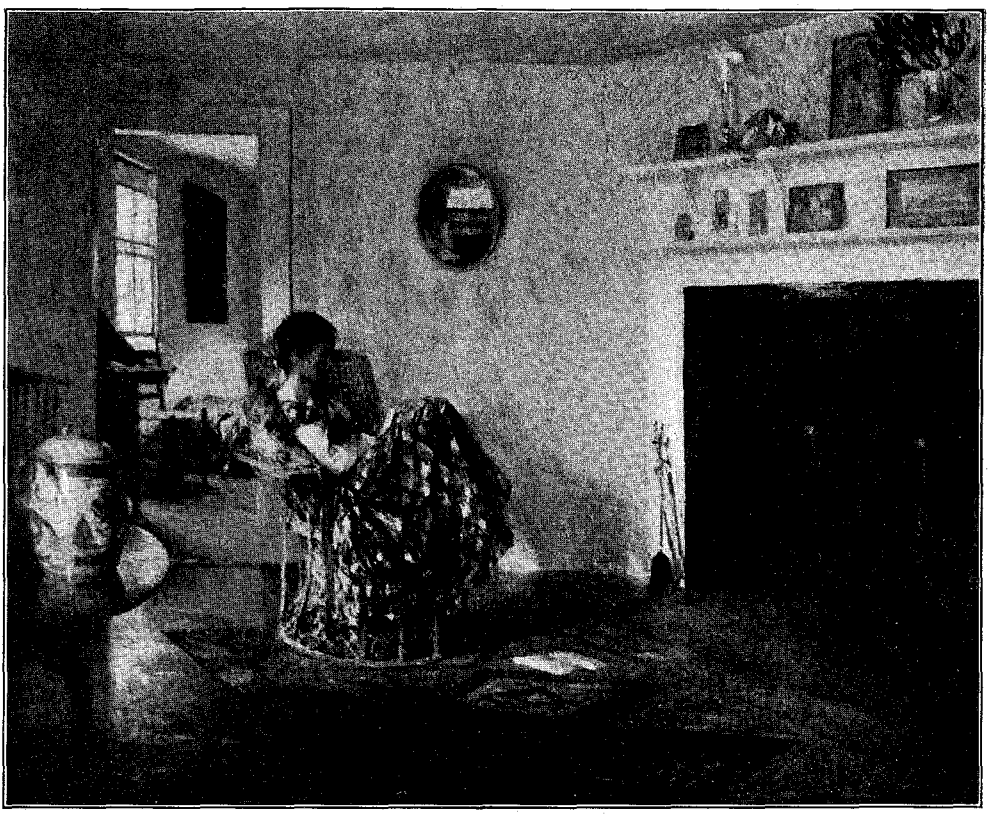

A RAINY DAY. FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON

Courtesy of N. E. Montross

so to speak, for they were rendered with marvellous truth of values, with rare charm of manner, and the personal note was unmistakable. Fortunately, they were eventually bought, *en bloc*, for the permanent collection of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, through the generosity of Mr. Healey, its president.

The Ten Americans, in their annual exhibition at the Montross gallery, maintained their high standard, though with only nine contributors. Edmund C. Tarbell repeated his success of the "Girl Knitting" with a similar maiden this time reading, and Joseph De Camp painted a girl standing and looking at a piece of china, though later in the year he was commissioned to paint Theodore Roosevelt by that statesman's class in Harvard University, and his portrait of the President was a fine, scholarly, personal affair, quite the best likeness of the much-limned man extant. Willard L. Metcalf, whose work in landscape of recent years has given him such a leading place in art, showed with "The Ten," and later had a special exhibition as well. His "Mid-Winter" is given here, as is a portrait bust of him, by Robert I. Aitken, one of the younger and most prominent of our sculptors, whose bust of Augustus Thomas last season won him his election as an associate member of the National Academy of Design. Thomas W. Dewing again offered one of his exquisite little panels, Vermeer-like in its dainty conception of a young woman—the femininity of Dewing's own day—seated in a room by a table with some yellow "Tulips" thereon, whence the title. It was masterly, a cameo in its clear-cut manner of presentation, and of subtle charm. Childe Hassam found material, both for The Ten and in his annual show, paint-

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THE GUITAR PLAYER. FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

Permanent Collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Courtesy of N. E. Montross

ing the wild West, the centre of New York's financial district and his beloved New England, where he lingered on moonlit nights and saw the mysterious light over white building or glinting trees and fields. To all alike he gave great charm of colour, the sparkle of the atmosphere and the quiet poetry of the spot.

If the National Academy of Design failed in its laudable endeavour to secure the site of the present Arsenal, in Central Park, as a place whereon to build a new home, the city was at least the main loser, for such a plan would have been largely for the beautification of New York. In the spring show of the Academy was the work of Frederick J. Waugh, whose sea pictures attracted general attention. Painters of the ocean worthy consideration are not many. You can count them on your fingers. Mr. Waugh is not the

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least gifted among them, however, for obviously he has studied his theme long and seriously. He draws and constructs his wave forms with authority. Sometimes, perhaps, he even goes too much into detail and ends by getting a certain hardness, but in the main he is convincing and his "The Roaring Forties" was an unusual work of tremendous power. It is a large canvas and is now, thanks to the discriminating liberality of the well-known collector, George A. Hearn, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is simply the open sea with masses of

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. BY REMBRANDT

In the Collection of Mr. Henry C. Frick

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breaking billows, with splendid movement and great profundity. A work with no less fine quality of thought, also in Mr. Hearn's possession, was by Emil Carlsen, hitherto identified with pictures of still life and the landscape. It was called "Moonlight-Kattegat," and it is a very personal intrepretation of water and sky forms. It is rarely that a canvas has been so unanimously approved by artist and layman.

The regular annual show of miniatures was held at the Knoedler galleries as usual, and again it was made evident that the American miniature painter was quite unexcelled, for there were some of the best of the Europeans who came here during the winter to hold special shows at the galleries of the dealers, and they were not for a moment to be compared with the best of the natives. There is, perhaps, no form of art graft at which the foreigner is so adroit as in the making of the little ivory portraits. A plausible likeness, some pretty colour and social introductions galore, and our fashionables fairly vie with each other in giving commissions to the badly equipped visiting foreigner, no price being too high to pay for the foolish performances. John W. Alexander, the recently elected President of the National Academy of Design, had a retrospective exhibition at the National Arts club of his work in portraiture, where three score canvases testified to his fecundity and artistic endowment. It covered a period of a quarter of a century, and was a remarkable showing of a most original, serious man. The sitters included many famous in the social, artistic and literary life of his time, and there were beautiful women portrayed with a charm entirely satisfying.

Comparatively few auction sales were held during the year, for it was a poor season in a business way, and most men were either timid about investing their money, or were so involved in affairs as to be unable to expend considerable sums. Yet a few multi-millionaires were available to pay exorbitant prices for great works and even for works not entirely great. Some record figures were obtained for canvases by the Barbizon Men, and the modern Hollanders, and it was announced that one princely collector of New York had paid the tidy amount of $330,000 for a Holbein, while yet another, in Philadelphia, gave a half million dollars for a superb Van Dyke, and only recently an enterprising firm of London dealers induced a New York woman to part with $400,000 for a Velasquez. This was a portrait of Count-Duke Olivares, Minister to Philip IV., a canvas long one of the treasures of Dorchester House, England. So, too, a Franz Hals brought a similar amount and went to another London firm, who, it is rumoured, are to send it over seas to the land of the Yankee dollars. Well may the proletariat rub his eyes at such figures.

Prices like these, of course, are appalling, and it is reasonable to suppose there are wonderful profits in them for somebody—always, of course, other than the artist. Only, a modest proportion of the same money intelligently invested in good American work would have a wonderfully stimulating effect on the native, and, as a cold business proposition, would show ample return. It would also redound to the credit of the patron. To pay half a million for an old master is to come perilously near doing a stupid thing, and the fame thus acquired is at best questionable. To expend half that sum for some hundreds of canvases by one's own living contemporaneous countrymen and women, would be to stamp one's self as discriminating, patriotic, broadminded; such a performance would be to the lasting credit of the buyer and would leave his name in a worthy niche of fame forevermore. Can one fancy Holbein, Velasquez, Van Dyke producing their glorious masterpieces if the people of their time had failed of material encouragement? Turning canvas after canvas to the wall for the want of a patron and struggling continuously with poverty, does not make for art progress. True, some men have turned out masterpieces under such conditions, but it was in spite of, not because of them.

A quarter of a million dollars to-day for a Millet, and during his life the poor man scarcely knowing where he was to get the wherewithal for the support of his family; half a million for a Rem-

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brandt now, and that master in the hands of the sheriff in his old age; our own Homer Martin beset on all sides while he worked out his beautiful transcripts of the American landscape, and now his canvases, yes, his merest scraps, most eagerly sought after; all these somehow would seem to show a lack of intelligence on the part of the contemporaries of the painters. And the same conditions are prevailing now, to-day, in this year of our Lord, 1909. There are painters with us doing admirable things, evolving canvases that our descendants will purchase eagerly, at enormous sums, when, *bien entendu*—the poor artist shall have passed away. "O, the pity of it, Horatio."

Arthur Hoeber.

FEMININE UNREST AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IN looking over the more serious and ambitious novels of the present season, it is impossible to remain unaware of the widespread attention which, quite suddenly, is being given to the ever-broadening part that the modern woman plays in active life. The strange thing about it is, not that this tendency has manifested itself in English fiction, but that it did not manifest itself sooner. Woman's wider range of interests, her multiplying avenues of self-expression, her steady encroachment upon those confines of the business and professional world of which in the past the masculine mind claimed the fee simple—all this is one of the commonplaces of our every-day experience, a change that we have seen going on around us so gradually and unobtrusively that it has seemed quite in accord with the natural order of Things as They Are. And, as a matter of fact, this same change in the nature and scope of woman's activities has been with equal unobtrusiveness mirrored back by the novelists who are not trying to preach but are content to give back a clear-eyed vision of what they see. The future historian of nineteenth century manners and customs can study as well in fiction as in actual life the advent of the woman typewriter, bookkeeper and stenographer, the telephone girl, the whole feminine invasion of the business district. Quite suddenly, and seemingly because of the present "Suffragette" agitation, a number of novelists, especially of the class that writes "with a purpose," have awakened to a belated sense of having somehow been present at a social revolution and yet missed seeing it. They have to-day discovered the existence of the Modern Woman Problem, and, quite unduly excited over their discovery, proceed to make novels, not for the purpose of showing the world what modern woman is, but of teaching the modern woman what, in their opinion, she ought to be.

Now there is no good reason why the prevailing spirit of feminine unrest should not serve as a theme for strong and thoughtful novels—novels that should reflect and interpret the ethical and intellectual drift of the times we live in. But like all other social problems, while it may be observed and recorded in fiction, it must be left to find its own solution. You can no more circumscribe the sphere of woman's activity by means of a "purpose novel" than you can settle the colour-line question by amending the Constitution. The "New Woman" is not a strange and abnormal product of to-day; every age and generation has had its new woman—its woman who differed from the women of previous generations to an extent that may have seemed very startling while she remained new, but who now seems, as we look down the vista of past years, but a very slight vari-

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ant from the established norm of the eternal feminine. In other words, the real mistake lies in imagining that the condition of woman to-day is something unique in the world's history, when the difference, after all, is only one of degree, and not of kind. In every age, daughters have ventured to do certain things which their mothers and grandmothers before them could not have done. The simple fact that social conventions change from decade to decade is no reason for assuming that human nature changes with them. And the great stumbling block with many an otherwise able novelist is the quite erroneous idea that the man or the woman who happens to be slightly in advance of the age they live in, and, therefore, regarded as eccentric or audacious by their contemporaries, is for that reason a creature apart from the rest of human kind, controlled by different emotions, and judged by special standards.

Of course, the chief value of any discussion involving special cases is to find some general application. It does not greatly matter whether half a dozen novelists of more or less repute have succeeded or blundered in their attempt to portray a twentieth century young woman, striving to enjoy the full advantages of the new freedom. But what does matter, and that seriously, is whether these novelists realise that in all transitions of social life, whether it be the bestowal of Roman citizenship upon a distant province, the emancipation of slaves in the United States, or the recognition of a woman's right to cast a ballot, it is merely the conditions that are changed—the nature of men and women remains an almost constant quantity. Our definitions of love and hatred, of freedom and equality and brotherhood may have changed somewhat since the tim of the Pharaohs; but the primitive and basic instincts which lie behind them are not essentially different to-day from those of our primordial ancestors of the stone age. And perhaps one of the finest tests of a novelist's ability to see life clearly, and see it as a whole, is simply this: in subjecting his characters to new and untried conditions, does he or does he not succeed in making them true to themselves? Does he or does he not remember that human nature is not chameleon-like, it does not at once change colour with a change of environment. This is precisely where some novelists in dealing with the progressive young woman of to-day make their mistake. Simply because she dresses differently, speaks differently, stands and walks and acts differently from the woman of a generation ago, it is all too hastily assumed that she will still be different when confronted by the big, fundamental facts of life, the facts of birth and death, of joy and sorrow. And to take this view is to think and to write rank nonsense. For in these crucial matters women do not change, any more than men change; and petty, trivial considerations of dress and accent and conventional usage are suddenly overshadowed by their own sordidness and sink out of sight. Parenthetically, it may be said at this point, that although the historical novel is usually a pretty poor sort of thing as novels go, it at least has its characters all classified and labelled, and never presents us with some new and undefined specimen that is, at best, a sort of missing link between the known present and the unknown future.

"Ann Veronica"

Among recent novels, the one which deals most deliberately and minutely with the problems of woman's emancipation is *Ann Veronica,* by Mr. H. G. Wells. One's first thought in reading it is that it was a rather odd book for Mr. Wells to write. One's second thought is that, having undertaken to treat the subject at all, this was the inevitable way in which Mr. Wells must have treated it. The one serious fault of the book grows out of the quality which is the backbone of his earlier books, namely, his inexorable logic. So far as we know, there never lived a man who succeeded in making himself invisible; but if there had been, he must inevitably have felt and acted precisely like Mr. Wells's Invisible Man. There never has been, so far as human experience teaches us, a race of intelligent, highly developed devil-fish; but if there had been, they must undoubtedly have been something very like Mr. Wells's Martians, in *The*

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War of the Worlds. We never have happened to meet a young woman of the type of Ann Veronica, a young woman so largely the product of her age and environment, and so little in debt to heredity; but, granted the existence of such a person, the working out of her character is as logical as a proposition of Euclid. There is the whole trouble put up in tabloid form: character and temperament are not logical, least of all female character and temperament; moods are not demonstrable propositions; and the fact that sooner or later a woman may be relied upon to do the unexpected, unpredictable thing, is the factor which adds chief interest to all studies of feminine psychology. Aside from this flaw in the central character, *Ann Veronica* is an unusually thoughtful and suggestive book. The theme is fairly well set forth in the words of one of the minor characters:

"I must confess that the New Woman and the New Girl intrigue me profoundly. The change, the change of attitude! The way all the old clingingness has been thrown aside is amazing. And all the old—the old trick of shrinking up like a snail at a touch. If you had lived twenty years ago you would have been called a Young Person, and it would have been your chief duty in life not to know, never to have heard of, and never to understand."

"There's quite enough still," said Ann Veronica, smiling, "that one doesn't understand; . . . we've longer strings to tether us, but we are bound, all the same. A woman isn't much freer—in reality."

It is a long and rather crowded story, mirroring back in a clear, forceful way, the complex conditions of modern English life. But the substance of it may be reduced to this: Ann Veronica is a young woman who determines to be free, literally, actually free; she breaks down conventional barriers, one by one; she defies parental authority, and leaves home, living quite alone in London, fighting the world single-handed, learning to take care of herself. She finds out, by hard experience and narrow escapes, the dangers that lurk in the friendship of men; she learns much of the physical side of life from her eager studies in advanced courses of biology at the university; she becomes, as she calls herself, a "hard young woman"; a young woman who recognises, with a man's frankness, that life is, after all, a mingling of spirit and flesh. She meets the man she is destined to love across a dissecting table, through the reek of ancient fish; and because her senses recognise that he is for her the one man in the world, she cares no more about the unsavoury story of that man's past life, the widespread scandal of their future intimacy, than she cared for the physical discomfort of the dissecting-room atmosphere. Capes, the man, has a wife living, but separated from him, because of a notorious divorce suit that London society refused to forget. So he and Ann Veronica, being unable to marry, decide to defy convention, give up their professional studies and the scientific recognition they have already won, and retire together to some quiet little corner of the continent, demanding their right, as free human beings, to be happy. In the sequel, fate is kind to them. Capes, finally set free from his earlier marriage, marries Ann Veronica, wins a great success in a new field of work, and they are received back into the favour of the family circle and society at large—in all of which the element of chance plays far too large a part either to point a moral or to fulfil the requirements of good art. But the story's real weakness lies, neither in the ending nor in any of the episodes leading up to the final situation. One feels that there is nothing improbable in any of the things that Ann Veronica does—it is the spirit in which she does them that rings false. It is the absence of feminine flinching, the dearth of reticence, the lack of embarrassment in face of the elemental facts of life, that makes the whole character seem forced and artificial. One finds one's self approvingly echoing, on more than one occasion, the ironical exclamation of Capes, "Oh, you delicate female!"

"Margarita's Soul"

It is worth noting, in passing, that the net result of Mr. Wells's book goes to show that the feminine unrest of even a "hard young woman" may logically find peace in the old-fashioned duties of wife and mother.

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And such, in the main, is the conclusion reached by another book, otherwise of radically different aim, *Margarita's Soul,* by Ingraham Lovell. One thing to be said at once in praise of this quite unusual story is that, in spite of a disregard of technique, which at times amounts to defiance, there is a compelling quality about it that disarms criticism, and makes us grateful for it just as it is, the good and bad together. It is worth while, in recapitulating the story, to attempt to bring out these merits and defects, side by side, precisely as they present themselves to the reader. In the first place, the point of view from which the story is told offers a certain obscurity. Throughout the opening chapter, you cannot tell whether the story is to be written in the first person, by one of the essential characters, or whether it is simply a case of the author unduly obtruding himself, and interrupting the action while he expounds, Thackeray-wise, the movements of his puppets. Eventually, you discover that the spokesman is one of the characters, but his position is the curious one of being, so to speak, half in and half out of the story; that is to say, he is in it, to the extent of being the closest friend of Margarita's husband, and also of having himself lost his heart to Margarita, in a loyal, self-effacing way, thinking only of her best interests, and loving her wholly, faults and inconsistencies included. He is out of the story, because he is not really of any structural significance; had he not existed at all, the story of Margarita and the birth of her soul would have remained essentially the same. The most that may be said for him is that he is less a personage than a point of view—a pair of eyes through which to see directly certain phases of character that without him must have been seen obliquely. So here, although the untechnical, unconventional thing has been done, we end by being grateful. Secondly, the substructure on which the story is built must strike any one as palpably, flagrantly unlikely. Imagine a dazzlingly beautiful young woman encountering you at the foot of the Elevated station at Broadway and Thirty-third Street, gravely accosting you with the statement that she wants to make some friends, and then confidentially explaining that she does not know her own name, nor that of the village she lives in; that she has run away from home, and that you are the third man she has spoken to in the whole course of her life. And then, after you have taken pity on her, brought her to a restaurant and given her some much-needed food, imagine if you can the almost incredible scene of this strange young woman being suddenly transformed into a dangerous little vixen, merely because the new experience of ice-cream has brought discomfort to a sensitive tooth—fancy such a creature flinging her glass of wine down your shirt-front, the ice-cream in the face of the waiter, and her glass of water in a chill cascade over the headwaiter who has hastened forward to quell the disturbance! This sounds, of course, like a mere burlesque, a *reductio ad absurdum.* But in the book itself it is nothing of the sort. Such is the quality of the style that you are hypnotised into believing; you even find yourself acquiring the new culte, and joining in the Margarita-worship, arrant pagan that she is, "a slate-eyed Pallas gloriously at bay!" Margarita is the type of woman who is content to take everything and give nothing in return. She is avid of the world's admiration; she is beautiful and she has a voice; and she loves to sway an audience —and the mere fact that his wife's career on the operatic stage is killing the husband by inches does not even pierce through the armour of her selfishness. But eventually something occurs which awakes her dormant soul—just what, is immaterial for our purpose—and she decides that happiness, for a woman with a soul, lies not in a public career, but in a home and husband and children. What takes the edge off her sacrifice and weakens the argument of the story is that the same episode which awakened the soul of Margarita spoiled her voice for life. So she could not have continued her career in any case! Altogether, however, *Margarita's Soul* is a book for which we ought to be grateful. It is off the beaten track, refreshingly new and earnest and tenderly strong. Some unthinking critics, with *Marcus Ordeyne* in mind, have drawn comparison with the

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work of W. J. Locke. But this is not quite just. The best thing about the book is its originality. It owes no conscious debt to any other author.

"Beechy"

Beechy, by Bettina von Hutten, although a book of different calibre and intent, naturally claims attention next, because it also concerns a young woman with a voice, whose unrest draws her invincibly toward the glamour of the footlights. Aside from the insincerity of the ending, this is one of the most pleasing books that the author of *Pam* has produced. The setting of much of the story is Rome, the atmosphere typically and delightfully Italian, and Beechy herself is in reality Bice, the familiar short form for Beatrice. If Bettina von Hutten had any purpose, beyond that of telling the story of an interesting human life, it must have been much the same purpose as that of Frank Danby in writing *The Heart of a Child*—namely, to answer the question whether a woman-child, alone in the world and brought up in the slums, can choose a stage career and, in the face of all its trials and temptations, keep herself unsullied. Both books answer the question affirmatively. But of the two, *Beechy* answers the more convincingly, because in *The Heart of a Child* what really protects Sally Snape is not her inherited instinct or conscious will power, but blind chance; while in the case of Beechy, it is simply because the girl was so built, mentally and morally, that she could not, if she would, have acted otherwise than she did.

"The Glimpse"

The Glimpse, by Arnold Bennett, although not to be put in the same class with that author's strong, big, and rather grim volume, *The Old Wives' Tale,* is none the less a work of distinct originality. Whether it was really worth doing is quite another question. There is nothing striking about the opening chapters; simply the usual commonplace situation of an unhappy marriage; a man and a woman hopelessly incompatible, drifting steadily apart, he finding solace in intellectual pursuits, she driven, through sheer restlessness, into more and more venturesome companionship. Then comes a day when, through a series of blunders that lead her to believe her husband has learned the truth, she confesses her love for another man. The husband's sudden anger, stoically controlled, throws too great a strain upon his nervous system, brings on serious heart trouble, and is followed by catalepsy, and apparently death. Here begins the second part of the story, highly imaginative, strange to the point of uncanniness—the experiences of a liberated soul in its first glimpse of life beyond the grave. As a sheer bit of speculation, a brilliant juggling with words, the episode refuses to be forgotten. But sober second thought makes it clear that all such speculation is quite futile. The end of the story comes with a grim swiftness. The man, as it happens, is not dead, merely in a trance, and after a few hours he struggles back, but the irrevocable has already happened. The foolish, wayward wife, who through all her folly has secretly loved her husband and no one else, is overwhelmed with remorse, when she feels that it is her confession which killed him. And when he opens his eyes on the world again, she has already swallowed oxalic acid, and is beyond all medical aid. A strange story, but one from which no one would ever infer the power to produce a novel of such real importance as *The Old Wives' Tale.*

"The Florentine Frame"

Elizabeth Robins is a writer who has, more than once, concerned herself quite directly with problems involving female suffrage and the New Woman. In her latest volume, *The Florentine Frame,* she has treated, in the best and sanest way, both the New Woman and New Girl. Not by labelling them as such, and ostentatiously pointing out their peculiarities, and saying to the reader, "Note this," and "Look at that," but simply by giving us girls and women who are unmistakably of the present day, girls and women whom we could not by any chance imagine to have existed a quarter of a century earlier. The specific theme of her story involves no big social question; it is, on the contrary, an intimate and poignant drama in the lives of one small group of people.

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The scene is New York, and the action passes chiefly in the home of a mother and daughter on Central Park West. The mother, already in the late thirties, has somehow missed the joys of life. An unhappy marriage to an elderly man, followed by a lonely widowhood and years sacrificed to her daughter's welfare, has left her looking forward to middle age with a feeling that she has hardly ever had a chance to live. And the symbol of her life's emptiness is a little antique, Florentine frame, a perfect piece of early carving, which she has, during all these years, carried with her throughout her wanderings, but has never yet found the picture of a man worthy to place in it. Into the home of this mother and daughter comes a young man, a playwright, in actual years standing midway between them, in worldly knowledge and serious intent a companion for the mother rather than the daughter. It is the mother who makes the fortune of this playwright; it is she who opens up to him the rich store of all her treasured emotions, her futile dreams, her accumulated wisdom of life, and lets him use them as raw material for his plays; and all the daughter can do is to sit at his feet while he reads, act by act, each new masterpiece, and gaze up at him with wide, worshipful eyes. Before either is aware how it has happened, both mother and daughter have come to love the young playwright. The situation could hardly end otherwise than sadly, but the special tragedy of the book comes from the fact that both the mother and the daughter make the mistake of thinking that it is the young girl whom the playwright loves. And, because of this mistake, they innocently force the man to sacrifice himself, sacrifice the mother, and by the cruelest irony of all, sacrifice the young girl whom he marries without love. And he is not aware of the fact that he might have had the woman he loved until, after her death, he finds that the Florentine frame at last contains a picture, and that his own.

But of all the current studies of feminine unrest, the most strikingly individual and the one hardest to escape from is *Bella Donna*, by Robert Hichens. The character of Mrs. Chepstow is one among a number of Mr. Hichens's creations that refuse to be forgotten. At the opening of the story, he sums her up briefly as "a great beauty in decline."

"Bella Donna"

Her day of glory had been fairly long, but now it seemed to be over. She was past forty. She said she was thirty-eight, but she was over forty. Goodness, some say, keeps women fresh. Mrs. Chepstow had tried a great many means of keeping fresh, but she had omitted that.

The facts about Mrs. Chepstow, which Mr. Hichens regards as of moment, are that at the zenith of her youth and beauty she was divorced by her husband; that, having made a failure of one life, she resolved she would make a success of another; that for a long time she kept men at her feet, ministering to her desires—and then suddenly, as she approached forty, "the roseate hue faded from her life, and a greyness began to fall over it." And so, at the opening of the story, we meet Mrs. Chepstow, in the consulting room of the famous specialist, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, confiding to him facts about herself, physical, mental and moral facts, which the reader does not hear, which the woman never reverts to again, but which linger in the doctor's memory, and are the direct cause of the active interference which he allows himself to make later on with the woman's course of action. Dr. Isaacson probably would not have interfered had it not been for his almost paternal interest in young Armine, whose boyish infatuation leads him to offer marriage to Mrs. Chepstow, and who is accepted by her, not because he represents her last chance before middle age settles greyly upon her, but because just one life stands between him and a fine old title—and it would be such a joy at last to re-enter English society in an unassailable position. Meanwhile, the honeymoon is passed in a remote little spot, far up the valley of the Nile, with scarcely any human companionship save the young husband, who already has begun to bore her, and Baroudi, a fabulously wealthy and politically all-powerful Arab, whose fascination for her swiftly becomes something not to be explained or argued with or

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resisted. It is a queer tale of sensuous Eastern languor, of the throbbing heat and mysterious spell of the desert, such as Mr. Hichens has already given us so vividly in earlier volumes. But the woman's folly might simply have remained folly and not run to crime; her tolerance for young Armine might have remained merely tolerance and not changed to hate but for the circumstance that Armine's cousin, whose life stood between them and the title, was able to send the news that his wife had presented him with twin sons and heirs. It is only shortly after this that Dr. Isaacson learns that young Armine is lying aboard his boat on the Nile, stricken with a strange and obstinate and creeping malady; and because the doctor remembers what Armine's wife once rashly told him about herself, her moods, her passions, her determination to wring the utmost out of life no matter at what cost to others, he suspects that something is radically and fearfully wrong. So, at no small inconvenience to himself, he undertakes the journey to the sick man; and his coming, which seems to young Armine merely a strange coincidence, spells Nemesis to the woman, who reads in his eyes the knowledge of her guilt. Altogether a strange, kaleidoscopic volume, full of the glamour of the East, the clash of ungoverned passions, and the sense of a pitiless fatalism. But like nearly all of Mr. Hichens's work, it deals with people and conditions not quite normal. One feels throughout a taint of the neurotic and the pathological.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Francis Gribble's "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women"*

In these sparkling and critical pages Mr. Gribble, as may be divined from his title, keeps his customary way. Here in his brilliant, gossipy style are the illuminating comments, the shrewd interpretations of attitudinising or of one-sided evidence, the piquant and protean trick of allusion to racy episodes to come, and—above all—the sprightly Gallic use of the suggestive dash, handled like the fan of La Pompadour or a mantilla of Spain; all with the light touch of the accomplished and resourceful anecdotist. Chateaubriand's own memoirs, he tells us, have for a long time provided the only material for possible biographers, but in recent years much fresh information has been unearthed. To give this material with due prominence to the romantic episodes of his life, this book has been written.

*Chateaubriand and His Court of Women. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Chateaubriand always maintained that he originated that combination of world-weariness plus pose which the English call Byronism, and he bitterly accused the poet of plagiarising his personality. Not only was he born first, but he was born Byronic. He was, indeed, a strange, solitary youth not without morbidity of thought, who conjured up his first court of women out of an extravagant imagination and thereupon refused to become the priest which his people had planned. At eighteen he was embarrassed and rejected the advances of milliners and great ladies alike. After the Revolution broke out he set sail to America and roamed the wild parts of the Eastern States, of which he published wilder romances by stealing whole sections of travellers' narratives and inventing a lot of tropical landscape; and afterward he silenced all whispers of scepticism by the grand style which served him so well through many similar emergencies of his life. The *ennui* which had driven him forth soon drove him back again and he joined the invading army of the Condé; married—it is rumoured—at the point of

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two pistols; and after a campaign from which he reaped some honour and the smallpox, took packet for England, leaving the Terror to rage in France. In London, after slaving a while on hack-work, he became a private tutor (known to his pupils as M. Shatterbrains) and underwent his first romance. From an embarrassing situation arising out of this he relieved himself by recalling that he had a wife, a recollection which beset him during the rest of his life only in moments requiring the utmost finesse. Coddling the aftermath of sentimentality, the real Chateaubriand emerges, the man of the catholic and monarchical reaction of the dawning nineteenth century—"the devout voluptuary and Catholic Childe Harold superimposed on Don Juan."

His conversion was effected partly from interested motives, partly from sentimentality, and partly from a real appreciation of the new religious system of piety without Puritanism. "He wept and believed," and in due time carried back to Paris the manuscript which, rewritten by publisher's demands, was to make him famous—*Le Génie du Christianisme*. To Napoleon he looked like a conspirator who had come down the chimney; but to most people nature abetted him in his instinctive endeavour "to strike the pose of *l'homme fatal*," and the frequenters of Madame Pauline de Beaumont's thoroughly successful salon called him "the Enchanter." That most interesting woman achieved the first unfrustrated episode of the long list which was to follow. In order that he should write better she took him away to the quiet of the country and lived with him there seven months. Chateaubriand afterward lied about it, as he lied about most things, but he wrote glowingly enough of her kindness and helpfulness to him. It was from the refuge she had provided that he launched his brilliant Catholic apology, which treated Christianity—as Mr. Gribble no less brilliantly says—not as a religion but as a work of art and pronounced it the only belief for a man of taste and sentiment. Few noticed that the author, having failed to make any impression by attacking Christianity, was now making a second bid for fame by defending it; and in the chorus of applause which followed, Chateaubriand tells us he was buried beneath a heap of perfumed notes.

One of them was written by Delphine de Castine, the most beautiful woman in France. From the faithful Pauline the vapour of incense was already luring him, and Delphine snatched him easily away, although Chateaubriand might well have waited for her mortal disease to run its rapid course. But Delphine was no light-minded lady, and she loved him well for twenty years. And he was truly in love with her for a while. He received an appointment to Rome as Secretary of the Embassy—a post which removed him from his wife, who had at last begun herself to recall the relationship, but characteristically "he called the voice of glory and of convenience the voice of religion"—and gladly took thither his new-found reputation, to be received by the Pope as his son. But he thought his ambassador an ass, and the latter did not relish complete eclipse by his secretary, so out of the clash of these two points of view Chateaubriand was recalled to Paris for greater preferment. In the meanwhile, a gush of pity for the dying Pauline was too tempting a sentimental luxury to be refused—especially as she could not last long—and he wrote her to come to him. She dragged herself painfully across Europe to expire in his arms. He thought he mourned her sincerely—as well he may have done—but his mourning was brief. Yet he was more faithful to her, after all, then to all the others. At home again, his pretensions as defender of Catholicism forced him back to his wife; and between them they, with much complaisance on her part, kept up appearances, while he pursued a secret life with Delphine. She had forgiven him for asking her for five thousand francs to take care of the dying Pauline, and he had forgiven her for refusing. She proved exacting and too much of a mad-cap for a discreet affair, but in their time of being together she did more than any one else to spoil him, and so he remained her friend and used his influence in her behalf.

Then setting out on his famous journey to procure Oriental colour for *Les Martyrs*, he finally arrived by way of the

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holy sepulchre in Jerusalem at the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra, where a certain Natalie awaited him by appointment. This charming woman had already confessed to a friend that she was very unhappy. "As soon as I fall in love with one man," she lamented, "another appears who pleases me better." Indeed, Chateaubriand found her clad in deepest mourning for a dashing officer who had appeared, wooed, won, and perished all in the two months she had been waiting for him at the rendezvous. This mischance, however, did not until the lapse of some years cool his ardor, and then only because another star was rising.

This lady, Madame de Duras, being both plain and scrupulous, was permitted at first to accept only the title of sister from Chateaubriand. But the situation, proving (unexpectedly to him) in accordance with the lady's preference, soon became piquant. Although she got his debts paid and unearthed for him a vacant embassy to the court of Sweden under Louis, she remained firm so long that when at last she was ready to succumb he had ceased to be impetuous. This was when Louis had taken his tinsel court to Belgium and he and she were there in their capacity of Royalists. In the scramble for offices when the king returned after Waterloo, Chateaubriand was pushed aside. To rehabilitate himself he began to issue a paper in Paris which in a while became a veritable gold mine and in the end forced from the government an embassy to Berlin and then to London. But an embassy was not the goal of his desires, he wanted to direct the foreign policy of France; and from London he wrote appeals to Madame de Duras and to Madame Récamier to pull wires. After a partial advance toward the coveted position, however, his political dream collapsed suddenly; and thereupon he returned to journalism and once more joined the Opposition.

It was during the period of his rapid political rise and his precipitate downfall that Madame Récamier comes into the story. They encountered as two celebrities equally famous for their tender affairs and equally desirous of preserving their reputation. Neither Madame de Duras nor the world ever knew just how much cause she had to be jealous of Madame Récamier, but the former did not really care. She only knew that the love and loyalty of fifteen years exclusive devotion to him and to the promotion of his interests was not enough to keep him from abandoning for her rival the meagre attention he had lately bestowed upon her. But for Madame Récamier it was no uninterrupted triumph. Soon there appeared a certain Madame de C——, to whom he wrote the only letters of his life not couched in the grand style (surely a curious new leaf to turn over at sixty!), and she drove Madame Récamier first to seek consolation in her earlier coquetries and finally to betake herself as far as Italy. But she did not wish to quarrel with him, and he would not quarrel with her, as he knew well enough that love was a transient affair, while friendship might be made to endure. He soon obtained his pardon and their intimacy continued, although three more ladies entered into the serried columns of his court. One was a likable young woman not yet thirty, by name Hortense—as pagan as George Sand but minus her sentimental and religious farrago. "Ah me!" he sighed to her during the happiest year of his life, "how I wish I were only fifty!" And when she suggested that he should wish himself twenty-five years nearer her own age, he answered, "No, no! If I could go back to fifty that would be far enough."

Like Hortense, one questions, "Are after all the moralists wrong?"—for, after the brief heyday of these three, he and Madame Récamier grew old together with increasing dignity in mutual confidence and undisturbed affection, while Madame de Chateaubriand hovered discreetly on the outskirts. If only biography possessed the morality of fiction, the answer to that question would be simpler! He got the gout and had to be wheeled into her apartment, and she herself, being now nearly blind, sat in a darkened room, and so neither saw how old the other had become! But Madame de Chateaubriand had her revenge for fifty years of neglect when he could no longer go to visit her and she had to come to him, for that lady sat through all their interviews and embarrassed them. But

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she died at last and the final graceful Touch (in spite of moralists—O Hortense!) is imparted to this pair of scapegraces when he chivalrously desired to marry her and she with dignity refused. It is a pretty picture—these two vine-wreathed burnt-out volcanoes (oh, the rare gift of the French!) sitting side by side "as happy as the old and infirm and dying may be," he almost paralysed and she now quite blind, lapsing gently to death.

Chateaubriand and His Court of Women narrates zestfully and sympathetically many of life's little comedies.

Algernon Tassin.

II

Mr. Parker's "Recollections of Grover Cleveland"*

The title of this book takes it out of the rank of formal biographies and, therefore, spares it from the possible censure of too exacting critics. On the other hand, when we consider that Mr. Parker was long intimate with Mr. Cleveland and with the Cleveland family, and that masses of valuable material were placed at his disposal by the executors of the Cleveland estate and by political friends, we have a right to look for a volume rich in authentic anecdote and in illuminating facts.

Mr. Cleveland's two administrations were about as stormy as any that our political history records. His personality was never well understood by the people at large. Those persons who never forgave him for having defeated Mr. Blaine set on foot stories about him which even now find currency in unexpected places. Hence, to write a book embodying personal recollections, and thoroughly well documented, should have been a joyous task—one to make the mouth of an historian water in anticipation.

We must, therefore, express a feeling of slight regret that Mr. Parker has not made more of his material. His book is judiciously and temperately written. It does not degenerate into mere eulogy. Nevertheless, it lacks a sense of proportion and does not bring a strong light to bear upon any particular phase of Mr. Cleveland's character. Having finished it, the only parts of it that we can readily remember are just incidentally interesting. It is rather striking, for example, to learn that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Tilden never had a personal meeting. Likewise, President Cleveland's admiration for President Benjamin Harrison and the instances of it given here, reveal some very amiable traits. There are one or two anecdotes about Mr. William C. Whitney which might be quoted, and there are scraps of Mr. Cleveland's intimate talk on the subject of such well-known Americans as J. Pierpont Morgan, J. J. Hill, and the lamented "Billy" Russell of Massachusetts, well worth recording and remembering. On the whole, however, we have been most enlightened by something which Mr. Cleveland said in 1906 about ex-Governor David B. Hill of New York. The reading of it ought to be commended to the New York *Evening Post* and to the *manes* of Mr. Godkin.

This is what Mr. Cleveland said:

> I want you some time to correct the false impression abroad that I either have, or had, any idea or impression that the presidential ticket was the victim of treachery in New York in the election of 1888. Nobody could understand better than I, how that seemingly contradictory result was reached. . . . I had had sufficient experience in State politics to understand the whole situation and never permitted myself to reproach Governor Hill or his friends for the untoward result, so far as I was personally concerned.
>
> I have never ceased to admire and praise Governor Hill for his clean, high-minded administration of the affairs of the great State of New York. It kept down taxation, and was efficient in carrying out the traditional ideas of his party and our institutions.

These passages form a genuine contribution to the history of American politics. We could wish that the book contained more like them. There is nothing particularly new about the famous bond issues nor about the Venezuelan message. Mr. Cleveland's hostility to Mr. Bryan is made quite plain. On the other hand, it never assumed with him the form of a

*Recollections of Grover Cleveland. By George F. Parker. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company.

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personal antagonism. As the President said in 1896: "The idea that appealed to his imagination was free silver: the one that I had fought since my entrance into national politics."

We commend these things and others as worthy of note, and also some of the letters of much later date which have to do with the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance Company. The portraits in the book are, in general, well executed, and the index is a very good one.

Harry Thurston Peck.

III

George Washburn's "Fifty Years in Constantinople"*

Fifty Years in Constantinople, by George Washburn, is the alluring title of a book which does not fulfil the expectations it arouses. If one opens it with the idea of reading of the diplomatic, political, or social progress of Turkey, one will be disappointed. What one will obtain is a minute exposition of Mr. Washburn's work as head of Robert College, and of that of his predecessor, Mr. Hamlin. In Turkey Robert College is often spoken of as "the Bulgarian College," and reading the book one is led to believe that there is justice in the appellation from its pronounced philo-Bulgarianism. One rather wonders, indeed, why Robert College was placed in Constantinople at all—unless for the site, which is said to be unsurpassed by that of any college in the world.

The book, however, clears up the general misunderstanding in America that it is in the nature of a free missionary school. Missionary it is, since it tries to shed American ideas among those who are not Americans. A few of the students pay only one-fourth of the tuition charge; but the majority pay the full sum of $250 a year, which is a large sum for Europe. In consequence the college is patronised only by the wealthy classes—among the Christians, be it remarked—whose sons for purely business purposes desire an English education. In all of its fifty years' existence it has graduated only one Turk.

The book is written in a simple, monotonous style not unpleasant to read. It abounds in minutiæ which might be of interest to the trustees of the college, but which are boring to the casual reader. We are neither spared the places where Mr. Washburn spent his vacations nor the occupations followed by all of the graduates of the institution. But we must remember that it is the apple of the author's eye, and to him it is the most important undertaking of the United States outside of American territory.

As to the fifty years of Constantinople outside the college, it is all sketched in an introduction, and to understand it properly the reader must himself possess a thorough knowledge of the history of Turkey. A little more about that interesting country and fewer details about the college would have made the book less dry for the ordinary reader; but as a document about Robert College it is complete.

There is here considerably more of the history of Bulgaria (as Mr. Washburn understands it) than of the Ottoman Empire. The author is always a warm partisan, not an impartial chronicler. He has many small grievances against the Turkish Government, but in reading of them one becomes convinced that the Turkish Government is really very lenient toward outsiders who settle under its banner, and then sympathise with and encourage the enemies of that banner, and themselves are free of taxation. On page 219 Mr. Washburn relates how a Turkish official, refusing to be convinced by the author's arguments to permit certain books to be brought in, against the laws of the country, finally exclaimed in exasperation: "Well, what the devil do you come here for anyway?" And on finishing the book the reader will find himself asking the same question—especially if he be familiar with the almost unbelievable conditions among the dwellers of our own southern mountains, where in places the marriage tie is unknown and Christ has not even been heard of, except as an oath.

Demetra Kenneth Brown.

*Fifty Years in Constantinople. By George Washburn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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IV

James Oppenheim's "Doctor Rast"*

Those who have read his stories in the magazines know that Mr. James Oppenheim is fast becoming a remarkable man. It is good in *Doctor Rast* to get a survey of the whole and compare soundings. Here are a dozen stories strung on the thread of the glowing personality, which bids fair to become a household word—a Hebrew physician who goes down to the East Side to serve his people not only with knife and phial, but also with compassion and understanding, the loved brother of a thousand tenements.

The book is an epic of the modern doctor, the large-hearted fighter of the modern city-battle. His eyes are rapt with the vision of brotherhood, but his cool and practical hands are busy with the work of this age—"to take God down into the dust of things, to help clean up and cure." For all his vision, however, he dwells in no rose-misted paradise and he has moods of discouragement when his rainbow dreams crumble and the spires of his New Jerusalem collapse in chaos. Sometimes he doubts the wisdom of trying "to yank people up to his own idiotic pitch," and sees only an East Side overrun with vermin, with mothers screaming at children, with squalor and misery and nastiness in the mass. Yet he sincerely cries to the visionary socialist Rizpah, a fire-flinging Isaiah in woman's form: "You are wrong to babble of hatred—the poor are happy, though you won't find that in a book!" and one brings from the pages a striking image, as he himself proudly says, of the tremendous hearth-flame of the Jewish home. Yes, there is something of epic breadth in these twelve cantos of *Doctor Rast*.

Much, too, is there of a large epic touch. Occasionally comes a Whitmanesque sweep, but with simplicity and without pose. It is not difficult to recall that Mr. Oppenheim is a poet also. "It is a rich, big, thick, warm life, this human life," cries Doctor Rast, "even at the worst!" Norfolk Street at twilight is a grey foaming torrent of faces and forms—eddies of fat women in shrill counsel—homeward-racing push carts with their back-bent man-power—ancient men lounging at the doors of little shops—laughing cataracts of little children—the evening tide of spent toilers. Then there are lyric snatches wherein lovers on the stoops of tenements heed the birth-haunted spring and one might expect the pavement of the street to crack open before the uprush of green. A girl leans from the fire-escape to see her lover, and at the sight her heart seems to whirl fire like a pin-wheel. He has an ugly, strong face and is small and thin, but his eyes are ablaze and big and black. At the night market where the Williamsburg bridge leaps upward across the street over the flaring gasoline torches there is the wild joy of bargaining over a penny and the rhythm of the ritual of marketing. In the grey of early morning it seems to Doctor Rast that he moves through a Deserted City where the footprints of the extinct people still show in the mind on pavement and gutter, and the street is spotted with big blue bubbles of lamplight. Getting a baby makes the vulgar Mrs. Sookne human and softens the coarse and flashy Rachel into humility and dignity until there is on her face a beauty and a glory as quiet as the law of gravitation. "It is baby hands," calls Doctor Rast—awed himself at this miracle—"that mould people into new characters!"

Here are human documents warm with blood and vitality—dramatic stories which make a catch in the throat and a blur in the eyes. Any one who is proof against either has never felt the human passion which surges and swings between the covers of this book. Let him not look into it lest he deem it but a riot of emotionalism! One must own that there is sentiment and to spare, but unique among deliberate contrivers of the large and obvious human appeal is its nice sense of values and its fair estimate of life. For these wares, Mr. Oppenheim is one of the few writers to keep a firm grasp on all-round realities—if one bears in mind that no clock which constantly stikes twelve can keep correct time. Life, even to Doctor Rasts, cannot be always at the acute pitch of emotion which the contemporary peri-

*Doctor Rast. By James Oppenheim. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

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odical unfortunately esteems, and there are other ingredients of effectiveness even for a popular magazine. One emerges from this volume with a confirmed sense of the artifice of the salable short-story formula; but although the stories in *Doctor Rast* are all of a species and as such on a narrow basis, they give even a wider promise than their own rich fulfilment of unusual freedom and individuality to come.

Graham Berry.

V

Mr. Vachell's "The Paladin"*

Paladin. A knight errant; a heroic champion.

This is the dictionary definition of a paladin, but Mr. Vachell's book is evidently named in a sarcastic spirit, for, in the dedication to his little daughter, he points out to her and "to other maids of high and low degree" the important fact that it is not safe to take the seeming paladin at his own valuation.

The story relates the career of Esther Yorke, an impulsive, warm-hearted woman, from the time when she finds herself the impoverished daughter of a suicide instead of the heiress she was supposed to be, through eight years of toil and struggle until she finds shelter and happiness in the love of a man worthy of her. But this man is not The Paladin. When the story opens Esther is on the brink of an engagement with Harry Rye, a young man who "belonged to that gallant company of British youths who believes that the world owes them something." His career from the time of his entering Eton has been irreproachable. He is a fine cricketer, an affectionate son, a budding diplomatist with seven hundred a year of his own, and the god of his idolatry is "the right thing." This he intends to do at all times and at any cost, but his habit of instinctively stopping to consider his own interests before resolving to behave disinterestedly proves his ruin. Twice during the story is his desire within his grasp, but in his own words he "marks time"—he waits for circumstances to help him decide, and the delay is fatal. Esther is clever enough to perceive his hesitation and woman enough to resent it, and when at last he comes to her with a title, backed by forty thousand a year, she refuses it without a pang and turns thankfully to the man "whose only thought had been to help her."

The book is primarily a study of character, but Esther's experiences in trying to earn her living are full of interest, as they show the struggle, which is even harder in England than here. Her interview with the stage-manager, her hat-shop, the dark days when she almost touched bottom, her career as a nurse, and Miranda Jagg's wise words, are not calculated to encourage young women to desire independence merely for its own sake; the handicaps are too great.

Harry and Esther are particularly well drawn, and as we compare the character of the latter, deepening and maturing through her life of ministering to others, with that of Harry, instinctively egoistic, we see that it is quite possible for a man to be a paladin in the eyes of the world, chivalrous and noble, and yet be entirely selfish.

A slight but clever touch is given in the description of Harry's attitude toward his wife, the little actress from the Jollity Theatre, who is really done to death through her love for her husband and her realisation of how little she is to him. Altogether the book is an entertaining novel as well as a clever study of character.

Mary K. Ford.

*The Paladin. By H. A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

VI

Miss Rickert's "The Beggar in the Heart"*

The vagabond, just now so familiar to readers of fiction, is no new figure in imaginative literature. Probably he originated, with most of the stock characters, in the Greek drama—unless Esau is to be counted the father of the line. Certainly he flourished in the vulgar Roman comedy. The Italian and French story-tellers of the Renaissance knew his dramatic value, as did the Spanish in-

*The Beggar in the Heart. By Edith Rickert. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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ventors of the picaresque romance. François Villon and his English compeers, Marlowe and Greene, played the part in real life with a gusto that the finest romance could only adumbrate. Since Fielding the English novel has periodically subsisted on him, for he is an unfailing source of entertainment, a creature of perennial fascination. Of late he has been especially active, thanks perhaps to the example set by Mr. Locke's Beloved Vagabond and Mr. Hewlett's Jack Senhouse. He is as popular just now as the cynical guardsman was in the days of Ouida's early fame.

But there is still something of novelty in the female vagabond. Miss Rickert's heroine is by no means the first of the line, but the feminine type has not been so extensively exploited, and there is still room for a wider range of variation. Miss Rickert has not missed the opportunity. Her heroine is a true vagabond at heart, and she is sufficiently different from the ordinary brood of heroines to be worth some study. When she is first met with, an imaginative New England child, talking to her other self in an old cracked mirror, she holds out little hope of the originality she develops later. There is more promise in the hasty sketch of her education, first in bohemian Paris, and then as a wanderer all over the world, under the tutelage of her big, lovable artist uncle. Then the uncle dies, and the girl goes to London to make her living as a potter. At last the full measure of the author's originality appears. Not all at once, but gradually, you are made aware that she has carried her young lady through the years of this delightful wander-life until she is no longer a young lady. She is as young at heart as ever, for she is of the race of those who never grow up; but her hair, it is "golden-grey." Frankly, she is a middle-aged heroine.

Hence the complication, which is of a peculiar delicacy. Lord Wharton promptly falls in love with the lady, and she as promptly returns his regard, though just how and when is a trifle obscure. Lord Wharton is a bachelor and everything else that a lord should be; for his own merits, as well as because he is the representative of an illustrious line, he surely deserves an heir if ever a man did. So Miss Petty-Zou, with all the perverted kindness of a genuinely unselfish soul, keeps him dangling for years, and finally relents only when her lover makes it quite clear to her that he has a younger brother who has long counted on the title for his grandson, and that it would be quite out of the question to disappoint him. Meanwhile Miss Petty-Zou makes clear her title to the rank of vagabond by living in a County Council tenement, commandeering the devotion of her workaday neighbours, and driving her noble lover half-crazy with her mad philanthropies and charities. When her best gown is not in pawn she relaxes by dining with Lady Savernake and throwing sociological bombshells into the ranks of the theoretical reformers who surround the aristocratic board.

It is all a bit helter-skelter and muddled. Indeed, it is astonishing how so bad a novel can be so good. Miss Rickert seems to care not at all for consistency, for unity, for coherence of plot and adequacy of motive and all the other novelistic virtues. Her people go their own sweet and inconsequent and maddening way. She neglects all the obvious opportunities, and makes her story out of surprises and absurdities. There is a splendid novel, for instance, in the heroine's wanderings with her rough, kind-hearted old uncle; it is all sketched in a chapter. There is something like effrontery in her notion of catching her heroine young, and then deliberately waiting for her to grow old before letting her begin to live. To to sure, this is one of the things that give the book distinction—for it has distinction, unquestionably. With all her impossible vagaries, the heroine is alive. There are capital sketches of the honest, prosaic poor of a London County Council Building. The book is enlivened with the spirit of real humour. Even Lord Wharton is no more a lay figure than most of the noble lords of fiction. It is one of the worst of models for the apprentice in the art of fiction, for it is thoroughly bad in construction and method; almost its only merit is that it possesses the one essential merit of a good novel—it is interesting.

Ward Clark.

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THE CASUAL READER

"Human Nature in Politics"

It is hard to believe that any one can feel a genuine surprise at the irrationality of a popular political decision. Perhaps the New York editorial writers who predicted a recent candidate's defeat merely because he spoke insanely were somewhat surprised by his very handsome majority, but that is hardly probable. It has happened too often that as a man's reason disappeared his political prospects brightened. Hence, it is rather puzzling to find Mr. Graham Wallas, in his *Human Nature in Politics,* devoting so much time and energy to proving that political opinions are formed generally in the dim twilight of the intellect. He complains that at present the student of politics spends his time in analysing human institutions and neglects the analysis of man. He thinks they ought to know at least as much about man as can be learned from a modern text-book on psychology. He himself has entered politics by way of biology and psychology, passing thence directly into laboratory work as Member of Parliament, Member of the London County Council and canvasser in several elections. With admirable evolutionary modesty he represses any political opinions of his own, noting merely the effect of party cries and iterated doctrines on other members of his species. He delights in the relative view of things. He likes to trace a political emotion back through the savages to some fossil horse.

> The scarlet paint and wolfskin headdress of a warrior, or the dragon-mask of a medicine man, appeal, like the smile of a modern candidate, directly to our instinctive nature.

When laughter occurs in politics, an event which he thinks "comparatively unimportant," he likes to reflect that

> It may have been evolved because an animal which suffered a slight spasm in the presence of the unexpected was more likely to be on its guard against its enemies, or it may have been the merely accidental result of some fact in our nervous organisation which was otherwise useful.

He usually stops with these statements of kinship, leaving it to us to make the application. Occasionally, however, he offers a practical suggestion. There is, for example, the common bond between cats and business men, between property-owners and squirrels, magpies and dogs. He desires some economist to write a treatise on the question, Would the property instinct "die away if not indulged"?

> Pending such an inquiry my own provisional opinion is that, like a good many instincts of very early evolutionary origin, it can be satisfied by an avowed pretence; just as a kitten which is fed regularly on milk can be kept in good health if it is allowed to indulge its hunting instinct by playing with a bobbin, and a peaceful civil servant satisfies his instinct of combat and adventure at golf. If this is so, and if it is considered for other reasons undesirable to satisfy the property instinct by the possession, say, of slaves or of freehold land, one supposes that a good deal of the feeling of property may in the future be enjoyed even by persons in whom the instinct is abnormally strong, through the collection of shells or of picture post-cards.

But as a rule he does not go beyond the proof of ancestry, for he is one of those tantalising social evolutionary persons whose thoughts end so completely in zoological circles that you cannot tell whether they write for the enlightenment of men or by way of courtesy to the lower animals. When Mr. Wallas sees a politician, he thinks chiefly of the degree of moral credit due to an angle-worm.

The danger of this social-evolutionary habit is that one's whole life may slip away in the making of zoological comparisons, allowing no time for reflecting on what they mean. Brought up as we have been in the evolutional tradition we are too apt already to be engrossed with unfruitful family resemblances, as between housewives and hens, caddis-worms and novelists, dogs and savings-bank depositors. I myself might easily write a chapter on the Functions of Polite Human Conversation That Were Once Performed by Tails. I should

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show how men were obliged to say Good morning, because they found they had nothing left to wag it with, and how a great many social feelings once expressed without noise but with perfect accuracy by the tail were later driven to an oral outlet. Spoken greetings were not needed so long as there were tails. A tail declared that you were glad you could come; tails replied that they were glad to see you. The time of day in that early period was always and effectively passed with the tail. Tails extended the early courtesies, hospitalities and good cheer, waved doubtful assent or cordial approval, differentiated the welcome of a friend from that of a bare acquaintance, sufficed in short for all the simple social amenities now expressed in forms of speech. I should dissent from the scholarly Unsoweiter's well-known view that the need of articulate social sounds for the expression of the hitherto-tail-uttered emotions accelerated the development of primitive speech-forms. I should hold rather with the learned Zumbeispiel's more recent studies in "Tail Rhythms and Animal Benignity" that by thrusting upon the limited potentialities of primitive tongues the once-adequately-tail-performed social duties, the loss of the tail may well have retarded the development of more variegated idioms. I should agree with him that even in the highest known forms of modern society speech is burdened with social sentiments which are not only perfectly tail-utterable but could, indeed, be better and less laboriously rendered on that simpler and more responsive instrument. I should point to the misconstruction of social silence, the fear of the pause, the social dependence on audible signs of animation, and the unjust application of the stigma "grumpy" to subjectively friendly persons who lack, for the moment, speech, but who with tails would, no doubt, involuntarily express the warmest social feelings. And I should applaud heartily Zumbeispiel's conclusion that it is far too soon, perhaps by one and one-quarter million years, for civilised man to regard the loss of his earlier and more automatic social indicator with any other feeling than regret. In an appendix I should reproduce in a notation of measured tail-beats (based on duration and intensity of vibration) many entire conversations overheard at my club. I could, as I say, easily write such a chapter. I lack only a knowledge of biology to make myself well-nigh intolerable. But I shall never write it for a reason that seldom deters any modern social evolutionist —the reason that it seems a rather silly thing to do. Besides, I have very little doubt that it has been already written.

But to return to the irrationality of politics. Mr. Wallas writes an entertaining chapter on "Non-rational Inference" in the course of which he repeatedly attacks the "assumption so closely interwoven with our habits of political and economic thought that men always act on a reasoned opinion as to their interests." It is an assumption that falls down almost as soon as it is stated, but he has a lively way of battering it. And so insistently does he argue that we are irrational, instinctive, habit-driven beings that we feel for the moment that we must actually have been thinking that we were not. It seems as if he could not so earnestly set about the eradication of an opinion if it were not somewhere in our head. He plies us hard with instances: it is not from rational inference, he says, that we leap backward from a falling stone, dodge a cab or dream "We are walking along the Brighton Parade in a night shirt." He reminds us of our tendency to forget what caused an association of ideas. We think "Simpson is a drunkard," for instance, "and cannot recollect whether we ever had any reason to believe it, or whether some one once told us that Simpson had a cousin who invented a cure for drunkenness." We learn to dislike an early Victorian Bishop from merely hearing him called "Soapy Sam."

If the word "Wastrel," for instance, appears on the contents bills of the *Daily Mail* one morning as a name for the Progressives during a County Council election, a passenger riding on an omnibus from Putney to the Bank will see it half-consciously at least a hundred times, and will have formed a fairly stable mental association by the end of the journey. If he reflected, he would know that only one person has once decided to use the word, but

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he does not reflect, and the effect on him is the same as if a hundrd persons had used it independently of each other. . . . "Another German Insult," "Keir Hardie's Crime," "Balfour Backs Down," are intended to stick, and do stick, in the mind as ready-made opinions.

* * * * *

It is sometimes urged that such non-rational inferences are merely the loose fringe of our political thinking, and that responsible decisions in politics, whether they are right or wrong, are always the result of conscious ratiocination. American political writers, for instance, of the traditional intellectualist type are sometimes faced with the fact that the delegates to national party conventions, when they select candidates and adopt programmes for Presidential elections, are not in a condition in which they are likely to examine the logical validity of their own mental processes. Such writers fall back on the reflection that the actual choice of President is decided not by excited conventions, but by voters coming straight from the untroubled sanctuary of the American home.

He quotes from Garfield's speech at the Convention of 1880:

Not here, in this brilliant circle where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years . . . but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by. There God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night.

And Mr. Wallas adds:

But the divine oracle, whether in America or in England, turns out, too often, only to be a tired householder, reading the headlines and personal paragraphs of his party newspaper, and half-consciously forming mental habits of mean suspicion or national arrogance.

Yet when we come to think of it, we should gladly have admitted at the outset all that the chapter attempts to prove. As a matter of fact, we do not in our private capacities assume that "men always act on a reasoned opinion as to their interests" when they vote any more than when they marry or when they dance. Mad as the world is we are spared that final, mind-closing illusion that it is sane. Surely there is a deep enough faith in the irrationality of our current politics. Even though we shrink from the horrid disclosures of self-examination there is always a friend to examine. Who has not gazed giddily at the irrationality of a friend's politics? But the chapter, or indeed the book as a whole, is not addressed to men in their private capacities, but to that far lower order of beings, men about to appear in public, men on the point of mounting platforms, getting ready to write leading articles, planning treatises on social science. For that portion of a man which is ready for publication or may be found at any time in a political speech such a book may have a special use—if only as a reminder that there is more of him. It is an amusing attempt of a man in political life to find his way back from the public simplicities we all disbelieve to the complexities we are privately aware of. It would be hard to find a public American who was half so frank or a private American who was not more so.

I doubt if there is any such widespread illusion in private life as to the rationality of politics. Publicly we express leadership in terms of the leader's ability; privately we think it in terms of the dulness of the led. No one needs proof that men rise in politics not because they are weighty but because they are light; and the forlorn human tatters to be seen at any time floating even in light political breezes is the subject of common remark. When the strong wind of free silver bore upward the expanding form of William Jennings Bryan, we may have hailed in public the rise of a statesman, but we were thinking in private that almost anything might fly. Nobody ever looks inside a Senator to see what makes him go; it is explained by Indiana's utter carelessness or Rhode Island's absence of mind. One does not ask his boots how they climbed upon the mantel-piece; one knows in heedless times that things get out of place. A Senator is merely a sign of other people's inattention. We are used to the thing and a little hardened,

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but in private life we no more believe in the rationality of politics than in the rationality of success. Prodigious financial intellects are not much admired privately. They are, indeed, exceedingly uninteresting. It is only a magazine writer who can see the signs of power in that financially successful face. In private we merely see that it looks a good deal like a walrus, and from what we know about the man himself we have no reason to think that, apart from financial emotions, he did not feel like one—one corner of the mind spidery, organising, grasping detail, all the rest pure walrus. In public we say the race is to the strongest; in private we know that a lopsided man runs the fastest along the little side-hills of success. Mothers still punish their little boys for the winning ways of the rising statesman, and there is seldom rejoicing in any home when a decent all-round baby begins to decay into something like a Harriman. In private life these remarks of mine are platitudes; in public thinking they are really quite profound. Approach them by way of "social psychology" and you will feel that you have penetrated far.

Mr. Price Collier is no believer in the rationality of politics. In *England and the English* he shows that the British Empire was founded mainly on absence of mind. It is, he thinks, the Englishman's preference for thinking over doing that has got him so wonderfully on in the world. Not that Mr. Collier admires him the less on this account, for Mr. Collier is a power-worshipper, whose admiration widens with the square miles on the map. England, he says, has of late years been ruled by a "succession of mighty men," and if put to it he would no doubt explain that they were mighty because they ruled England. And this brings him to an aspect of England to which he frequently recurs, as well he may, for it is indeed very charming. It is the aspect of England as the happy hunting-ground of husbands, the land where on moderate incomes the men have valets and the women hardly any clothes. For the great capacity to rule, to conquer and to colonise can, he thinks, be traced directly to the male ascendancy in the English home. Groomed, well-fed, exercised, never thwarted, and with the wife always in her proper place, the English husband is, like the fire engine horse, always in the pink of condition, and ready at an instant's moral alarm to rush forth to the most distant part of the world and kill a coloured man. This explains the British Empire, and, *per contra,* I may add, it explains the imperial shortcomings of the United States, for here having once provided for the wife in that station of life to which it has pleased her to call him, and having served without offence as handy man about the house, the American husband has not the time left, still less the spirit, to be off shooting Matabeles. Thus the question of empire is fought out in the home, and you often meet a husband, now utterly domesticated, whose abilities might, if his wife would only set them loose, make him a colonial governor. We have the manhood, could it but be disengaged.

A Paradise for Husbands

F. M. Colby.

THE COMING OF REVOLT

I HAVE BEEN PASSIVE;
I HAVE SUBMITTED TO THE LAW,
AND I HAVE SEEN
THE TIDE OF LIFE FLOW FROM ME
TO RETURN, BRINGING
BUT SEA WEED
AND THE DEAD I LOVED.
STILL HAVE I HELD MY PEACE,
BELIEVING IN THE LAW,
UNTIL THIS HOUR.

Paul Kester.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

A gentleman wrote us a letter from Bridgeport, Connecticut, so long ago as last February. For some reason or other it was mislaid, and we publish it now with apologies for our tardiness, which we regret all the more because the writer justly criticises an assertion that we then made.

In "Chronicle and Comment," page 524, February number of your entertaining magazine, in writing of a pamphlet on the subject of the German Kaiser, you assert that a summary may be found in a sentence taken from the Prayer Book. Just for curiosity, I should like to know in what part of the Prayer Book of the Church of England or where in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, may be found the ascription to which you allude? I know it is in the Socinian Prayer Book used in King's Chapel, Boston, but that volume is not generally alluded to as the "Prayer Book," nor do I think it is customary to call Roman Catholic books of devotion by the title designated.

CURIOUS.

This criticism is entirely correct. The ascription which we quoted is not found in the Prayer Book of the Church of England nor in that of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, although it is used at times in the service of each of these churches. On our own behalf, however, we wish to say that after we had written the paragraph, we became conscious of our error, and in the second proof-sheets changed "Prayer Book" to "liturgy." But our correction came too late, and so the misstatement crept into the magazine.

II

Several suggestions have been made to us concerning the Inferno. A librarian in New Bedford, Massachusetts, asks that we add to our Tartarean list the words "combine" (when used as a noun) and "won out." An eminent Latinist, writing from Indiana, thinks that "proverbial" and "obsession" are sadly overworked and ought to be thrust into the Inferno. We hardly know what to say about this. No cultivated person would ever use "combine" seriously; though he can use any words whatever, if he does it, so to speak, in quotation marks; that is to say, if a quizzical look, or a peculiar inflection of the voice indicates that they are employed with a full consciousness of their barbarity. As to the other words, we are not quite prepared to include them in the list. They are tottering on the brink, and the glare of the hot flame beneath is beginning to scorch them; but we don't quite feel like pushing them over the edge just yet.

III

It both grieves and irritates us when persons write to the Letter Box without having continuously read it for a long while. This negligence of theirs leads them to ask questions which we have answered long ago. For instance, here is a critic who lives on West Cedar Street in Boston "wanting to know" why we reject the judgment of the *Century Dictionary* as to the pronunciation of the word "automobile." We wearily refer him to our long and patient explanation contained in the July number of this magazine. He has, however, another point to bring up, and for this we give space to his remarks.

If I am not taxing your patience too severely, I should like to hear an explanation of the expression "unmitigated imp." "Unmitigated," as we all know, means "unabated." Imp, unless I mistake, means a twig or small branch, and in that sense "an imp of Satan" becomes quite intelligible; but an unabated twig or small branch? Is such a phrase what you find in "observing with the utmost care the usages of cultivated men and women everywhere"?

Yes, this is exactly what we find in observing the usages of cultivated men and women everywhere. Of course, the word "imp," derived from the Greek through the Low Latin, once had the meaning which our correspondent gives

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to it. You can find it so used in Chaucer and in Shakespeare; but cultivated men and women now speak the English of to-day and not the English of three centuries ago. Does our correspondent give every word its early etymological meaning rather than the derived meaning of the present time? For example, does he never speak of "paraphernalia" except when he is thinking of a woman's trousseau?

IV

As our readers well know, we are a collector of titles, and we have had many conferred upon us through the Letter Box. Yet these have almost always been naval or military. Now, however, we have been raised to ecclesiastical eminence by a gentleman in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who styles us "Most Reverend." Many thanks. His post-card has nothing to do with us, apart from the title and superscription. Here is what he says:

"Frisco Fred" will find "unsanitary" in the *Century Dictionary,* with no suggestion of critical comment. Mr. Cooper has much good company in its use. When, where and how did the "Lady in Pittsfield" tell you "about the water-works"? I, too, have read and enjoyed the Letter Box for years, but must have missed that.

This gentleman will find our little correspondence with the Lady in Pittsfield, relating to the water-works and other interesting matters, in THE BOOKMAN for August and September, 1900. It is a pity that he missed it.

V

The following questions come to us from Forest City, Iowa:

Can I get the numbers of THE BOOKMAN that have a review of the new book *A Woman for Mayor,* by Helen M. Winslow; and also the review of George Eliot's *Adam Bede?*

THE BOOKMAN has not reviewed the first volume mentioned; and although George Eliot's novel, *Adam Bede,* is so famous, we regretfully admit that we never reviewed that either. In fact, it is not our practice to review books that were published twenty-six years before THE BOOKMAN was founded.

VI

In the October number of the Letter Box a reader called our attention to the interesting fact that some years ago Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick wrote a novel called *The Inner Shrine,* thus anticipating the anonymous author of the book by the same title which appeared this year. A lady in Boston makes the coincidence seem still more striking by noting the fact that both novels were published by the firm of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

VII

We are always impressed when we receive letters from Executive Offices and State Capitols and other seats of the mighty. Here is one from the sacrosanct abode of the Governor of Montana, although not written by the Governor himself.

DEAR BOX: In Paragraph 3, Article IX., of the Letter Box in the October BOOKMAN, you employ the word "educationist." On the succeeding page is the word "fictionist," but this is among the list of things damned in the Inferno. Why this seeming display of partiality? Is a "fictionist" more damnable than an "educationist"? And if so, why? The *Century* carries both words.

Here is another individual who has not steadily and conscientiously read the Letter Box for a long period of time. Had he done so he would know that we always use the word "educationist" with a fleer, and in tones of scorn; for we regard with contempt both the word and the thing which it indicates. An educationist is not an educator. He is—but, oh well, what is the use of going all over it again?

VIII

We do not often draw the line at printing any communications which are sent to us; because we are very liberal-minded and are not easily disturbed. But a line must sooner or later be drawn somewhere, and we hereby draw it at a scrawl which comes to us over the signature, "Sloppy Stockings." Not that there is anything very shocking in the note; but somehow or other it wouldn't look well in our pages, and so we consign it to oblivion.

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IX

Here is a letter from El Paso, Texas, which is rather long, but which undoubtedly expresses a desire that has place in many minds. Therefore, we publish it in full.

Editor of the Letter Box.

DEAR SIR: There must be many like myself who are anxious to work into the literary field and who are willing to serve an apprenticeship and even to go through years of producing only simpler forms of literature, but who have little time to devote to that which does not help to pay the expenses of daily living, and who are not able to secure work on a newspaper.

If only in behalf of these aspirants, some writer who has "passed through the mill" and is "on to the ropes" would come forward with some advice and information as to marketable places for simple articles such as perhaps appear on the backs of the newspapers of small communities, or advise what kind of articles different magazines would be apt to favour, in short to give advice to the amateur who is likely to send his "efforts" aimlessly about the country and usually to the wrong place!

If some magazine would publish an article along these lines it would be greatly appreciated.

Will you in your columns, or by letter, supply me with what information you can, and name some of the syndicates that furnish short articles as "fillers" to newspapers, etc.?

We cannot possibly answer this letter without writing what would be practically a book; and yet, we are not sure that such a book as we should write would not find many readers. Maybe some day we shall indite a series giving our own experiences and observations as to literary work. We should back up our advice with concrete instances and illustrations which would be more illuminating than any formal advice could ever be. But, short of that, we really cannot undertake to deal with so intricate and interesting a question in the Letter Box. We refer, in the meantime, to the Letter Box for July, 1898. Let us express parenthetically a regret that our correspondent uses the expression "along these lines."

We have also received from an instructor in a New England agricultural college a letter which asks us to contribute topics which he may assign to his class in practical journalism and magazine writing. He provides us with a specimen list of topics, about fifty in number, and would like additional suggestions. All that we can say is that he does not seem to be in need of help; since most of the topics given are practical, contemporaneous, interesting and suggestive.

X

Some one in Lakewood, New Jersey, wishes to know whether the "New Baedeker" papers which we are publishing from time to time are the work of one writer or of several. We reply that only one writer is implicated in this affair. The sub-title "Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller" ought to make this clear enough; since otherwise it would read "of Irresponsible *Travellers*."

XI

A correspondent in Newark, New Jersey, asks the following question:

What is the meaning of the word "coprophilist" which I have lately seen in the New York *Sun* and applied by it to one of THE BOOKMAN'S contributors?

Coprophilist means "a lover of filth." The better form would have been "coprophile" on the analogy of "bibliophile," "Francophile," and other like words. The *Sun* itself is an admirable, or perhaps we should say a notorious, example of a coprophilist. It set forth in minute detail all the nauseous testimony taken in the Beecher-Tilton trial, and in the Sharon-Hill trial. When Mr. W. T. Stead tainted the pages of *The Pall Mall Gazette* with his alleged exposure of the "Modern Babylon"—for publishing which he served a term in prison—the *Sun* had all this filthy material cabled over, and was the only American newspaper willing to reproduce it *in extenso*. In like manner it raked the English gutters on other occasions and printed the pornographic details of the Dilke scandal and the unspeakable Colin Campbell case, just as in 1884 it greedily circulated all the infamous slanders that were invented

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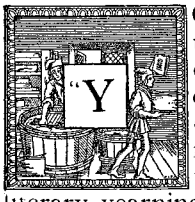
about Mr. Cleveland. Yes, the *Sun* has a long and consistent record as a coprophilist. So, you see, we have now defined the word for you and have given a concrete illustration of its meaning.

XII

In closing the Letter Box for this month, we must give utterance to three expressions of regret. In the first place, we grieve because Mr. Soap O'Loughlin has not yet sent us a road-map so that we could take a little journey down Mushtong way. In the second place, we are sorry not to have received any further additions to our gallery of picture post-cards. Last and most important, there have not come to us any communications written on pale blue stationery and bearing the postmark of Rahway, New Jersey.

EXIT THE ALCOHOLIC MUSE



"YOU can't make literature unless you drink liquor of some kind and plenty of it," said a sage adviser of Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the early sixties when he began to have literary yearnings.

"Then," replied the abstemious young Aldrich, very promptly, "I'll sell shoes."

But he did make literature, and very good literature, without the aid of alcoholic stimulants.

As to the intellectual uses of alcohol, we have arrived at a period when we can look back and smile at some of the notions that formerly prevailed among worthy people who had come to look upon the majority of famous writers as famous drinkers. Because Shakespeare so freely embraced the flagon, because Villon was a drunken rowdy, because Burns and Byron and Scott and Baudelaire and Alfred de Musset played leading parts in the tank dramas of their day and steeped their brains to stir their imaginations, it had come down through the years as a rule of the literary game, as regarded by most insiders and nearly all outsiders, that to write largely one must drink largely.

Up to the day of his death Philip Gilbert Hamerton firmly believed in this "law of literature" despite Herbert Spencer's assurance that to be successful in any field one must first be "a healthy human animal." Hamerton recommended the habitual use of wine and beer by writers, and did not consider as irrational the liberal regimen of Goethe, who, in the last days of his life, computed the quantity of wine he had consumed at fifty thousand bottles. Goethe's thirsty muse would probably have tipped glass for glass with Scott's, who kept the gauger busy while he wove *Waverley* and beat out the rhythmic thumps of "The Lady of the Lake."

When the Bottle Went Round

"Yes," says the blithe adherent to Bacchus, "the days when real literature was produced were the days when the bottle went round." And there would seem to be something in the classic claim that those years which frothed their bumpers to the brim were the years of literary greatness. But after giving the merry god his just due as an aid to the world's literature, who shall say that the intellects of the great ones were not hindered as much as they were aided by him? In other words, did these great men write these great things because of their free use of alcohol or in spite of it? With all due deference to Hamerton and the upholders of the literary tankard, I should like to ask if a drunken, fog-brained Dickens could have produced as wonderful a set of life studies as the undeniably keen-witted and sober one? Or could George Eliot, whose fiction, as a purely intellectual performance, is regarded by many able critics as the great-

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est ever produced, have plied her assiduous and fastidious pen to such purpose had her hand trembled under "the influence"?

Kant, who declared that beer was poison and never wrote anything when under the stimulus of drink, made his breakfast on a draught of early morning air and a cup of tea. On this he wrote eight hours uninterruptedly. Balzac, whose genius is declared by many to be first in fiction, made no reliance whatever upon alcohol, but drank vast quantities of coffee while he wrote, and this, it is believed, hastened his end by nervous disease.

The Men of To-day

Coming now, with all due delicacy, to the inspiration afforded to living writers by alcoholic libations—the dead folk cannot strike back—let me say that a personal interview with Mr. H. G. Wells left me with the decided impression that he employs no stimulants to quicken an imagination that has soared as far afield as that of any of his contemporaries in fiction. I am also assured by those who know Mr. Thomas Hardy's literary methods that alcohol did not lend itself to the making of *Desperate Remedies* or of *Tess of the D'Urbevilles*. Now it may be a confession of poor literary judgment, but as for myself I would far rather read a sober Hardy than an ever-so-exhilarated Scott.

I do not know whether or not Mr. Kipling emulates or even approves of the abstemious practices of Mr. Wells and Mr. Hardy (there has been some prejudiced cavil to the contrary); but I am told that British brandy-and-soda has never entered very largely into the making of Mulvaney fiction. Mr. Kipling smokes prodigiously while writing, as does also Mr. James M. Barrie. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is not averse to brandy and soda nor to the American cocktail, but he never drinks before or during his writing hours.

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose Charley Steele was so brilliant in legal argument when fortified by liquor, scorns the aid of alcohol in his work. And for the most part the British literary workmen of to-day are a sober lot. For the matter of that so are the Americans, though here and there a smaller literary figure leans against the lamp post.

Drunkenness among magazine and newspaper writers was rather common in the 'seventies and 'eighties. I can recall the names of at least twenty well-known journalists, East and West, who were notoriously given to drink even up to the late 'nineties; but from that time on to the present there has been a steady decline in intemperance among magazine and newspaper men. The idea that to write a good article one must first be "well corned"—a notion formerly prevalent in some editorial offices—no longer holds good, and there is far less tolerance for the sot on the part of magazine and newspaper proprietors. As I write I recall the names of three really brilliant editorial writers who have been placed on the toboggan during the past five years because of their inability to "keep straight." Sober writers are demanded nowadays on magazine and newspaper staffs, and the "ginned-up" genius, formerly held in a sort of awe by editors, finds himself on the cold outside.

Using Tobacco and Coffee

During the past fifteen years I have been in a position to observe the habits of many of the leading literary men of this country. One thing that has struck me very forcibly has been the reliance of so many of them, not upon alcohol, but upon coffee and tobacco. There are authors who actually believe they cannot write without an abundant supply of coffee at hand. Nearly all of these work at night. Some of them frankly confess to "nerves," while others profess that a dozen demi-tasses of an evening do them no harm. From my observation I should say that the coffee habit is growing apace, and that it is, to say the least, not a safe one. Because Balzac killed himself with coffee there is no good reason why the author of the "best-seller" in America should do so, and yet the coffee fetish is gaining hold from day to day. Speaking of coffee, Thoreau once declared he did not require any muddy stimulant to help him enjoy the natural rapture of the morning; and yet Emerson and the elder Hawthorne found in-

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spiration in a moderate use of that beverage; and many writers of to-day declare that it clears the head and helps composition.

As for smoking, that habit has become almost universal among American writers. Many of them confess to me that they cannot move the pen with the right hand if they do not have a cigar or pipe or cigarette in the left. Bret Harte used to say, "My first line every morning is a cigar and so is my second." He drank but little, as wine or liquor of any kind "flew to his head."

Stephen Crane, at whose literary glass-eating and sword-swallowing we gaped for a while, was a tremendous smoker of cigarettes and, I fear, a man who learned no lesson from the temperance school. As a result he died young, as did also Frank Norris, another free user of tobacco. The hearts of both these men were affected by smoking.

Markham, Muir and Chambers

Mr. Edwin Markham does not smoke at all, nor does he use alcohol or coffee save in a most limited way; and the same may be said of that other gifted Californian, Mr. John Muir, who, when told by a literary friend that he smoked and drank while he wrote, said: "Better quit both habits—they'll be sure to dull your brain in time."

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, whose hero in *The Fighing Chance* and whose heroine in *The Danger Mark* are both addicted to drink, and whose symptoms their author follows so learnedly, assures me that he uses no alcoholic aid to literary composition. In reply to a note that I wrote to him upon the subject he says: "I do not use stimulants when writing—if that fact is of the slightest interest to anybody." Which it is, of course, as it proves that in order to write a best-seller with a drunken hero one does not have to borrow Bacchus's staff.

Howells and Hawthorne

Mr. William Dean Howells has written so many books without the aid of stimulants that it is not surprising to find him opposed to the idea of an intemperate muse. He must have felt very strange and out of place when he made his Bohemian studies in the New York rathskellers. "As I neither drank nor smoked," he says of his experiences in Pfaff's, "my part of the carousal was limited to a German pancake." But Walt Whitman, who was a frequent visitor at Pfaff's, and whom Mr. Howells met there, made no protest when he was offered a stein.

Like his famous progenitor, Mr. Julian Hawthorne is a good example of literary sobriety. "I drink," he writes to me, "two or three cups of coffee a day, twice as much cold water, and no liquor of any sort at any time. I smoke from four to five cigarettes while I am writing, but believe that I would do wisely to omit them." He says further: "The author of *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* told me in his youth—he having at that period been an immense admirer of Balzac—that coffee and midnight productiveness were prime conditions of his Genius. Were I in the business of breeding literary geniuses, I should certainly counsel them to let liquor alone and to treat tobacco gently. And as for such as imagine that coffee affects the heart as well as the brain, I should advise quitting it. Take reasonable exercise, keep outdoors when possible, eat not much, drink less or nothing, be like the Greeks in all sane temperance."

Men of the Pacific and the Plains

Mr. Jack London did not acquire the drinking habits of the miners while in Alaska gleaning material for *The Call of the Wild*. He finds his inspiration in cigarettes, of which he took half a boatload when he went on his Pacific cruise. Robert Louis Stevenson, another Pacific voyager, often smoked as many as forty cigarettes in a day, and Mr. London is apparently emulating him.

When I asked Mr. Owen Wister, who is always a sane writer, and whom I knew did not require alcoholic inspiration for his novels, what he thought about the effect of stimulants upon writers at their work, he replied: "Energy artificially induced is not likely to last long. This is true of physical energy and still more true of the mental or nervous sort demanded by authors and other artists. A man in perfect health should need noth-

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ing else but his health to support him in composition. I have no special customs and find no special needs in composition."

The wonderful word-juggling of Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, whose best work, *The Boss,* has, I am told, become a sort of text-book for political students, is, not the product of the still; for Mr. Lewis never tastes intoxicating drinks in any form. He thinks, however, that on long stretches of literary labour he is aided in his work by the demi-tasse and the pipe. While writing he takes "coffee sandwiches," as he calls them. These consist of a cup of coffee between two glasses of water, repeated many times of a night.

I know a successful American author who does most of his writing in Europe and who rarely sits down to work in the morning before he has finished his bottle of champagne. Now there are more reasons than one why all our writers do not begin the day's work with champagne; but I doubt if few of them would do so if they could afford it. For, as I have before intimated, the thirsty muse is preparing for an inglorious exit and probably will not be seen again upon the stage. Here and there she is, indeed, making some positively last appearances, but they are becoming less frequent year by year.

The Indiana Group

I am impressed by the literary methods of Mr. David Graham Phillips, who for years has written from four to five thousand to seven thousand words a day, beginning at seven in the morning and working until after noon, upon little or no bodily nourishment of any kind save a handful of grapes, which he calls his "breakfast." Many cigarettes he smokes but no liquor does he drink. He tells me that to produce a novel of a hundred thousand words he often has to turn out a million, as he writes and rewrites and is never satisfied with his work.

Two others of the Indiana group of authors, Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. George Ade, who, so far as I have learned, have taken no active part in the Prohibition movement in their State, find coffee an aid to composition.

Once when I sent a man to a well-known American writer to induce him to sit down in his hotel and write a paper on the eve of his departure for Europe, the messenger came back to me and reported that Mr. —— had agreed to write the article that night, and as a first preparation for his literary labours he had sent down for a quart of coffee!

Another man who believes in coffee as an aid to literary labour, although in less than quart quantities, is Mr. Will Harben, the author of that charming series of Southern romances. On this subject Mr. Harben has written the following at my request:

> Alcohol could hardly be depended on as a help in any protracted work like a novel that has to be worked on day by day. The after-effects would surely be bad in the constant use of such a drug. As to coffee, I can say firmly that it has been a great help to me in my work. Drinking it only in the morning immediately before doing my usual daily two hours' work, it seems to be exactly the stimulant that I need. I have tried to do without it, as a test, once or twice, and have found that my ideas simply would not fall into shape. Having had this experience for twenty years, I was not much surprised by reading that some great scientist, whose name I cannot just now recall, was quoted as saying that coffee was not only harmless taken moderately, but that it was the greatest known stimulant to the imagination. I don't use tobacco in any form, but I've sometimes thought that smokers are helped by smoking as I am by coffee.

If in a chorus of nightingales and birds of brilliant plumage a modest finch may be permitted to pipe his little note, I would say that as a writer I have found tobacco far less injurious than coffee, and just as effective, and that as for loading up with liquor of any sort while writing, I would as soon think of wearing tight shoes if I were a letter carrier—the hampering process would be about equal in either case.

For "obvious reasons"—dear old tag! —I have not mentioned the names of women writers in this connection. I am gallant enough to say, however, that I know of none that drinks while writing, but I am truthful enough to remark that I know of at least three very charming

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ladies who write charming books for which they find inspiration in cigarettes.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

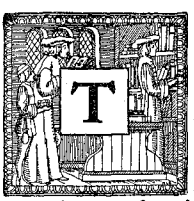
I could write down a long list of strictly cold-water authors of this country—men who do not use any form of stimulants while writing, but this would be almost equivalent to a literary roll-call. Such a report could not have been truthfully made twenty-five years ago, when there was still a lingering superstition in favour of the alcoholic author. It is safe to say at this day that no such superstition exists. Authors, like all other men who use their brains, know now that in the course of time—generally a very short time—alcohol taken immoderately clogs rather than lubricates the intellectual machine. Writing is an unnatural work at the best and superinduces all manner of bodily ills, the chief of which is indigestion; and modern writers know that they must obey certain hygienic laws if they are to survive, and that to drink heavily is to die.

So year by year we hear less of the gin genius and more and more of the healthy, fresh-air writer. There be those who say that this is one reason why ours is an age of literary mediocrity; but this is a postulate easily challenged, and I am convinced that when our present-day writers are looked back upon along a perspective of century mile-posts it will be seen that they did as good work as their predecessors. And I am further convinced that it will be esteemed as greatly to their credit that theirs was a sober age.

Bailey Millard.

THE DETECTIVE STORY IN GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA

I. IN GERMANY



THE best writer of detective stories in Germany to-day is undoubtedly Augusta Gröner, of Vienna. Her name is never mentioned in the magazines that set a standard of criticism, and the essayists who discourse on modern literature know not her fame. This is natural, for detective stories are not literature, according to German ideas. But Augusta Gröner's novels are sold in cheap editions in enormous quantity, and there is a steady demand for her work.

With Anna Katherine Green she shares a lonely niche as an example of what women can, but usually do not, do as writers of detective stories. Mrs. Gröner's work is uneven, but in the best of it her skill in inventing and unravelling a mystery places her in the front rank. She makes no pretence at literary style; her manner of writing is quaint and old-fashioned, but most of her characters are alive, and there is no disputing her gift as a spinner of yarns. The plot is full of interest always, and grips from the beginning. There are a few isolated examples of good detective stories by other German writers, and there is an immense deal of poor work of the same kind to be found. But there is no other writer of detective stories whose collective work would stand comparison with the books of the best French and English writers in the same field.

Within the limits of her chosen line of work Augusta Gröner is very versatile. She does not tie herself down to any particular method, no two of her novels are alike in construction. She gives us the crime-mystery where the main interest hinges on the revealing of the truth by the work of skilled professionals; and she gives us also the crime-mystery sufficient unto itself, the story where the theme centres in the fate of those near to the victim. But there is always a mystery, and a good one, which does not let the reader's attention flag.

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One of Mrs. Gröner's latest stories, and one of the best, was *The Crippled Hand,* and had a plot of more than usual strength and interest. The suspense was cleverly handled, and the mystery not solved until the last chapter. It had some unique points of difference from the conventional in that sort of story, and was well constructed. While Augusta Gröner strikes out in new fields very frequently, some of her best stories are connected by the personality of a professional detective, for she, too, following noted precedent, has created one favourite figure who is concerned in the unravelling of many of her most exciting mysteries. Mrs. Gröner's detective is Joseph Müller, a member of the Austrian Secret Police. Müller is a small, meek-looking individual, who has gone wrong in youth and has devoted his life afterward to the hounding down of crime. Müller is one of the natural-born detectives, the lust of the chase affects him as it does a bloodhound. He is a genius, and would be invaluable to the Austrian police were it not for a very peculiar trait in his character, a trait which makes him differ from all other noted detectives of fiction. Müller suffers from a soft heart, and when, as often happens in following up a crime, he discovers that the criminal, whom he never fails to unearth, is a far better man than his victim, this soft heart proves his undoing. More than once Müller warns his prey and the law is balked. Because of this Müller is at last obliged to leave his official position, but a little fortune left him by a high official whom he saved in this manner from disgrace allows him to live the quiet life of retirement that suits him. But his creator hints that the police are inclined to consult Müller in private over any knotty problem, and she has also many adventures of his earlier life to fall back on. Among the best of the stories with Müller as a central figure are the three novels entitled *Murdered? The Golden Bullet,* and *Why She Put Out the Lamp.* In the first, the chance finding of a note-book on a lonely road leads to the saving of a young heiress from imprisonment or even possible death at the hands of a rascally step-brother who desires her fortune. *The Golden Bullet* is the story which puts an end to Müller's official career and gives him an independent income. A handsome young college professor is found dead in his study, with all the doors and windows locked on the inside, and a golden bullet in his heart. From the nature of the wound suicide is impossible, and the professor's own revolver lies fully loaded at his side, a weapon of a different calibre from the one which fired the fatal bullet. Aided by a chance incident which reveals a clue to his quick mind, Müller follows up the mystery and discovers that the murderer is a high official in good standing at the Court of the little Duchy where the murder takes place.

But the facts back of the murder win Müller's heart for this official, who is a far nobler and better nature than his faithless wife (whom he drove to her death at her own hands) or her coward lover, whom the betrayed husband killed with a bullet made from his wife's wedding ring. Müller warns Councillor Kniepp, who, by suicide, escapes from the disgrace of a trial, and in gratitude the rich councillor leaves a little fortune to the detective. But the police, glad themselves to have shut off a Court scandal, are obliged to discharge Müller, as they cannot officially countenance the balking the law of its prey.

But in an earlier story, *Why She Put Out the Lamp,* we are told another of Müller's exploits, and it is a tale of high excellence along the lines of the conventionally constructed detective story. The tale starts with the discovery of the murder, and Müller, despite the blundering efforts of the official authorities, who run into all sorts of blind alleys in following up wrong clues, tracks down the murderer in the person of a very sympathetic young painter. But Müller and the reader have both grown to like the artist, and the victim was an utterly worthless blackmailer, killed in a moment of righteous wrath. Müller wavers between his duty and his strong desire to aid in the escape of the man his own efforts alone have brought to bay. He need do nothing, he need merely *not* tell what he knows and Hubert Thorn can escape. But the latter, hearing that an innocent man has

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been imprisoned for his crime, makes the decision for Müller, and gives himself up. He is tried and convicted, with all sorts of extenuating circumstances, and the story has what might almost be called a "happy ending." It is a good story, that does not give a moment's chance for a flagging of the interest.

By a Thread and *The Ninty-seventh* are other good stories from the pen of Augusta Gröner, the last being a weird and gruesome tale of a murder done by a lunatic who in his violent moments fancies himself a reincarnation of the French murderer Cardillac. *By a Thread* is a rather unusual story of a small provincial town in which a fat and peaceful citizen, a retired merchant, is forced by circumstances to become a detective in secret and to unearth the mystery of the life of a leading light of the town. Taken all in all, Mrs. Gröner's work is excellent and entitles her to be named with the best of other lands. She improves as she goes on, her later works are free from a certain old-fashioned style of narrative which dulls the others at times, the action is quicker, the method of construction more up to date.

Dietrich Theden, Carl Rosner, Frederick Thieme, and J. Kaulbach are other German writers who have essayed detective stories. Rosner's novel, *The Versegy Case,* and Theden's, *The Counsel for the Defence,* are clever stories of the conventional sort. Kaulbach's *White Carnation* is better than either, as the mystery is less easily solved, and it fulfils the rule of the best detective story construction, i.e., that the murderer shall be before our eyes, unsuspected, from the very beginning. The story is also humanly interesting through its love plot, for it is the efforts of a young girl to clear her betrothed's name that lead to the unravelling of the mystery.

Not Guilty, by August Schrader, is another rather good tale, the interest centring in the personality of a mysterious young woman and an Unknown, who sends her a regular income through a Hamburg bank. The story begins excellently, keeps an even pace throughout two-thirds of the book, but weakens badly toward the end.

If we would include in the detective-story class stories of mystery only, then we find many of the best names of German literature among the writers of such tales. Zschokke's *The Dead Guest* is a classic both in literary value and in the excellence of the narrative. The delightful manner in which an old superstition works up in the incidents that happen in a little provincial capital, aided and abetted by the pranks of two or three young men, one of whom impersonates the legendary Dead Guest, makes a story which is thrilling throughout and yet has the happy ending so beloved of Anglo-Saxon readers. Wilhelm Hauff in his story *The Singer* gives evidence of a talent for working up a mystery which might have led him to write detective stories had he lived in the present day. A young Italian singer in a German opera house has been mysteriously stabbed in her own apartment at midnight after a ball. She does not know who her assailant was, and through a chance word on her part and the officious blundering of a pompous chief of police, a worthy citizen of the town and well-known society man falls under suspicion. This old Councillor Böhlnau is a very amusing figure, and his own terror at the suspicion which rests upon him brings him almost to believe that he did commit the crime. The humorous side of the story, in the person of the Councillor and in the figure of an attractive but very eccentric young musician, runs along well with the tragedy in the past life of the young singer. She recovers from her wound, however, her assailant is discovered and all ends happily. This story has a position in classic German literature which it has justly earned.

Baroness de la Motte Fouqué wrote an interesting little story called *The Revolutionists,* in which the mystery is well sustained. The lack in this little tale, however, is that we do not know, when we come to the end of it, who the most mysterious of the characters really was.

That unique genius E. T. A. Hoffman, whose work undoubtedly influenced Edgar Allan Poe, has given us two or three mystery stories as strong and as characteristic as are all of his writings. *Mlle. de Scudéry* is a thrilling tale of the days of the Great Louis and of the deeds

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of the great murderer Cardillac. *The Deserted House* is another wonderful Hoffman story in which a weird house, apparently deserted of normal life but evidently inhabited by something, an uncanny old servitor, a magic mirror, a crazy countess, a gypsy woman, and a beautiful girl, are mingled together in the kaleidoscopic manner which is one of Hoffman's most entrancing qualities. There are snatches and bits of mystery scattered through the many stories signed by Hoffman, but the two above mentioned are most nearly like in form and content to the sort of story we are here discussing.

To come back to more modern times, there is a story by the well-known novelist and playwright Paul Lindau, entitled *Helene Jung*, which is considered one of his best. It is a very good novel, and it would be a good mystery story also, had the author not been more of a playwright than a novelist. In a novel it would be quite permissible to let the beautiful heroine remain a mystery until the very last chapter. She is young, beautiful and wealthy, we know that she has suffered unjustly, she has our sympathies entirely and we are quite willing to read on until the end of the book, before we find out just how she is connected with a catastrophe that ruined a certain noble family several years back. The interest of the story is well sustained, it is a sort of thing one wants to read through in a sitting. But Lindau is a successful playwright, and one of the first articles in the playwright's creed is that while the persons in the play may be kept in ignorance of the antecedents and the identity of the principal character, the audience must be told the truth at an early stage of the game or it will lose interest. Therefore the author inserts a letter into one of the earlier chapters, a letter written by the heroine to a cousin in Paris, which tears away the mystery from the story altogether, and leaves one only the personal charm of the girl and our interest in her possible fate to sustain our sympathies. This letter in Lindau's book is the best example of the great difference between the construction of a novel and the construction of a play.

Ernst von Wildenbruch's novel *The Wandering Light* has a well-sustained mystery with a thrill of uncanny horror in it. And, with most of the other writings of this versatile playwright-novelist, it is a work of true literary value as well.

II. In Scandinavia

Detective, or even mystery, stories are rare in Scandinavian literature. But good examples may yet be found, because whatever the writers of the wonderful Little Nations of the North essay to do, they do well. Two such stories come to mind as the best. They are both stories of a murder mystery, one being a classic of true literary value, the other a thoroughly good modern tale of action. Among the Danish writers in the early days of the past century, there was a delightfully talkative chap by the name of Steen Steensen Blicher, who filled volume after volume with stories, stories of love, of adventure, or of mystery, told in an easy-going, jovial style which is exceedingly attractive. The story which is chosen as the best example of his talent by literary anthologies is entitled *The Rector of Veilbye*. It is as striking and touching a little tale of a murder mystery as one could find anywhere, the quaint archaism of the language giving an added strength and an added charm to the interesting plot. The story is told in what purports to be "Extracts from the diary of Eric Srensen, district judge."

When Eric Srensen was appointed district judge of a rural township in Denmark—the story is supposed to have happened many years before the telling of it—he looks about him for a wife to share his prosperity and his honours. His choice falls upon the sweet daughter of the Rector of Veilbye, a strapping priest of warm heart but of dangerously quick temper. The judge's wooing meets with success, to the chagrin of a rich peasant of the neighbourhood, who had also cast his eyes on the young lady and had been refused by her and by her father. This peasant, Morten Bruus, had already attempted to bribe the judge, in a suit pending against him, by offering him a fine pair of horses at a ridiculously low price. Judge Srensen understood the motive, refused to buy the horses, and

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decided the case against Bruus, who was in the wrong. Bruus swore vengeance, and the judge is troubled by the fact that a brother of his enemy, Nils Bruus, is employed as coachman by the Rector of Veilbye. Nils is lazy and impertinent, and the judge, aided by his betrothed, endeavours to persuade the rector to discharge the man. Preparations for the wedding go on merrily, but one day the rector comes in great distress to his future son-in-law's office and confesses an occurrence in which he has not borne himself in a manner befitting his position. The laziness of his coachman Nils had annoyed him into a quarrel with the fellow, and his quick temper getting the better of him, the rector had raised his spade and hit the man over the head twice. Nils fell to the ground as if stunned, but after a few moments, to the rector's great relief, he sprang up and ran away. Beyond his own regret at his unpriestly anger, the rector did not attach much importance to this incident. But his daughter and the judge had premonitions of evil which are soon proven to be only too true. Nils has apparently disappeared completely, and disturbing rumours begin to be circulated about the neighbourhood. One day Morten Bruus appears before the judge with the accusation that the rector had killed his brother and buried him in his garden. He demands a search, and to the horror of all, a body is found buried in the rector's garden. As three weeks have passed since the alleged killing, the face is unrecognisable, but the general appearance and the clothes are recognised by all, and the corpse is proclaimed to be that of Nils Bruus. The rector denies his guilt, but when witnesses are brought who claim to have seen him carrying the body from the wood at night, he breaks down. He tells the judge that since childhood he has been subject to somnambulistic spells, and that in this case he must have gone to the wood, found the man dead from his wound, and buried him in the garden, remembering nothing of the circumstance in his waking hours.

With noble resignation, the rector prepares to meet the punishment for his unintentional crime. The young judge, who was to have become his son, is obliged to sentence him to death and to see the sentence carried out. The lovers are parted forever and the rector's daughter disappears. Here the diary stops. What follows is told in a document signed by the rector of a neighbouring parish. Twenty years later, a beggar appears at this rector's door and reveals himself as the missing Nils Bruus. The finding of the body and the accusation of murder against the rector of Veilbye were parts of a diabolical plot invented by Morten Bruus to wreak vengeance upon the rector and the judge for slights he had suffered at their hands. This little tale is not more than six thousand words in length, but there are few stories which so hold the reader, and in which the climax comes with such a thrill of horror.

Among contemporary Scandinavian writers, the Dane, Baron Palle Rosenkrantz, is already known to American readers as the author of two detective stories which have recently appeared in English. Another of his novels, *What the Forest Pool Hid,* published as yet only in the original Danish, is a better story than either of those done into English.

Beginning with the finding of the body of a beautiful young woman in a little forest pool, a story of tragic intrigue and tragic love is unearthed by a young Danish detective. The interest of the story is enhanced by the fact that this young detective does not stand outside the case, as the impartial instrument of justice. His happiness is vitally involved in the mystery he is helping to solve, as all of his efforts seem to point more and more to the guilt of the father of the girl he is beginning to love. The reader also has begun to like the suspected Swedish baron and his charming daughter, and shares the young detective's horror as the story develops. But the ending is a happy one for the lovers and for the baron. Both in the inventing and unravelling of the mystery, and in the sheer human interest of the story which lies back of the murder, this novel ranks high. It is full of action, and the plot is an unusually strong one in its tragic intensity. It is even in construction and the style is very modern.

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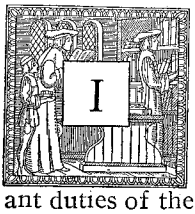
The demand for cheap detective stories of poor quality does not seem to be so great in Scandinavia as in Germany. The need of the cheaper sort of magazines is supplied by translations of French, German or English works. The few stories of the sort we do find are, therefore, of a better grade. In Germany we find translations of all the better known French and English works of the class, and numberless poor imitations of them by German writers. There is a good market for that sort of thing in Germany, although the critics refuse to accept it as literature naturally.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

THE TATTLER

I

AUTHORS AND COPY



IT has been the habit of editors from the days of Thackeray and before, for all that I know, to relieve their minds in print from time to time concerning the unpleasant duties of their profession. The proof-reader and the reader of manuscripts have followed in the editors' footsteps and have confided their sorrows to the public, and now I, as a member of a very much larger class—that of the humble writer of short stories—would like to make my griefs public. My quarrel is with neither editor, manuscript-reader, nor proof-reader, all of whom have dealt with me in their several capacities with kindness and patience. My quarrel, if it can be called by that name, is with the naïve impertinence with which the average reader, whether casual acquaintance or friend, makes himself—for it is himself as often as it is herself—free to ask questions concerning my ways of coming by the stories which I write. Just what I mean I think I can explain better by a few brief anecdotes.

Not long ago I met a charming young person who pleased me, not because of her mental endowments, but by her pretty looks and undimmed gaiety. As she was a stranger in the place in which we found ourselves and I was not, it was possible for me to put some pleasant people in her way and to add to her good time as a little payment to her for being herself, for by being herself she had added to my good time, for it was a great pleasure to me to have this pretty grown-up child about. After awhile she brought me up short with:

"I have often wondered why you are so nice to me: are you studying me to put me in a book?" she asked, her clear grey eyes upon me.

"No," I told her, answering her seriously as she had asked me. "No," I'm not studying you." But I wondered to myself, "Can a writer of stories not show so normal and natural a human instinct as the liking of youth and gaiety without being suspected of some sinister ulterior motive? Can one not include a pretty and attractive but lonely little girl in one's circle of young acquaintance without being suspected of a desire to study her little foibles with the end in view of putting them in a book? Because a botanist picks a rose in the garden we do not ask, 'Are you going to take it in the house to pull it to pieces?'"

It would be an interesting thing to have little mental pictures of all the people who have asked one this naïve question. It is not a flattering one, showing as it does that one's kindly human impulses are misjudged as a desire to acquire copy, but it shows at least of what importance the average individual considers himself in this universe, that so many more or less commonplace individuals should take it as a matter of course that they are interesting enough to become subjects of literary observation.

There is probably no writer living who

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has not had ladies verging upon the middle age inquire simperingly if they "were to be written about," or whose casual kindness to some entirely unimportant young man has not been met with the statement that "He expects to see himself in a book."

It is a widespread belief among people who read the stories in the magazines that it is a very usual thing for writers to copy their friends from life and describe them in such a manner that he who runs may recognise them. A charming old lady said to me not long ago:

"I always read every story of yours in the magazines that I come across, my dear." My vanity as an author awoke and I murmured out my thanks at her appreciation.

"Yes," she pursued cheerfully, "it is so interesting to see how you describe people we both know. How you do hit them off!"

Now it happens that I do not hit them off at all, and that I, in common with many others of my craft, never consciously describe a person whom I know. I would have the same shrinking at seeing my friends described in print, under the thin guise of fiction, as I would have in seeing myself dished up in a similar fashion. I have, besides, a certain pleasure in making my own inventions. Life is surely diverse enough and suggestive enough for any one who has the smallest trace of the synthetic quality to dip down into it and bring to the surface new combinations of his own without having to resort to photographic descriptions of an individual.

This desire to identify the person in the story with a real person amounts to a passion with the majority of readers. I remember when I tried my prentice hand on my first story. The scene was situated in New England. The incident was entirely of my own invention, as were the people in the story. It had not been printed a day before a woman came up to me and said archly: "How well you describe Farmer So-and-So's family! I recognised every one of them;" and I have no doubt that the word went abroad that I was "writing up" the town in which I was born and bred.

But here I must state the other side of the case. I sinned once in this way. The people of whom I wrote were women engaged in a business which left them no time to open a magazine from one year's end to another. Their environment and point of view were charming and picturesque, so I used them in a story. I changed their trade and covered up all details that might lead to an identification as painstakingly as though they read every magazine, and yet I left some little clue which caused their friend, the newsman, to see a similarity between them and my story. Their kindness and tact in telling me what the newsman had said, their smiling refusal to see themselves in my story, hurt me more than any anger of theirs could have done. It cured me forever from this especial fault of literary caddishness.

There may be a diversity of opinion among writers concerning this question, but it seems to me that describing kindly people, who treat one with friendship and confidence, in such a way that they will be recognised, even though a story may be flattering, seems to me worse than caddishness, since it is a breach of trust. Yet it seems to be a popular belief, even among people who know one well enough to know better, that to an author nothing is sacred—the joys and sorrows of his friends, their deepest griefs, their hidden tragedies, are likely to be described by him so that all may recognise them; that the varying phases of life which come under a writer's observation are not a lesson to be learned—the raw material, so to speak, from which later his stories are to be written, but stories already made, to be dished up unscrupulously for the gaping public.

I suppose most writers have been told things in confidence only to be warned not to write about them, or have had people say in all sincerity, "I would tell you so and so only I am afraid you will make a story of it." As one hears these things one sees one's self as a strange dehumanised creature who cannot smile over the weaknesses of youth or age without hastening to put down the weaknesses in a note-book, who cannot weep with a friend without a finger upon the friend's pulse and the eye to a future

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story, who cannot receive the confidences of an unhappy woman without aching to put them into print, whose very friends are being subjected to a remorseless analysis with the end in view of a character for a book.

It is true that there are many authors who are guilty of this sort of caddishness, who are false to the bread that they eat, false to their friends, willing even to take out their own personal grievances and sorrows and give them to the public. Undoubtedly this is one of the crimes of the trade, that men placed in positions of trust betray this trust. There is no great profession that has not its own especial temptations and its own special vices. Yet when a treasurer of a bank departs with the funds, we all express a decent surprise, and although this occurs with a certain frequency, we do not expect that all treasurers of banks are contemplating like crimes.

Why, then, since all other people of all other professions are given the benefit of the doubt until they have proven themselves guilty, should writers not be treated with the same leniency, or if they are suspected of making copy of all that comes within their grasp, should not the courtesy of silence be extended them?

It is not considered good form to ask a woman on the stage:

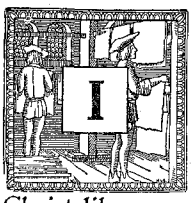
"Madam, are you virtuous?" since the ladies in the theatrical profession have been accused of a certain lightness in matters of this kind; or to say to a man in political life:

"I suppose you make a great deal of your money through graft!" And while the charge of using one's friends to make up stories is not such a grave charge as dishonesty, yet, after all, it is not a pleasant one for a person of sensitive morals in this respect to hear repeatedly, and for this reason I make my humble little plea, and make it wistfully, hoping that it may diminish by a few the numbers of people who say to writers, "How you must revel in the ways of queer Mrs. Smith next door! I'm sure you'll put her in a story!" or suggest that one will some day be writing a book which will "show up" one's native town.

Edith Curtis.

II

FENDER AND FOOTLIGHTS



IN Jerome K. Jerome's play *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, acted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, everything depends upon the audience seeing clearly the effect of the Christ-like presence on the vulgar, sordid mortals who patronise the middle-class Boarding-House to which the Stranger comes.

Therefore a device has been employed which brings the entire action of the play to the centre of the footlights. It is a comparatively easy problem to get the chief actor to the centre of the scene, but in this play each actor in turn must hold the centre with him. The ingenious author (or was it the stage-manager?) in this instance decided that no place was so likely to be sought after as the easy-chair before the fire. How better, also, to show the selfishness and boorishness of the boarders than to have a general scramble for these comfortable easy-chairs before the blazing hearth? Excellent! Place the hero in one of these chairs (of course with perfect politeness on his part!) and there will be a perfectly natural succession of characters to fall under his personal sway. So far, so good. But, unfortunately, fires have a disconcerting way of hugging the walls of a room, and it would never do to have the action take place at the very back of the stage, neither was it in the managerial heart to perform the whole play to one side of the house to the enraging of the other. Then what was to be done?

We shall see: An inspiration—the action must take place before a fire, but need it be a real fire? It will be an imaginary fire, and it will be placed directly in the centre of the stage before the footlights. So now those that toast their toes or kneel down with outstretched palm before the blaze will face the audience in the most satisfactory manner possible. If this is not a *coup de théâtre,* what is! Not so bad—that is if the fire had been really left an imaginary fire. But the author, or was it the stage-manager? or was it the actor? was afraid

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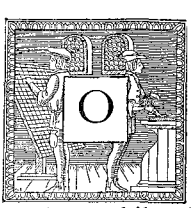
to trust his audience. Its imagination was to be pieced out with the help of a nice low brass fender placed around the spot where the fire was supposed to be. Furthermore, to make certainty doubly sure, there was added a neat little pair of brass tongs, and a hearth broom to sweep up the ashes. One can fancy the entire company rubbing its hands with glee over so very satisfactory a solution of the problem!

The fear in the heart was evidently present that without a fender the audience would be too aware of itself to imagine the fire in its place, but what really happened was that the audience was rendered more exquisitely conscious of itself. True, as simple old Dr. Johnson said, the audience is never really deceived, but then we might add neither should it be too much undeceived. We all know the painters that brush in a boneless hand or a limp leg in the hope of leading you past this point and fastening your attention on the glorious head or the spiritual mouth. And we all know what a miserable failure such an attempt always is, and how our eye remains glued to the forbidden spot. So, to me, perversely, the fender so thoughtfully placed about the spot where the fire should be (but obviously cannot be because of me), only directs my inner eye more hopelessly upon myself. Something keeps whispering to me that I have no right to be there taking the place of a nice, self-respecting, glowing fire!

Annie Nathan Meyer.

III

PITFALLS IN PHILANTHROPY



NE of the greatest changes in our social fabric, incident to its growth, is the passing of old-fashioned charitable methods and the substitution in their place of modern philanthropy, which, under the name of Sociology, has found a prominent place in many of our college courses. Fifty years ago the charities of the conscientious woman were very different from what they now are. The hospital and orphan asylum were visited and subscribed to and the charwoman provided with a turkey for Christmas. But in these days such simple measures are entirely inadequate; the enormous increase in immigration with its resulting congested districts has necessitated a new order of things, among them the Settlement, which, with its undoubted benefits, has brought some drawbacks in its train.

The Sociological enthusiast is often a visionary, quick to feel the injustice and hardships under which his poorer brethren labour, earnest in his efforts to help them. But sometimes we find him a poseur who has gone into the thing with a keen sense of the opportunities it offers. He writes a sensational book (more or less inaccurate) on modern charitable methods, he lectures in fashionable drawing-rooms upon Socialism, and he challenges admiration by leaving a small hall bedroom uptown and finding cheaper and more comfortable quarters in Greenwich Village. This is called "going down to live among the poor" and is sure to win the admiration of the unthinking.

The Sociological Poseuse is of a more intricate nature. In the beginning of her career, at all events, she is apt to be an enthusiastic person with a real wish to benefit her fellow-creatures, but too often does she prove devoid of that judgment and perception so necessary to those who work among the poor. She is not one of the paid workers of the Settlement; she is more likely to be upon the Board of Management, drawn thither perhaps by certain fashionable names thereon, but wherever she may be she is sure to look at things, not as they are, but as she would like them to be; while she is always in favour of concealing and condoning any ethical lapse on the part of her fellow-workers when it would be better for all if the culprit were exposed. Her lack of judgment makes great trouble among her more practical associates. A well-known actor was once asked to give his opinion upon the capabilities of a young foreigner who was very anxious to go upon the stage and who was heralded by the Settlement enthusiasts as second only to Duse in natural talent. There were several rich

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women on the Board of Management, and should the actor think favourably of the young woman's talent the question of money for her instruction might be met.

The actor met the young woman, expecting to find a girl of some ability, great enthusiasm, and anxious to begin her stage education at once, and he was prepared to hear her recite, give her the benefit of his years of experience, and possibly use his influence to get her a small part in a play, to help her, in short, to put her foot upon the first round of the ladder. What he did find was a self-possessed young person, so fully convinced of her own talents that small beginnings had no place in her programme, and any suggestions of hard work were set aside. What she wanted was money so that she might take lessons at ten dollars apiece from a woman whose knowledge of stage requirements was entirely theoretical, but who thought she saw an opportunity to make money. It did not take the actor very long to discover the worthlessness of the girl's aspirations, but he had all the difficulty in the world in preventing the Settlement people from getting for her the money she desired.

The besetting idea of the Sociological Poseuse is to inflict what she calls "an uplift" upon those with whom she comes in contact. If there is a question of an entertainment for any of the young people's clubs in the settlement she is sure to veto any proposition for a really amusing show and to insist upon a lecture on "Our Work in the Philippines," and when the Mothers' Annual Reception takes place it is owing to her efforts that a dreary "talk" on "Slavic Folk Songs" is substituted for the more congenial efforts of those merry entertainers Messrs. Liver and Bacon.

While the Poseuse considers her mission as embracing all humanity, she is faintly conscious that she doesn't know much about the needs of the workingman; still there are two points upon which she is clear. First, that she would like him to vote for the reform candidate of the hour, and is grieved because he prefers to stick to one of the well-organised parties where he has some chance of getting a job. Secondly, that she would like to see the saloon refined into a place where a man could take his family, regardless of the fact that one great charm of that spot is that the attendance of women is discouraged.

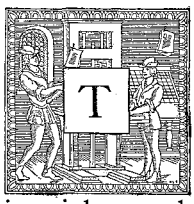
With women the Poseuse is more at home, and she will not hesitate to tell a room full of middle-aged matrons how to wash and dress a baby, give them hints as to the best way to economise, and instruct them in the rules of hygiene, urging them with great earnestness never to let the children drink any water that is not filtered and always to sterilise the baby's milk.

Girls, of course, are fair game, and nothing but the buoyancy of youth could survive the talks which they are called upon to hear on such subjects as "The Art of Wagner," "The Higher Life," or "Our Municipal Crimes." Frequently the Poseuse is interested in the involved question of capital and labour, but as she regards all employers in the light of vampires her conclusions are not very valuable. It is a pity that the teachers of Sociology cannot provide their pupils with some means of discerning the false from the true, in order that their genuine enthusiasm and honest desire to help others may be made of real and lasting use.

Mary K. Ford.

IV

BACON—SHAKESPEARE—DAVID



THE Baconians have proved that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Mr. W. S. Booth has driven the last brass nail into the rosewood casket of the Shakespearians. The flying ciphers and the jigsaw acrostics have done their deadly work, alas, too well.

"But," we have all asked ourselves, "if Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare, what *did* he write?"

We are glad to be able to announce that he wrote the Psalms of David! It seems that David was only a literary impostor, after all. When he said that all men were liars he was thinking, quite egotistically, of himself.

It is well known that "46" was one of the mystic numbers of the Arabs. It is

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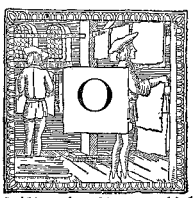
also an important number in all the best heavier-than-air flying ciphers. Let us turn, therefore, to the 46th Psalm, beginning, "God is our refuge." If we trouble to count this Psalm (from the beginning) we shall see that the 46th word is none other than the significant word—SHAKE.

Let us now count the 46th word from the end (not including the final ejaculation "Selah," which is more in the nature of a response than an actual part of the Psalm itself) and we shall come upon the equally significant word—SPEAR.

In other words, our old friend David has been caught with the goods and is, palpably, not the author of the Psalms at all. David's friends and fellow-townsmen will be glad to learn, however, that the flying cipherers and hidden acrostickers believe that he was not altogether without literary ability. They have applied the deadly anagram test and discovered that he was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the author of the "Elsie" books.

Francis W. Crowninshield.

THE MILL THAT CEASED TO MOVE



LD Humeau's mill turned so fast and so well, day and night, all the time, that it was a marvel to the country-side and a gold mine to the miller. It stood on a hill, built solidly on a foundation of masonry, from which arose the framework. And a beautiful frame it was. The man who built that, long, long ago, must have known what he was about. It began with a pivot, all of one piece, from which extended more than thirty curved beams, bearing the cage, the wings, the roof and the miller, though you did not see him.

The trees had been cut down for more than a hundred yards, all around, and, as the country stretched away very open and very level, the mill, like a light-house, could be seen for miles. It caught the least breath of wind. A breeze that just bent the heads of wheat set it in motion, and a storm made it go like mad. In winter, when the north wind blew, the miller covered it all in with canvas, leaving one opening, supported on bars of wood, and that was enough to turn the mill, and turn it merrily, I can tell you.

From the window, when he wasn't asleep, Old Humeau watched the mules toiling up to his mill, counted the farms of his best customers, and, if the harvest was good, he was glad, because that meant more profit for him. "One sack of wheat, two sacks of flour" was his motto and his measure. In this way he made enough to become, in a few years, the richest man in the province. All the week he was a miller, white from his head to his feet; but on Sunday you would have thought he was a great gentleman from his fine clothes and his contented, prosperous air. "Maître Humeau," said all the country people to him, very respectfully. "Eh! my good man," said he pompously, in reply.

But no one laid it up against him. He was honest. Only, as he grew older, he became very close. Money made his heart hard. He was more exacting toward the people who did not pay, and less accommodating to the poor who had neither horses nor wagons, nor mules, but carried all their grain to the mill in a sack. One day, when the fields were white with stubble and a fresh breeze was turning the mill-wheels gaily, the miller and his daughter began to talk of the future; and, as usually happens, they pictured it even brighter than the present. She was a pretty girl and looked more like a young lady than a miller's daughter; but she was dreadfully spoiled, and had formed the habit of looking down on the world from the top of her mill, that is to say, looking down a little too much.

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"Jeannette," said her father, "we are doing very well."

"All the better for you!"

"All the better for you, too, Jeannette; because in two years, or I don't know my business, your dowry will be laid aside, the mill sold, and *then* the young fellows in town, even the richest, will fall over each other to become the son-in-law of a person with my income."

His daughter smiled.

"Yes," he went on, "I do right to refuse the small grindings that make just as much trouble as the large and bring me in nothing at all. I don't want any poor customers. Let them go to some one else! Isn't that so, little girl?"

For answer, his daughter pointed down a road full of holes, an old road almost abandoned and shaded by willow trees, that began at the foot of the hill on which the mill stood, and extended to the depths of the valley. Here it met a little stream and turned and twisted with it, like a wide green furrow, as far as the eye could reach. Along this road, in harvest time, there still came waggons of hay and wheat and oats, and all the year from time to time the people who lived on the scattered farms in the damp, low lands of the valley. Jeannette pointed out a spot on the old road and said:

"See, there is the widow Guenfol who is coming up. She has her son with her. What have they got on their backs? Why, it is sacks of grain. She's a good customer, the widow Guenfol!"

And she laughed so merrily that the mill-wheels which turned for less than that, began to go faster.

"A gleaner, a beggar!" said Maître Humeau. "You shall see how I'll treat *her!*"

He remained with his arms resting on the window-sill and stuck his head, all powdered with flour, a little further out, while the woman commenced, painfully, to climb the hill. She was all bent over, poor soul, under the weight of a sack three-quarters full, that she carried on her back, and held in place over her left shoulder with both hands. Three times she stopped before she reached the top of the hill. And, when at last she threw down her sack at the door of the mill, she sighed with fatigue and pleasure.

"Oh!" said she, looking at her son, a little curly-headed boy of five years, "our troubles are over, Jean Guenfol!"

She raised her head.

"Good day, Maître Humeau and all. Here is some fine wheat that I have brought you. It isn't much, but I assure you it is of good quality."

"You can take it back," answered the miller. "My mill isn't going to turn for four bushels of wheat. It takes bigger mouthfuls than that."

"Why? Didn't you do it last year?"

"Yes, but I shan't do it again. Do you understand?"

The poor woman understood so well that she began to cry, as she looked at her sack of grain and the little sack which Jean had carried, leaning against each other like a grey hen and her chicken. Carry them back! How could she? The miller would not be so cruel. He was in fun. And she turned to go away:

"Come," said she, "Jean Guenfol; Maître Humeau will take your sack and mine and he will give us some flour in return!"

She took her son by the hand, but the little fellow looked up at the narrow window of the mill and said:

"He won't do it! Bad miller, he won't do it!" And they had scarcely walked half way down the hill, when the miller in a rage came to the door and, pulling open the sack, flung two great handfuls of wheat after them.

"Look out for your grain! Come back and get it, if you don't want it all to be thrown away, miserable beggars that you are!"

The grains of wheat fell from his ruthless hands and rolled down the hill. They rained upon the mother and her son, and so great was the miller's strength that a whole handful flew up to the top of the mill and fell like hail, upon the roof.

There was a crack and the wheels stopped short. But the miller did not notice it at all, because he was already going upstairs, while the widow, broken-hearted, took up her sack that was half empty. Jeannette stood laughing at the window.

A grey skirt and a black jacket are soon hid by the trees. In a few minutes the miller and his daughter lost sight of

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the two poor souls. Then they stopped laughing, for they noticed that the mill had ceased to move.

"I'll go and let out the canvas," said the miller; "the breeze has probably gone down."

And, by the turn of a crank, he spread out, on their wooden cross-bars, the huge fans that he used on days when there was no wind. The whole frame-work was shaken, the walls of the mill trembled and one of the wheels broke, so violent was the current of air.

"Wretched beggars!" cried Humeau, "see what comes of listening to them! I'll bet there'll be a good wind before I see them again!"

The next day, workmen set about repairing the mill. They let out the canvas, as usual, and listened, down near the motionless mill-stones, for that rumbling from above, that moaning of the wood which, every morning, told them that the wheels were beginning to move. But they had to draw the canvas quickly for fear of another accident, the long curved wings doubled themselves up like hoops, but did not budge.

"These village workmen are fools. They don't know their business!" said the miller. "I'll get some from town and then we shall see!"

So workmen came from the city. They tore up the roof, they put in new wheels, they charged a lot of money, and yet they succeeded no better than the others had done. When their new machine was tried, the wind could not move it. It whistled among the cross-bars, stretched the canvas, split it even, but that was all.

Meanwhile the farmers took their grain elsewhere. Maître Humeau began to have lawsuits on his hands, because of the flour he had promised and could not deliver. Jeannette's dowry did not increase, but quite the contrary. The miller and his daughter were in despair.

"I can't think what has happened," said Jeannette, "but I feel sure those Guenfol people have something to do with it. We have offended them and perhaps they know why the mill has ceased to move."

"If a fine present would make them lift the spell that is weighing so heavily on us I should not hesitate a minute."

"Go and see them, father, and be very kind, because, perhaps our fortune depends on those poor people."

Old Humeau always followed his daughter's advice, whether it was sensible or not, but this time he did well to follow it.

Along the river he went, by ways so green that they were almost black, to the Guenfol farm. The further he advanced into the depth of the valley, the more humid became the air. Frogs hopped upon the moss that covered the abandoned road; and there was the odour of plants with large leaves, of hay that was never cut, and of rushes that lay tangled on the ground or jutted out into the river. The miller, who was used to the hills, could scarcely breathe, and felt his heart more and more moved to pity. Beneath the trees, a little distance from the river, he saw the Guenfol house all covered with mould. Grass was growing between the boards and on the roof. It was like a mat of hair tossing in the wind. The miller did not enter, because, at the same moment, he discovered a tiny field that showed little elevation, a field about as wide as a piece of ribbon, and there a child was at work. Jean Guenfol had thrown off his jacket and was digging with all his might in the narrow strip, while about him were bare stalks, poppies, too, and mint and lavender, more, a great deal, than there was wheat.

"They have to make their living out of this wretched bit of land!" thought the miller; "and it is the little fellow who does it! Hullo, Jean Guenfol!"

The child turned, recognised Maître Humeau and blushed, but did not leave the furrow he was digging. Still, because he had been taught to speak politely to every one, he asked:

"What is it, Maître Humeau?"

"My mill has not turned since the day you were there, you and your mother, my little friend."

"I can't help that."

"Perhaps you can and perhaps you can't. My daughter, Jeannette, has got it into her head that the mill, which stopped when it saw your backs, would go again if it saw your faces."

"My mother is dead of grief," answered Jean Guenfol. "For fifteen days I've been the only one to sow our field,

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because my grandmother is too old. Good-day, Maître Humeau, I haven't time to go with you."

He had raised his spade and plunged it into the earth, which fell back in heavy clods. The poppies were scattered, the mint vanished in dust, and the lavender was broken into blue threads.

"You can raise only poor wheat in your field," said the miller. "Listen to me. If you will go with me to the mill and find out what is the matter, I will give you five sacks of flour, enough to last you all winter."

"I haven't time."

"You shall choose ten, ground by my mill."

"Maître Humeau, I am not a workman on mills, and I don't know what is the matter with yours."

"Jean Guenfol, I will build you a new house at the foot of my hill for your grandmother and you, and I will give you one of my fields, three times as large as this."

The little fellow let his spade fall and followed the man.

When they reached the mill, the wheels did not begin to turn by themselves as Jeannette had thought they would. Then the boy got up on a ladder, with the miller and his daughter behind him, and, as they had no other hope, they both besought him in turn:

"Look well, Jean Guenfol! Take the spell off our mill! Look well, look everywhere!"

The little fellow searched every corner, because he was delighted to examine the mill. He wanted to climb up to the pivot on which the wheels turned, and the miller bent his back, saying:

"Climb up on my shoulders, my boy—on my head, for you are not heavy! Do you see anything by the pivot?"

"I don't see anything," said Jean Guenfol, "but I smell our wheat!"

At these words, Maître Humeau was so ashamed that he almost tumbled over. He had to lean against the wall of the mill and said:

"Jean Guenfol, I promise you——"

But the boy had already stuck his hand into the opening of the axle, that used to turn so well, and since he had a delicate touch, he felt along the boards, found a grain of wheat, took it out. That very instant the great wheels, being set in motion by the autumn breeze, made all the wood of the frame-work quiver and sing.

After that, night or day, the mill never stopped.

And that is the reason why you see now a new house at the foot of the hill and a field more fertile than any other, while its only shadow in summer is that cast by the four wheels of the mill.

Translated from the French of René Bazin by Harry Thurston Peck.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

The Englewood Publishing House:

The People's Hour and Other Themes. By George Howard Gibson.

A collection of about seventy poems with numerous descriptive notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

A Troop of the Guard and Other Poems. By Hermann Hagedorn.

The title poem of this volume was read by the author at the Harvard Class Day of 1907. The book also contains the Lincoln Ode read at the Academy of Music last February; a Memorial Day Ode; "Five in the Morning," a one-act play in verse presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club in Boston and Cambridge in May; and such other of Mr. Hagedorn's poems as he has thought it desirable to preserve in this permanent form.

The Courtin'. By James Russell Lowell. Set to Pictures by Arthur I. Keller.

A holiday edition of Lowell's famous

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country idyll for which Mr. Keller has furnished over forty illustrations, which have been reproduced in full colour.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. By Edward FitzGerald. With Introduction by Wallace Rice.

A new edition decorated in colours.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Two Lovers. By George Eliot.

This poem has been illustrated in colour and in black and white by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Piano Questions. Answered by Josef Hofmann.

A little book of direct answers to two hundred and fifty questions asked by piano students.

Duffield and Company:

Christmas in Art. The Nativity as Depicted by Artists of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Frederick Keppel.

Containing seventy-two illustrations, from Albrecht Dürer and his contemporaries down to more modern times. Mr. Keppel supplies a characteristic and sympathetic text.

The Macmillan Company (The Columbia University Press):

The Shakespearian Stage. By Victor E. Albright, Ph.D.

A scholarly study and investigation of the structure of a typical stage and of the general method of play production in the Elizabethan period. The material has been gathered from contemporary statements and records bearing on the stage, from drawings of interiors of Shakespearian theatres and from a critical survey of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan dramas.

The Stage History of Shakespeare's *King Richard the Third.* By Alice I. Perry Wood, Ph.D.

Approved by the Department of English in Columbia University as a contribution to knowledge worthy of publication.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Standard Concert Repertory and Other Concert Pieces. A Handbook of the Standard Overtures, Suites, Symphonic Poems, Rhapsodies, Fantasias, etc., in the Modern Concert Repertory for the Use of Concert Goers. By George P. Upton.

This volume completes the series of musical reference books by Mr. Upton. The two books previously issued are *The Standard Operas* and *The Standard Concert Guide.*

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Roses. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Clark.

Four one-act plays, *Streaks of Light, The Last Visit, Margot,* and *The Far-Away Princess.*

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.

A new illustrated edition in two volumes. It contains an appreciative and critical introduction by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, and also a series of interesting portraits of some of Ticknor's eminent friends.

Little, Brown and Company:

Richard Jefferies. His Life and Work. By Edward Thomas.

Mr. Thomas's object in this book is to give a fuller account of the life and writings of Richard Jefferies than has yet been published. He has been a close student of the work of Richard Jefferies for many years, and has, in the course of his researches, obtained some important new information respecting the life of his subject. He also supplies a full critical study of Jefferies and his books.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Story of Isaac Brock. Hero, Defender and Saviour of Upper Canada, 1812. By Walter R. Nursey.

Giving the life of a distinguished British soldier who fell at the battle of Queenstown, Canada, and whose monument on the heights of Queenstown is seen every year by thousands of visitors to Niagara Falls.

The Life of Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Abridged and edited by Edgar Sanderson, M.A. With an Introduction by Roger Ingpen.

Mr. Sanderson has eliminated much extraneous matter from the five-volume work of Thomas Carlyle, and has here given a portrait of Germany's great soldier, king and statesman.

Preston and Rounds Company:

Sir Henry Vane, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts and Friend of Roger Williams and Rhode Island. By Henry Melville King.

Treating especially of the valuable services of Sir Henry Vane, Jr., in the struggle for freedom of conscience in England and New England, of his brief career in the Massachusetts Bay and his

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helpful relation to the Colony of Roger Williams.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Recollections of a Long Life. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With Additional Extracts from His Private Diaries. Edited by his Daughter, Lady Dorchester.

Lord Broughton's recollections throw much new and important light on the affairs of Lord Byron, whose intimate friend he was, both at college and in future life. The work also contains many interesting reminiscences of London society, of Paris during the Hundred Days and while Waterloo was being fought, and of other great European capitals.

Famous Women of Florence. By Edgcumbe Staley.

The history of seven of the most remarkable of the Florentine women: Beatrice de Portinari, Lucrezia de Tornabuoni, Simonetta de Cattanei, Giovanna degli Albizzi, Alessandra de Machingi, Lisa de Gherardina, and Bianca de Cappelli.

A Rose of Savoy. Marie Adélaide of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV. By H. Noel Williams.

The life of one who came to the court of France when only seven years of age and quickly became a favourite of the King and of the whole court. In his account of the Duchesse de Bourgogne Mr. Williams gives really the history of the court of Louis XV.

A. Wessels Company:

Corot and His Friends. By Everard Meynell.

A book on Corot which will be of interest to the general reader, as well as to the art lover and the art critic. There are chapters devoted to his method of work and of life, to his delightful aphorisms, to his likes and dislikes, in his own and other arts, to Corot places and Corot prices. The illustrations, twenty-nine in number, illustrate Corot's work, his life and his person.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Eaton and Mains:

The Earliest Cosmologies. The Universe as Pictured in Thought by the Ancient Hebrews, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Iranians, and Indo-Aryans. By William Fairfield Warren, S.T.D., LL.D.

A guide book for beginners in the study of ancient literatures and religions.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Political History of the State of New York. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander, A.M., LL.D.

Volume III, covering the period from 1861 to 1882, completes the author's work on this subject.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Astronomy from a Dipper. By Eliot C. Clarke. With Charts by the Author.

Mr. Clarke takes the Dipper as a starting point and in sixteen single plates he shows all the first magnitude stars that are visible in the North Temperate region and most of the constellations that an ordinary individual can make out.

B. W. Huebsch:

Human Equipment. Its Use and Abuse. By Edward Howard Griggs.

In the Art of Life Series. It deals with the problem, so important in our money-mad society, of the right use of things—the relation of man, both individually and collectively taken, to the tools and equipment of civilisation.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Romance of Modern Chemistry. By James C. Philip, D.Sc., Ph.D.

A description in non-technical language of the diverse and wonderful ways in which chemical forces are at work, and of their manifold application in modern life.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Commonwealth of Australia. By B. R. Wise.

While Mr. Wise has dealt mainly with the political origins, nature, and working of the new federation, he also gives an account of the ideas, temper, and customs of the Australian people. This is the first volume in a series which is to be devoted to the various countries of the British Empire.

The Speakers of the House. By Hubert Bruce Fuller, A.M., LL.D.

Concerning the development of the power of the Speakers of the House of Representatives. In an introductory chapter Mr. Fuller treats briefly of the origin and development of the office in England and Colonial America, after which he discusses the growth of the Speakership to its present power, giving pen pictures of the great Speakers from Frederick Muhlenberg to Cannon, as well as descriptions of notable scenes in our Congressional history.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Sixty Years with the Bible. A Record of Experience. By William Newton Clarke.

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Dr. Clarke tells the story of his own life as a student, lover, and user of the Bible and shows the mental process through which the change in the attitude toward the Bible has come to pass.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Sociology. Its Simpler Teachings and Applications. By James Quayle Dealey, Ph.D.

A forceful exposition of the fact that with a little more foresight and more general knowledge, both society and the individual might cease to be the victim of a genetic civilisation, and might become to a great extent masters of their destiny.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Washington. Its Sights and Insights. By Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe.

A guide to the streets, public buildings and grounds of the national capital, written in story form.

Little, Brown and Company:

Napoleon's Marshals. By R. P. Dunn-Pattison, M.A.

The author's object has been to set forth the careers of the twenty-six great soldiers to whom Napoleon granted the much-coveted baton. Following the introduction, which gives a brief outline of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, is a synopsis of the marshals, showing their names, dates of birth, dates on which they were made marshals, their titles, the dates of their death, and their ages. The volume is illustrated with portraits of the marshals.

The Macmillan Company:

A Wanderer in Paris. By E. V. Lucas.

A companion volume to *A Wanderer in Holland* and *A Wanderer in London.* Mr. Lucas describes his work as a "book about Paris and the Parisians written merely from the outside, and containing only so much of that city and its citizens as the foreigner who has no French friends may observe on holiday visits." There are fifty interesting illustrations, sixteen of which are reproduced in colour.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Men and Manners of Old Florence. By Guido Biagi, Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, Florence.

"The sketches in this volume," the author writes, "are realistic glimpses of the social life of Florence from the thirteenth to the beginning of the last century; of the times, in short, when she had an individual life and character of her own, and her native manners and customs had not yet been submerged and lost in the great stream of modern influence and fashion."

Motoring in the Balkans. By Frances Kinsley Hutchinson.

An account of a recent motor trip through a little-known portion of Europe. The route lay from Trieste, through Dalmatia, touching Montenegro, and other countries of the Western Balkans. The volume is illustrated from photographs.

L. C. Page and Company:

Guatemala and her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter.

Being an account of the land, its history and development; the people, their customs and characteristics. There are also chapters on British Honduras and the Republic of Honduras, with references to the other countries of Central America, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

James Pott and Company:

Among the Danes. By F. M. Butlin.

The present work has to do with such parts of Denmark as one might visit on a trip through Jutland, Fyen and Seeland—starting at Esbjerg and ending at Sorö. It gives descriptions of scenery and towns, and manners and customs. There are also translations from Danish ballads, songs, tales and legends.

Old English Towns. By William Andrews.

Containing descriptive and historical accounts of twenty-seven "Old English Towns." Besides treating of their rise and the chief buildings of past ages, the author considers some of the remarkable episodes and phases of old-time social life. He also discusses the rise and development of the towns under different circumstances—some under the protection of castles, some under the care of religious houses, and still others under royal patronage.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Gateway to the Sahara. Observations and Experiences in Tripoli. By Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Furlong gives a description of this "most native of the Barbary capitals; its odd and fascinating customs, industries and incidents; a view of those strange and interesting people who inhabit the oases and tablelands of Tripolitania, their primitive methods and patriarchal life; a narrative of some personal adventures which occurred during a trip alone with Arabs over some two hundred miles of the great Sahara; and a description of the daily life and vicissitudes of the camel and

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the Sahara caravans, of the trails over which they travel, and of the great wastes which surround them."

Diversions in Sicily. By Henry Festing Jones.

Giving an insight into the ways of living of the people of Sicily. The author went about among the less frequented places and got into the confidence of the people, so that he was able to take part in their recreations, their religious observances, and their daily life. An interesting account is given of the amusements of the Sicilians, especially of their marionette plays and their regular theatre.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Keziah Coffin. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Another of Mr. Lincoln's Cape Cod stories. In this the good-natured spinster, Keziah Coffin, furnishes much of the humour. At her brother's death she is about to leave the town in order to seek a livelihood for herself in Boston. The church authorities interfere with her plans, however, and request her to remain and keep house for the new minister. She consents to this arrangement and besides fulfilling her duties as housekeeper most satisfactorily, she becomes a very efficient matchmaker.

The Pride of the Graftons. By Priscilla Craven.

A story of fashionable London society. Ghita Grafton's ambition is to relieve the impoverished condition of the family finances. Her father is a genial but reckless individual, and at his death Ghita assumes the responsibility of caring for her mother and sister, who seem unable to help themselves. She finally loves sincerely the American millionaire whom she at first promises to marry solely on account of his wealth.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The Lost Mine of the Mono. A Tale of the Sierra Nevada. By C. H. B. Klette.

The scenes of this tale of adventure are laid in the mountains of Nevada, where a party of pleasure seekers hear of a wonderful mine and start out in search of it.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Man in the Corner. By Baroness Orczy.

A series of detective stories in which the various mysteries are solved by the wonderful inductive method of reasoning on the part of the "Old Man in the Corner."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Thin Santy Claus. The Chicken Yard that was a Christmas Stocking. By Ellis Parker Butler.

A chicken thief visits the yard of the Widow Gratz, and in hastening away with her ten chickens drops a purse containing nine hundred dollars, which the widow finds on Christmas morning and accepts as a gift from "Santy Claus." That day a man called several times, first as a chicken buyer, then as a chicken yard inspector, and finally as a detective. But Mrs. Gratz was ready for all the tricks of her "Thin Santy Claus," and the man, after all but actually confessing the theft, turns away baffled and Widow Gratz has nine hundred more to put in the bank.

Duffield and Company:

The Black Sheep. By Joseph Sharts.

The scene of Mr. Sharts's recently published story is laid in a small Ohio town. The hero, Randall Harris, after some wild doings in New London, where he sees Harvard defeated in a boat race with Yale, and also in New York, where he is accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, returns to Beulah with the reputation of a "black sheep." Being industrious and ambitious, he soon lives down this reputation, and marries Beth Andrews, the banker's daughter, and one of the most popular girls of the place.

Harper and Brother:

The Redemption of Kenneth Galt. By Will N. Harben.

The scenes are laid mainly in Georgia. Kenneth Galt, after an absence of six years, returns to his native town and makes reparation for a wrong committed in early manhood and of which he had allowed another to be suspected.

Beasley's Christmas Party. By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated by Ruth Sypherd Clements.

While sitting at a club one man tells to his companion a story of the Christmas party given by Beasley to amuse a little cripple boy who has come to live with him and whose guardian he is.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Wares of Edgefield. By Eliza Orne White.

The plot concerns two generations of New Englanders. The first is represented by Dr. Ware of Edgefield, a small town in New Hampshire, and Alice Sumner, to whom he becomes engaged. She is a Boston maiden of irreproachable antecedents. The story tells of the marriage of the young couple and recounts their experiences and those

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of some of their friends, the growth of their children toward maturity, and then later the somewhat tangled love affairs of the second generation.

Susanna and Sue. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Susanna Hathaway leaves her pleasure-loving husband and their son John and makes her home in a Shaker community with her little daughter Sue. The story tells of the problems of married life and the conflicting duties which assail Susanna's conscience, and especially of the help and inspiration which she received from the Shakers and from her little girl.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Man in the Tower. By Rupert S. Holland.

The scene of this tale of plotting and fighting is laid in an imaginary kingdom somewhere in the Balkans. Danilo Andrassy, of Paris, falls in love with the beautiful Cecile. With the aid of his friend Gallatin, an American, Andrassy arranges for an elopement, but before their plans are consummated the girl disappears. They learn that she has been carried off to Altenstein and is being held there as a prisoner. She had been chosen as a suitable wife for the young Prince of Altenstein, who was said to have lived in a tower for twenty years, during which time he had never been seen by his subjects. Andrassy and Gallatin hasten to Altenstein, where they find lots of trouble awaiting them. Andrassy is put in prison, where he might have remained indefinitely but for the ingenuity of his American friend, who also brings about the release of the girl, though at a great risk and only after taking the life of Count Boris, who was very near to the throne.

The Key of the Unknown. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

A story which the author finished shortly before her death. It deals with English life and is mainly concerned with the love affair of Craig Merriton, heir to a title, and Joan Leigh, attractive but poor. The Merriton family oppose the match and the young people find themselves confronted with many difficulties, which they eventually overcome.

Little, Brown and Company:

Your Child and Mine. By Anne Warner.

Containing twenty-one short stories about children. These were contributed to the leading magazines chiefly during the past two years. The stories are illustrated with some of the original pictures specially designed for them.

Jeanne of the Marshes. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The setting of Mr. Oppenheim's latest romance is in England at a lonely spot on the Norfolk coast. The basis of the plot is the announcement made by a young man, one of the members of a house party, to the effect that several of the guests had been guilty of cheating at a game of bridge. The young man's strange disappearance follows this charge, and the search which is instituted as soon as his disappearance becomes generally known is an exciting one.

The Castle by the Sea. By H. B. Marriott Watson.

After pawning everything available and being still unable to satisfy his creditors, Sir Gilbert Norroy finds it necessary to rent his castle. In his straitened circumstances life in London proves anything but pleasant and Sir Gilbert, under an assumed name, returns to the village near his castle. He had not been in the place for many years, and consequently was unrecognised. For a time the tenant, Robert Brabazon, a writer, fails to understand why the castle is constantly guarded and himself so closely watched. He soon learns that he is mistaken by the creditors for Sir Gilbert. The unusual persistence of some of the creditors is due to the fact that they have discovered that the estate contains a valuable copper mine, of which the owner himself is ignorant. The castle becomes the centre of interest to all concerned. After much excitement, kidnapping, secret passages, strange noises, etc., the intruding creditors are baffled and the love affair which has kept up through all the misunderstanding is brought to a happy ending. The discovery of the copper mine puts a brighter aspect on the affairs of Sir Gilbert.

Priscilla of the Good Intent. A Romance of the Grey Fells. By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

A story of simple country life in the north of England. The central theme is the gradual growth of pleasure-loving Reuben Gaunt from a careless youngster into a man of self-reliance and character. Priscilla, a sweet and lovable maiden, is the friend of all and the avowed favourite in the little moorland village of Garth.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Yellow Circle. By Charles Edmonds Walk.

As Dorothy Day is on the point of responding to the first strains of the wedding march a strange man rushes into the church and makes his way to her side. He whispers a few words in her ear and hastily thrusts something into her hand. She immediately leaves the church and in fact disappears completely. Friends make a persistent

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search, and at the end of four days the mystery is solved. It went back to the time when Dorothy attended a school in Southern California. Here one of her companions was a young Spaniard named Cantarini, who was the means of organising a secret society called "The Yellow Circle." In later years, angered at her refusal to marry him, Cantarini uses the secret society for his own evil purposes. Knowing that if Dorothy failed to marry before her twenty-fourth birthday Mr. Day's fortune would revert to him, Cantarini chooses her wedding day for his malicious purpose of spiriting her away and keeping her in hiding until after her twenty-fourth birthday, which was rapidly approaching. His plans, however, are frustrated, he takes his own life rather than go to prison, and after all Dorothy is married before her twenty-fourth birthday.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Socialist. By Guy Thorne.

The basis of the plot is the feeling created by the production in London of a socialistic play by Fabian Rose. So deeply impressed is one of the spectators, the wealthy Duke of Paddington, that he subscribes a large sum of money to the cause of Socialism. He then marries the actress who takes the leading part in Rose's new play.

The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage. By Alice MacGowan.

A tale of the Tennessee Mountains. It depicts the struggle of a young married couple, both strong characters but wilful and headstrong. As the girl's grandfather remarks, "Ef ever they can fight it out and git to agree, hit'll be one o' the finest matches anybody ever seed." They succeed in fighting it out and the old man's prophecy comes true.

Old Rose and Silver. By Myrtle Reed.

Rose, an unmarried woman of forty, is the heroine of Miss Reed's new story and the Silver Girl is Rose's Cousin Isabel, a young girl who comes to live with Rose Bernard and her Aunt Francesca. On his return from Europe, where he had been studying music, Allison Kent, who lived next door to the Bernards, formed the habit of running in to visit Rose frequently and to play his violin to her accompaniment. Rose learns to love the young violinist, but for a time his affections are centred in the heartless Isabel, who later finds no difficulty in transferring her affections to one of the wealthy Crosby twins. After this Allison turns to Rose and a happy union is brought about between Old Rose, as she calls herself, and her next-door neighbour.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Chronicles of Rhoda. By Florence Tinsley Cox.

Described as stories about children for grown-ups. Much of the book first appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. It is illustrated in full colour by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Old Clinkers. A Story of the New York Fire Department. By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

Captain Kieghley, nicknamed "Old Clinkers," is the chief of a New York fireboat. The story tells of the man's struggle to keep his crew out of the political situation which developed from a newly formed "benevolent association" known as "The Jigger Jumpers."

Marie of Arcady. By F. Hewes Lancaster.

The scene is a settlement in the basin of a bayou along the lower Mississippi, remote from the world. It is a story of the 'Cajan people, who are the descendants of the exiles of the Evangeline legend. The chief interest centres in the life of a girl who comes to the town alone and destitute. She appears at the public school, is taken home by one of the children, and made welcome in a house where there is good will in abundance but very little means.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Flute of the Gods. By Marsh Ellis Ryan.

A romance of the American Indians of the desert and a band of Spanish explorers. The book contains twenty-four photogravures from pictures taken specially for the work by Edward S. Curtis.

Cardillac. By Robert Barr.

A tale of love, adventure and plotting in France in the time of Louis XIII. Victor de Cardillac, the hero, rescues the Queen from the castle of Blois and his future bride from the nunnery of the Sacred Heart.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

An American Princess. By William Tillinghast Eldridge.

Her striking resemblance to the Princess Verta of Monrovia, a small principality in Southern Europe, was the cause of bringing considerable adventure into the life of Polly Worthington, an American girl, who, in company with her brother, was motoring on the Continent. Carried off in mistake for the Princess Verta, it falls to Polly's lot, in order to help the real Princess, who suffered through the mistake, to impersonate her Highness for a time and to become involved in the political intrigue going on. In the midst of all the ex-

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citement and adventure Polly has an interesting love affair with a duke of the realm.

Stories from Old Chronicles. Chosen and Edited, with Brief Introductions to the Stories and a General Introduction, by Kate Stephens.

Containing many of the most notable stories from the *Black Letter Chronicles.*

JUVENILE

D. Appleton and Company:

Jack Hall at Yale. A Football Story. By Walter Camp.

A sequel to *The Substitute.* While dealing mainly with football, the story is concerned with other sports and various phases of college life.

The Last of the Chiefs. A Story of the Great Sioux War. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

Relating the adventures of two boys who join a caravan crossing the plains. The story tells of the aid rendered them by an Indian guide, of their life as trappers in Montana, and of their capture by the Indians.

The Free Rangers. A Story of Early Days Along the Mississippi. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

Some of the same boys enter into this new story as appeared in *The Young Trailers* and *The Forest Runners. The Free Rangers* tells of the experiences and adventures on a journey down the Mississippi River to New Orleans in order to interview a Spanish Governor-General.

Double Play. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

A story of school and baseball. It continues the experiences of Dan Vinton, who was the hero of Mr. Barbour's *Forward Pass,* which was published last autumn.

The Adventures of Little Knight Brave. By Frances Byrne Rees.

The adventures of a brave little boy who enters an enchanted forest to rescue the daughter of his king. Here he encounters giants and dwarfs, animals that talk to him, and birds and other creatures that come to his assistance.

Louisa May Alcott. Dreamer and Worker. A Story of Achievement. By Belle Moses.

A story of the childhood and womanhood of the celebrated author of *Little Women* told especially for girl readers.

The New Sophomore. By James Shelley Hamilton.

A sequel to *Butt Chanler, Freshman.*

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner) $1.50
2. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Margarita's Soul. Lovell. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. The Old Town. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. English Spelling and Spelling Reform. Lounsbury. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. For the Stars and Stripes. Tomlinson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Helen Grant, Teacher. Douglas. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Through the Wall. Moffat. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little.) $1.25.
2. Recollections of Grover Cleveland. Parker. (Century Co.) $3.00.

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3. Dutch New York. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Pickles. Alden. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $2.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Jeanne of the Marshes. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Dot. Zimmerman. (Meyer & Thalheimer.) $1.00.
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffatt, Yard.) $1.50.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Caldwell.) 25 cents.
3. Ingoldsby Legends. Barham. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Stories of the Opera. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Baseball Boys of Lakeport. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Into the Night. Greene. (Crowell.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Veronica Playfair. Goodwin. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Religion of the Future. Eliot. (Luce.) 75 cents.
3. Peter and Susan Leslie. (Putnam.) $5.00.
4. Life of Mirabeau. Tallentyre. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Helen Grant, Teacher. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Motoring in the Balkans. Hutchinson. (McClurg.) $2.75.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Parenthood and Race Culture. Saleeby. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.50.
4. Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. Abbott. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Billy To-Morrow. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Air Ship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Brooke's Schooldays. Sparhawk. (Crowell.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) $1.50.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.)

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Idyls of Greece. Sutherland. (Sherman, French.) $1.00.
2. The New Menticulture. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. A Good Samaritan. Andrews. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
4. Ghosts of My Friends. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Roosevelt Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stearns.) $1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Story Land. Murray. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Margarita's Soul. Lovell. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Cash Intrigue. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat,

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2. Function of Religion. Foster. (University of Chicago.) $1.00.
3. Socialism. Spargo. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Margarita's Soul. Lovell. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Roly Poly Pudding. Potter. (Warne.) $1.00.
2. Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Flute of the Gods. Ryan. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Poems of Richard Hovey. Hovey. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.
4. Parenthood and Race Culture. Saleeby. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Robinson Crusoe. De Foe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Martin Eden. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Title Market. Post. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Seven English Cities. Howells. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Meaning of Truth. James. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
4. Going Down from Jerusalem. Duncan. (Harper.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Dolly and Dick. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Kittie Kat Kimmie. Patterson. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. The Functions of Religion. Foster. (University Press.) $1.00.
3. Men Who Sell Things. Moody. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Martin Eden. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Stradella. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Title Market. Post. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Practical Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Heart to Heart Talks. Wright. (Graham Press.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Anna of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Song of the Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 35 cents.
3. Old School Day Romances. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. An Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Conquest of the Missouri. Hanson. (McClurg.) $2.00.
2. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.25.
3. Heart Throbs. Chappel. (Chappel.) $1.50.
4. Prince of Peace. Bryan. (Reilly & Britton.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Slayer. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. From My Youth Up. Sangster. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Old Town. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

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3. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
4. Wendell Phillips. Sears. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Stradella. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. G. B. Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Napoleon's Love Affairs. Turquan. (Lane.) $5.00.
4. A Rose of Savoy. Williams. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pillars of Eden. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Practical Farming. Massey. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Health, Strength, and Happiness. Saleeby. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
3. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. Smith. (Harper.) $1.30.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
2. The Picturesque Hudson. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Southerner. Worth. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Henry Hudson. Janvier. (Harper.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Boys Catlin. Humphreys. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Marcus Whitman. Eells. (Harriman.) $2.50.
2. Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. A Little Land and a Living. Hall. (Arcadia Press.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Stradella. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Dutch New York. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Lookout Island Campers. Eldred. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Margarita's Soul. Lovell. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Ibsen's Works. (Scribner.) 80 cents.
2. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Greek Drama. Everyman, Ed. (Dutton.) 35 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Bunnikin-Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. How It Is Done. Williams. (Nelson.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Stories of the Great West. Roosevelt. (Century Co.) 60 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Title Market. Post. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. The City That Is. Steele. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Stories. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. (Dutton.) $2.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Under the Northern Lights. Ward. (Wessels.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. The Apostle of Alaska. Arctander. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. What is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Alaska. *Higginson.* (Macmillan.) $2.25.

Juveniles

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Flute of the Gods. Ryan. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. History of the State of Washington. Meany. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Lettie Lane Paper Family. (Jacobs.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Stowaway. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. A. B. C. of Bridge. Tennant. (McKay.) 25 cents.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Janet at Odds. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50	240
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	161
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50	149
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	125
5. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	120
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50	117

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
The Silver Horde	6
Truxton King	5
A Certain Rich Man	5
Old Rose and Silver	3
Little Sister Snow	3
Half a Chance	2
Anne of Avonlea	2
John Marvel	2
Bella Donna	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
The Goose Girl	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
Bella Donna	9
The Silver Horde	9
The Danger Mark	7
Little Sister Snow	7
A Certain Rich Man	6
John Marvel	6
Truxton King	6
Anne of Avonlea	4
The Goose Girl	2
Old Rose and Silver	2
Stradella	2
The Girl of the Limberlost	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Silver Horde	6
The Danger Mark	6
The Goose Girl	4
Little Sister Snow	4
Truxton King	2
John Marvel	2
Martin Eden	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Silver Horde	11
Truxton King	10
A Certain Rich Man	9
The Goose Girl	7
My Lady of the South	5
The Danger Mark	5
The Calling of Dan Matthews	4
Little Sister Snow	4
Bella Donna	4
Margarita's Soul	3
Anne of Avonlea	2
Susanna and Sue	2
The White Prophet	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO
The Road to Oz	The Road to Oz	The Road to Oz	Billy To-morrow
Anne of Avonlea	Helen Grant	Patty's Pleasure Trip	Anne of Avonlea
Double Play	Betty Wales & Co.	An Annapolis Second Class Man	The Road to Oz
With Pickpole and Peavey	Anne of Avonlea	The Little Colonel Stories	Betty Wales & Co.
Peter Rabbit Series	Double Play	Motor Boys	Little Colonel Stories

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO
Spell of the Yukon	England and the English	Out of Doors in the Holy Land	Motoring in the Balkans
Every Man a King	Nerves and Common Sense	Practical Bridge	Idyls of Greece
Columbia River	Chesterton's Shaw	The Human Way	The Living Word
A Wanderer in Paris	From My Youth Up	Riley Roses	Brain and Personality
Seven English Cities	Practical Farming	Law of Psychic Phenomena	Ibsen's Works

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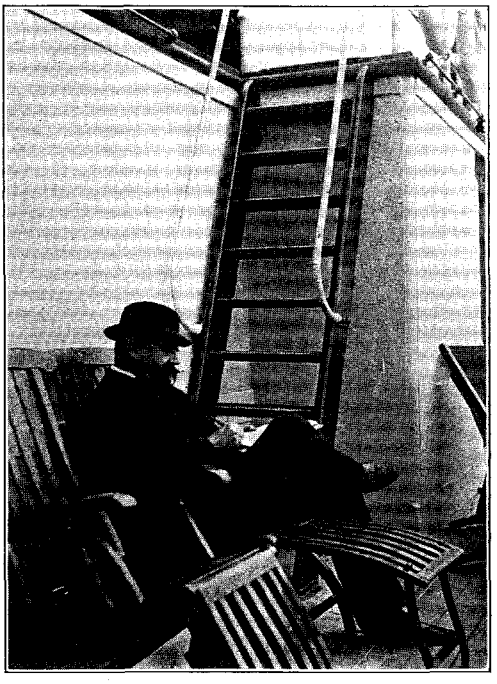

ROBERT BARR AT WORK ON AN ATLANTIC LINER

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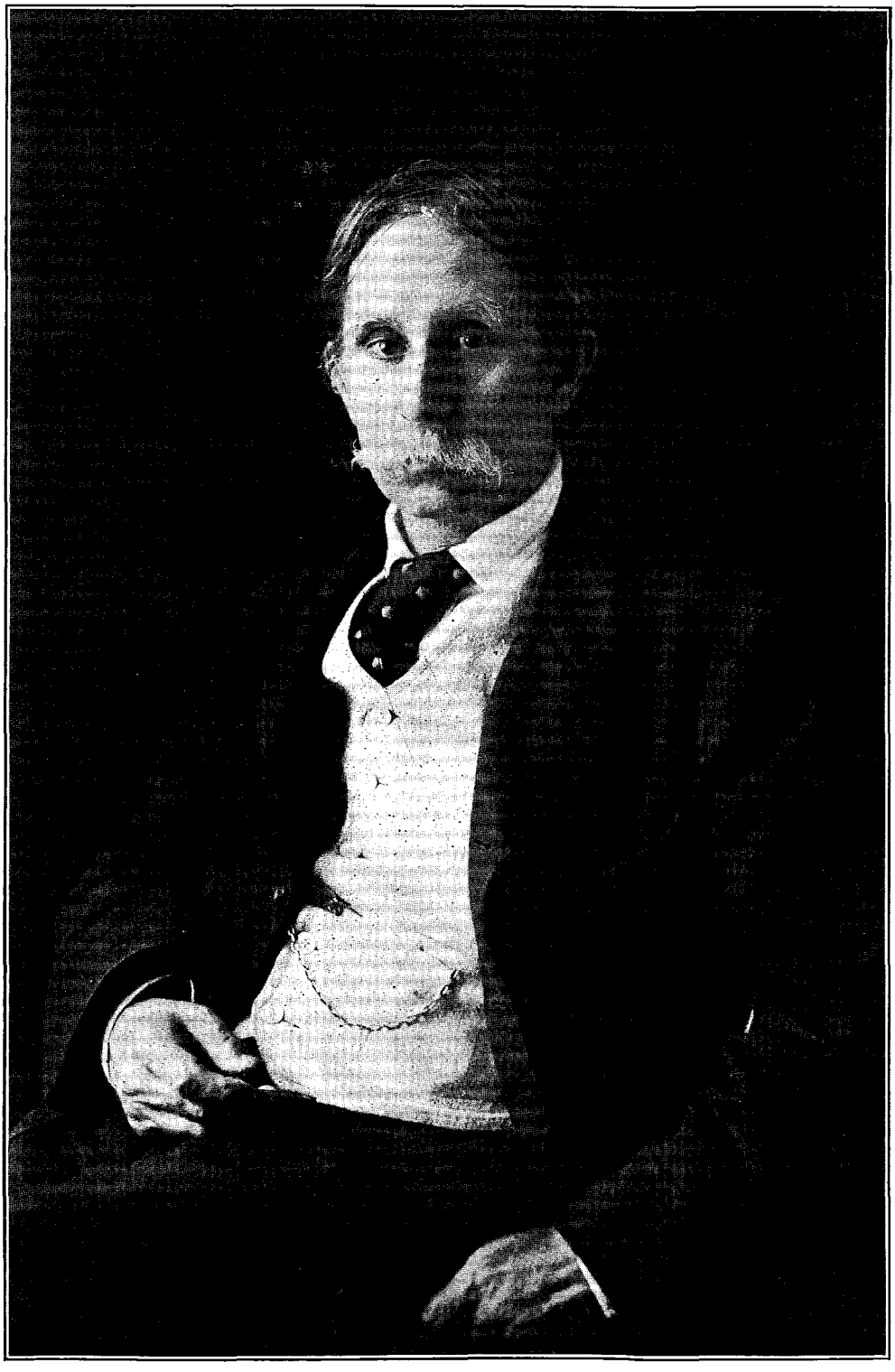

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Born February 8, 1844 — Died November 18, 1909

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